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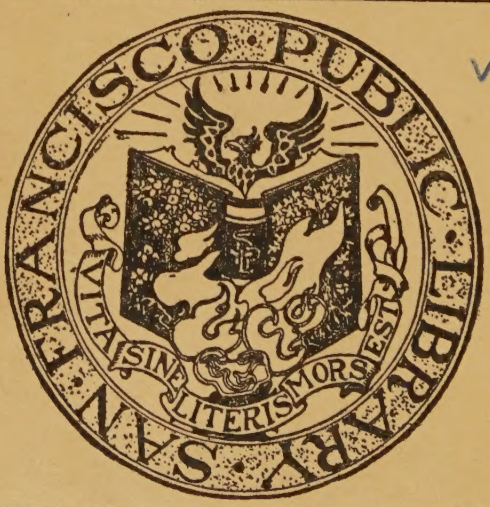

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FRONTISPIECE TO BREYDENBACH'S ITINERARY, MAINZ, 1486
WOODCUT BY ERHARD REUWICH

Prints and Books

INFORMAL PAPERS

BY

WILLIAM M. IVINS, Jr.

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TO

BARBARA

PREFACE

The following occasional papers were written because the writer, in the course of his work, became so enthusiastic about certain things that he wanted other people to be interested in them, too. For that reason they contain neither technical discussion nor what in the museum world is known as connoisseurship, and are confined as much as possible to simple human aspects of the matters they deal with. Their gathering together within the covers of a book is due to the urging of kind friends who seem to believe that their usefulness has not been exhausted with periodical publication.

The writer's sincere thanks are tendered to the editors of *The Arts* and of *The Bulletin* of the Metropolitan Museum of Art for permission to reprint these little notes and essays. A number of slight changes have been made in them, but in general they stand as first written.

There are lots of things one would like to say in this place, because, if ever a man has a right to speak in the first person about his work and his attitude towards it, it is in a preface. But after making many endeavors to write some of them out plainly and simply, the attempt was given over. And on thinking about it afterward, it has seemed just as well that

it was — since perhaps a good deal more than was of importance had already been said.

Just one of these things, however, being so short, the writer cannot refrain from mentioning. He has always thought that his job in the Museum, away down under its so staid and respectable exterior, was really a bit of a lark, because it enabled him to poke about in so many interesting nooks and crannies which are ordinarily forgotten. But as he has looked back at the last seven years, while preparing these pages for the press, he has realized that those years have been a great deal more than that. In his time he has had several kinds of education (including a bare pass mark in English A and another in Real Property) and has tried his hand at more things than prudence, perhaps, has approved of, but none of them all has been comparable to the years in the Museum, where objects, work, and, especially, good friends, have conspired for contentment as nowhere else he has ever sojourned. And as this little book is by way of being a record of some of the happiness that has come to a man in a museum, the writer cannot let it go out into the world without expressing his deepest thanks to all those who have made it possible.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art

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Prints and Books

A MUSEUM DEPARTMENT OF PRINTS

AN ADDRESS BEFORE THE MEMBERS OF THE CORPORATION OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM AT THEIR ANNUAL MEETING ON JANUARY 15, 1917

IN December last the Trustees created a Department of Prints, and appointed me curator of the department. It seems proper, therefore, that I should, as shortly as I can, give you some notion of my ideas concerning prints and the art museum.

As I understand it, the principal function of a print department in a museum of art is to conserve for the pleasure and benefit of the public a collection of prints which are of value as works of art. It is usually easy enough to say whether a print is a work of art or not, just as one can say whether a book has a literary value — but cases are nevertheless distressingly frequent where the question is not readily to be solved. Prints touch life intimately at so many points and in so many ways that often it is difficult to say that a print which should have an undoubted and honorable position in any well-rounded collection has a distinct artistic value. Many times technical innovations of the most startling and important kind are first found in original prints of little or no artistic value; still more often are they found in prints the sole value of which, from the artistic point of view, lies in the fact that they are pictorial records of other men's work — the place of which, aside from their value as documents in the history of engraving, is far better filled by the poorest half-tone reproduction. Thus

it comes that the print collection of a museum cannot be formed solely upon Yes or No answers to the question: is it a work of art? Rather must it be, like the library of a professor of literature, composed of a corpus of prints in themselves distinctly works of art, filled out and illustrated by many prints which have only a technical historical importance. To make a museum collection on strictly æsthetic grounds would perforce end in amassing a body of material which would reflect rather the immediate personal predilections of the group of men who formed it than anything else — a proceeding fraught with the gravest responsibility for all concerned.

In few other fields of collecting have the swings of the pendulum of taste been more rapid or more erratic. Twenty years ago Canaletto was little thought of, and thirty-five years ago people made collections of Raphael Morghen. Moreover, with the single possible exception of book and coin collecting, the field of prints is the only one in which works of art have a more or less well-recognized market value, with the result that as nowhere else is the æsthetically immaterial so large a factor in money value or popular appreciation. Rarity, quarter inches of margin, a pencilled direction to the printer, general interest in the subject represented — such things as these all play their part in the making of prices and renown, yet none of them has to do with beauty or worth. The desirability of prints from the private collector's point of view changes with his household decoration, the place where he lives, the books he reads, the houses he frequents — and last, though not least, the auction prices; so that he who to-day shall say in authoritative fashion, "This is gold and this is

dross," is in grave danger of his reputation, for he is staking it in a shifting sand.

There is, however, a line which can be drawn — that with few exceptions the prints gathered for a museum collection shall be of importance for the manner in which they represent things, and not for the things they represent. A more precise definition of the print as work of art I cannot give. It will, however, exclude from consideration the vast majority of the "ana," topography, sporting and theatrical prints, costume, portraits, and reproductive work as such. It will also exclude impressions the value of which depends upon something not on the copper plate or wooden block when it was printed; for I do not consider that a museum of art should be interested in autographs or the blank paper of which margins are made, or that it should be concerned with rarity pure and simple.

After such a statement as that, it may be that someone will ask: What remains? And to such a question, were it to be put, I could answer only, Everything. For just as every printed picture is technically a print, so is there no field which does not contain its works of art. That it is an eighteenth-century calling card does not take it out of the category, any more than does the fact that it is one of the greatest designs that ever came from the hand of Mantegna, Dürer, or Rembrandt. And this is the basis of one of the most charming and amusing aspects of the study of prints, because, their medium being printer's ink, they throw open to their student with the most complete abandon the whole gamut of human life and endeavor, from the most ephemeral of courtesies to the loftiest pictorial presentations of man's spiritual aspirations. This very humanness has been one of the

chief reasons for the poor esteem in which they have been held at various times and places, our most useful intimacy with them having often kept people from recognizing them as anything other than utilitarian documents or sentimental decoration, from seeing in them any intrinsic merit.

And yet the fact remains that the print is the only form of original pictorial art with which the greater public ever comes into intimate contact. Paintings, drawings, tapestries, and enamels are not for the poor, and neither is any of them available for more than one man's house at a time; but the print can be struck off *ad nauseam* — whole countries are filled with it; there are even some prints which, after a few moments' talk, one can almost predicate will be found in the house of a new acquaintance. We cannot leave them behind us, for even our books and periodicals are full of them, did we but know it. And here is one of the sorrows of the matter — we have become so accustomed to the little picture set in the page of text that we see it just as we see the type, usually quite unconscious of its existence, so intent are we upon the things that lie back of the actual printed page. It is much like the glass from which we drink without taking thought of the marvelous thing it is.

I can hardly think of a field which has not at some time or other been illuminated by the hand of some considerable draughtsman, from the wonderful arabesques in that early Venetian geometry, to Blake's woodcuts for a school Virgil, and Charles Jacque's for a book on how to keep chickens. Thus for anyone who is amused by the follies of men there is little sport more interesting or charming than the joyous adventure that is the print collector's — for his quarry is wary and his chase leads

him far afield. The pile of old political cartoons yields its Goya and its Daumier, the costume plates their Hollars and Moreaus, sheet music and the song-book a Millet and a Daubigny, topography Canaletto, Meryon, and Whistler. While the Bible — well, the Bible illustrators are an army in themselves: Schongauer, Mantegna, and Rembrandt, their great marshals. It seems almost as if no field of human endeavor had not its pictorial genius hidden away — if only we have the eyes to discover him.

And so it happens that the world of the printed picture is the most easily available for the study of "art" — that elusive, intangible thing, so much talked of, so little thought about, and so very different from the study of "the arts"; for one poor man can assemble such a collection of original prints as for sheer artistry will put to shame all but a few collections of paintings or sculpture formed by any one person. In comparison with other fields it is so simple, so free from the entanglements of authenticity and attribution, so narrowed by its traditional monochromatic restriction, that the collector or student, with the exercise of but little will power, can dismiss from his mind all questions of fashion, "importance," historic relationship, and technical development — all the points of the fancier and the learning of the connoisseur — and thus, unhampered by the lore of the books and the fable of the marketplace, concentrate his intelligence upon the solution of his æsthetic problem.

Aside from such introspection, with its heartburns and constant demands on one's intellectual probity, prints afford a field for delightful investigation comparable to few if any others. If one is interested in archæology,

the beginnings have their quaint aspects, founded as they are in the economic response to those great underlying human frailties of vanity, vice, and superstition; for the earliest prints were cloth stamped to imitate brocades, playing cards, and talismans. Is one interested in the development of social custom — the life of man of every degree is set forth with quizzical humor from the time of the Master of the Housebook, sometime in the third quarter of the fifteenth century, to the inimitable pages of the Charivari, that great storehouse of early-nineteenth-century life and manners. Would one confine oneself to the study of prints as such, and be of a reading turn of mind, let him study the history of technique and find out the secret of Elsheimer's white etching ground — as elusive a secret as what song the sirens sang. Should one, however, prefer simply to play detective with one's eye, let him separate the real Rembrandts from the Rembrandts of the catalogues; it is a pleasant solitaire, and, as in choosing the ten best books for a desert isle, one gets a different answer each time one tries. From one point of view the most charming thing about the historical study of prints is the often footless chase it leads one through human records — the keen delight of hunting rather than the sober satisfaction of bringing home the game. Thus the closest approximation to the date of the earliest etching was arrived at through the study of the portraits of a court fool, and the mysterious meaning of some of Dürer's woodcuts solved casually by a tailor's costume-book.

One further word about the new department, and I shall have finished. With the exception of the Library, the other departments of the Museum have constantly

on exhibition a very large portion of the objects under their care. In the Print Department this cannot be so, as the exhibition galleries will hold at any one time a very small portion of the collection. In order that the collection may serve its purpose, therefore, the departmental study-room will be the place to which most persons not merely casually looking at prints will have to come. It is my intention and very earnest hope that many people shall come to that study-room, where it will be my very great pleasure and constant endeavor to serve them in their æsthetic diversion and to aid and cheer them in their researches.

BREYDENBACH'S ITINERARY

OF the several items received in the Print Room during the last summer (1919) doubtless the most important and interesting is a tall and perfect copy of the first edition of Bernhard von Breydenbach's *Itinerary of a Voyage by Sea to the Holy Sepulchre* (Hain, No. 3956), written in Latin, and according to the colophon, which is dated at the city of Mayence the eleventh day of February, 1486 (o. s.), printed by Erhard Reuwich. On the twenty-first of June, but little more than four months later, Reuwich issued another and revised edition, this time in the German tongue, in which, careful of his own renown, he procured the insertion of a casual though fuller reference to himself: "Der Maler Erhart Reuwich geheissen, von Uttricht geboren, der all disz gemelt yn diesem Buch hatt gemalet und die Truckery yn synem Husz volführet." (The painter, called Erhard Reuwich, born at Utrecht, who has drawn all that is contained in this book, and who carried out the printing in his own house.)

From the introductions to these two first editions we learn somewhat of the book, its writing and its illustration. Here, perhaps, the hand of Breydenbach himself, long chamberlain to the Prince-Bishop's courts of law, is seen for the only time, his statement so baldly complicated, so full of the legal characteristic, that for full appreciation we must forego traducing into modern English and quote from that contemporary version which Jehan de Hersin put forth in French at Lyons in the following year:

"Et afin que le dit voyage fut nō pas a moy seulement mais aux autres tres deuotz et vertueux crestiēs vtile et

profitables et que leurs cueurs peusse plus atirer a deuocion et de tout ce q̃ est necessaire savoir pour faire le dit voyage ay a grãt diligẽce cõsidere veu et regarde le escripuant de point en point ne espargnant point ma labeur ny argent ny or pour ce faire et mettre afin pour laquelle chose mieulx faire voulis mener auec moy et de fait menay ung singulier et fort expert paintre nõme Erhardus revvich du trec, leq̃l depuis le port de venise iussques en hierusalem toutes les villes places pors et autres singulieres choses especialement ou sont les reliques ou saintuaires des sains et de nostre seigneur a grãt diligẽce a mis par figures espresses et figurãtes les dittes choses moult elegãment et delectablemẽt a voir et regarder et les ay fait mettre par lettres vulgaires et en latin par ung grant clerq a mon plaisir et selon mon aduis cõme il faloit laq̃lle euure parfaicte ay imprimer pour q̃ plus facilemẽt fut a chescun q̃ le vouldra auoir cõmunique et plaise a dieu de sa grace q̃ au salut et pourfit salutaire diceulx puist estre Amen."

We get further information from the account of the pilgrimage written by Felix Fabri, a monk taken along by Breydenbach, who calls him "multa expertus," because he had made the trip before. Fabri says in one place, "The book of the pilgrimage of the Lord Bernhard von Braitenbach . . . which hath been written in ornate style by that celebrated Doctor of Divinity, Master Martin Roth, regent of the school of Heidelberg. . . . There he will find clearly set forth all that I have said before: he will find what I have expressed in many words put into few, and will find a duplicate of my book of pilgrimage and wandering, with the exception that sometimes I have been forced by the plan of my work purposely to alter the days, saying 'This was done on

such a day' whereas he says it was done on another day: wherein there is no violence or discrepancy, seeing that when we read the Scriptures we find the same thing to have been done by the Evangelists."

These paragraphs contain almost all that is known concerning the writing, the illustration, and the printing of the book, and, though by no means all that is amusing, more than is of importance. What stands forth from them, however, sufficiently warrants lingering for a moment longer. Schoeffer, whose type was used by Reuwich "yn synem Husz," was the surviving partner of the firm of Fust and Schoeffer, which about thirty years before had succeeded to the printing business and stock in trade of John Gutenberg, the inventor of printing with movable types. Reuwich himself and the task he was set are described at sufficient length in Jehan de Hersin's quaint old French version — sufficient because it contains all that is known of him, except that his name appears as printer of three editions of the *Itinerary* and of no other books. The most interesting of all the facts stated is one that by itself means nothing until traced down in bibliographies, one that Breydenbach, Reuwich, and their contemporaries regarded as a matter for thanksgiving — and that was the completion of printing, an event which happened, in Reuwich's glad and hasty Latin, "Anno salutis. M.cccc. lxxxvi. die. xi Februarij Finit Feliter." *Finit feliciter* (happily ended) it was, beyond doubt, but so hastily that he misspelled the record of his happiness. The bibliographies make this date even more memorable than happy, since, many as were the books previously printed, this is the earliest instance in which it is possible to say with complete assurance that the illustrations in a book were made by

a definite man whose name we know; and, because of this, this book is the document with which begins the history, as distinct from the legend and the surmises, of woodcutting.

Luckily the illustrations themselves are also very interesting, rather unexpectedly living up to the interest they receive from the historical facts surrounding their making. The most important of them are the large views of Venice, Parenzo, Corfu, Modon, Crete, Rhodes, and Jerusalem, and the map of the Holy Land, which are so big that they had to be folded, the first time this was done in a printed book. The view of Venice, printed on several sheets from several blocks and then pasted together, is ten inches high by a little over five feet in length, and the map is almost as large. These great folding plates, while adding much to the interest of the book, are also responsible for the extreme rarity of all its early editions in good condition, since folding plates have always been peculiarly liable to get torn and damaged. The value of these large illustrations from a topographical point of view is very great, as they were the first attempts made to present accurate pictures of the places they represent; of several of them, as that of Venice, for example, being the earliest printed views. They not only depict the buildings, moles, and fortifications of the towns, but further attempt to give local color, being full of busy figures and containing many apparently accurately drawn vessels. Fashions in naval architecture not changing very rapidly in those days, the big ship in the view of Modon has a peculiar interest for all Americans, since the probabilities are good that it bore a strong family likeness to the vessel in which Columbus sailed forth six years later on his great voyage. What

the actual facts in the case may be there is no telling; but it is worthy of remark that when Columbus's letter to the king describing his discovery was printed in 1494 at Basle, the publisher inserted as one of the illustrations a very close copy of that ship from our book, which is here reproduced.

Most of the other illustrations are representations of costumes of the peoples among whom the travellers journeyed — Turks, Saracens, Jews, Greeks, Syrians, and Indians — and tables containing their respective alphabets, several of which in this manner made their first appearances in a printed book. Amusing as these are, however, they still yield in interest for most of us to-day, just as they did for contemporary readers, to the picture, said to be the first printed one, of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, over which appears the caption, "Hæc est dispositio et figura templi dominici sepulchri ab extra," and the full-page picture of the curious animals the travellers saw, among them a giraffe, thus presented to the European public for the first time, a crocodile, two goats, a salamander, a camel led by a monkey with a long tail and a walking-stick, and in the middle a unicorn. They all are named, with the exception of the monkey, underneath which we read, "We don't know its name" (*non constat de nomine*); and under all, as a general description, appears the label, "These animals are veraciously depicted just as we saw them in the Holy Land" (*hæc animalia sunt veraciter depicta sicut vidimus in terra sancta*). One wonders, did that *multa-expertus* monk, Felix Fabri, cover up the unicorn with his dates under the cloak of the Evangelists.

From a purely artistic point of view the most important and interesting cuts in the book have yet to be

described — the very famous and beautiful frontispiece, and the equally charming printer's mark which appears below the colophon on the last page. Both of them are here reproduced, the frontispiece of necessity much reduced, and the final cut in its full size. Looking at the

PRINTER'S MARK USED IN BREYDENBACH'S ITINERARY, MAINZ, 1486

printer's mark as reproduced, we are able to see two things clearly: first, that the person who designed it was a well-trained and skilful draughtsman, no mere publisher's hack or thick-thumbed incompetent; and, second that the woodcutter has actually succeeded in leaving, in the lines cut by him a large amount of the sensitiveness and delicacy of the drawing. Until Dürer began to design and publish woodcuts just before 1500 nothing comparable to this is to be found.

The great and most decorative frontispiece is almost equally fine in these respects. Prior to its appearance there had been no such woodcut, nothing so rich in design, nothing so carefully planned, no figure so graceful and stately as that of the woman who stands in the centre of the composition. Whether she is meant to personify the city of Mayence or Saint Catherine, the patron of learned men, to whose shrine on Mount Sinai the travellers went, no one knows; but that is immaterial: she might well be considered the patroness of the woodcutters, the first lovely figure that their art produced. The wealth of design in the arbor about her is such an unexpected thing in the German art of its time, and had such numerous progeny, that it has led to much investigation, and it has finally been agreed that in all probability it is based upon the late Gothic carving about the Porta della Carta of the Doge's Palace at Venice. One other thing about this frontispiece deserves notice, and that is the kind and quality of cross-hatching which it contains. There are occasional earlier woodcuts which have cross-hatching in them, but it is coarse and clumsy, a rough symbol of form used in the most arbitrary and careless way. Here the cross-hatching is carefully and deliberately used as a means of introducing "color" into the black and white pattern of the design, that is, as a distinctly artistic device instead of a mere representational one. If this is really the first instance in which cross-hatching was used in this manner and to such an end, as seems to be the case, then was it doubtless the greatest advance that the art of drawing for the woodcutter ever made at one leap, and even Dürer did but fully develop the idea which Erhard Reuwich of Utrecht in Holland had been the first to apply.

In the lower half of the frontispiece appear three shields with the names of the Knight Philip von Bicken, the Count Johann von Solms, and the Canon Bernhard von Breydenbach respectively; and they bring us finally to the book itself. In the second half of the fifteenth century, of all the corporations in Christendom the church foundations of the Rhine country were by far the richest; the splendor of their churches, the marvel of the world; the luxury of their fat abbots and soft canons, for whom little was too expensive and nothing too indigestible, was one of its crying shames. At last even the Pope, in the name of the merest decencies, had to ask the canons at Mayence not to drink so well or to quaff so deep; to which reply was made, as saucy as might be, that they had more than they needed for the mass, not enough to turn their mill wheels with; and they went on drinking as before.

Some years later, — to be exact, in 1483, — one of their number, the "Magnificent Master" Bernard von Breydenbach, Doctor, Protonotary, and, for thirty-three years Canon of the Cathedral though not yet ordained a priest, remembering his youth, undertook a trip to the Holy Land in the hope of extenuating his sins. What they may have been we know not; but if one may judge from the hardihood of his resolution, they were deep and black, for when his friend Fabri asked the advice of Duke Eberhard of Würtemberg, who had been to Palestine, the answer came: "There are three things one cannot advise upon, one way or the other: marriage, war, and the pilgrimage to the Holy Land. They may all begin well and end badly."

Nothing daunted, the Canon formed a party, Bicken and Solms after himself its most noteworthy members,

which also included twelve other knights and barons, our artist Reuwich, at least four priests and monks, including Felix Fabri and one Thomas, a Minorite, who was "skilled in many languages," two armor-bearers, two interpreters, a schoolmaster, doubtless taken along for the benefit of Solms, who was but a youth, a lutenist who also was a barber, two manciples, and several cooks, not to mention servants and hangers-on.

The party started at different times, joining forces at Venice, Breydenbach and two of his companions leaving for there from Oppenheim just south of Mayence on April 25, 1483, and taking fifteen days in the journey. Once in Venice, where the Magnificent Master lodged with Peter Ugelheimer of Frankfort, they bargained for a passage over the sea with Agostino Contarini, the captain of a galley, with whom they had so much difficulty in coming to an understanding that their contract with him is set forth at length as a model for the use of later travellers. Its most important clauses had to do with the question of food, two hearty meals a day as required for real men (*pro viris honestis*), as well as bread and wine both morning and evening for the accustomed "refection" and "collation." Then comes a lengthy description of the holy relics at Padua and Venice, dwelling longingly over one of the six jars in which at Cana water had been turned into wine. They spent twenty-two days in Venice, being delayed until June 1 because Contarini, who was to carry them to Palestine, was clapped into jail for debt and only with much trouble released. From Venice they skirted their way down the Adriatic, through the islands, and to Joppa, where they arrived about July 1, having stopped at many places en route, notably at Modon, where they discussed gipsies, and at Candia, whence came the malvoisie of Venice.

At Joppa the Arabs — for the Turks had not yet acquired Palestine — clapped them into a cave and kept them there in quarantine and discomfort until the eighth of July, when they set out for Jerusalem, where they arrived at six o'clock in the evening of the eleventh. The next morning they started sight-seeing, going that day to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre (paying a five-ducat entrance fee), the Temple of Solomon (then the Mosque of Omar), and trying to see the Golden Gate, which, however, they were not allowed to approach. The fifteenth found them at Bethlehem; the next day they were in Bethany, and on the eighteenth they were at the Jordan. On July 26, with the aid of a "pagan," they visited the house of Saint Anne, which, having been converted into a mosque, was forbidden to Christians, and from it they carried away small pieces of the stonework.

After this the party broke up, some returning to Joppa; but Breydenbach and his two companions remained over to make the trip to Saint Catherine's on Mount Sinai, starting for there on August 24. On the sixteenth of September they saw her relics, and to their great joy each was presented with a fragment of the cotton in which the relics were kept. September 27 they started back, reaching the Red Sea on October 3. When walking around Cairo with some Mamelukes, they were mistaken for slaves, and some slave-dealers offered ten ducats a head for them — but twice the entrance fee to the Holy Sepulchre. Before they left Cairo they were received by the Sultan, assisted at a most exciting eclipse of the moon, and got very much wrought up over the egg incubators which the Arabs had devised. October 19 they went down the Nile to Rosetta, on the way making heated note of the natives'

unlimited capacity for bakshish. A week later found them at Alexandria, where poor young Solms died. On November 15 they set sail in the galley of Sebastian Contarini, arriving safely at last in Venice on January 8, 1484.

The adventure had been so great that nothing would do but the publication of a book, in which their itinerary was the smallest part; for they turned it into the earliest printed Bædeker, throwing into it all information they could find which might be of use or interest to intending travellers, a "compendious description of the Holy Land," essays on the manners, beliefs, and errors of that country's inhabitants, a history of Mahomet, a compendium of Mahometan law, and a short Arabic vocabulary, as well as many other valuable and informing things, such, for example, as remedies against seasickness and how to deal with "cooties," against which, as they plaintively remarked, even the most noble blood was not proof.

Rarely has a more fascinating book been written and compiled, since for generations it supplied the material for learning and for travelling, and even more, the store of incident from which subsequent travellers could eke out their failing memories; for example, the account of the pilgrimage made in 1507 by Sir Richard Guilford and the Prior of Giseburn (late successor of Robin Hood's friend), which Pynson printed at London in 1511, was in large part nothing more than a word-for-word translation of Breydenbach.

Like many subsequent books of travel, it was used by stay-at-home painters in need of eastern local color. Thus Alvise Donato did a crucifixion, now at the Academy in Venice, for which he adopted bodily Breyden-

bach's view of Solomon's Temple; while the great Carpaccio himself seems on several occasions to have resorted to Reuwich's pictures, notably for his famous and ever delightful "Saint George and the Dragon," in which three figures and three buildings are taken straight from the pages of our book.

Its renown held on for many years, a learned author, writing about a hundred years ago, remarking of it: "The estimation in which this work was held was very great; and John Rous, in a passage which has often been brought forward to exhibit his ignorance, considered the authority of the writer superior to that of the inspired historian of the creation. After mentioning that Cain built the city of Enoch, he observes, that, though Moses is silent upon the foundation of other cities before the Deluge, eight more are mentioned by that excellent man Bernhard de Breydenbach, who visited the Holy Land in 1483"!

One last word as to Breydenbach: when his tomb was opened in 1582, his body was found perfectly preserved, for he had taken the precaution of bringing back with him from Alexandria the best of spices for embalming, and his face, though in life clean shaven, as witness his statue in the Cathedral of Mayence, was covered with an abundant and ruddy beard (*cum prolixa ac ruffa barba*).

TWO ILLUSTRATED EDITIONS OF THE MEDITATIONS OF SAINT BONAVENTURA

IN running one's eye over almost any list of fifteenth-century printed books, one is impressed by the large number of editions of certain popular texts which issued from the presses of nearly every city where the newly invented art of printing took root. Like *Robinson Crusoe* in modern times, some of these texts seem to have combined in themselves all the elements which go to the making of illustrated books, so that it would be almost possible to exemplify the work of the more important schools of woodcutting in a series of editions of but two or three different works. Of course, the Bible was the most important instance of this, but it was not by any means the only one, because there was a group of religious books, to-day well-nigh forgotten by the world in general, which for many generations held the imaginations of men throughout Europe fast in their powerful grip. The only one of these books which in modern times seems to have retained some ghost of its former great popularity is the *Golden Legend* of Voragine, which is still the source most frequently drawn upon by compilers of lives of the saints, and may be read with pleasure and profit by anyone, no matter what his religious beliefs or antecedents, because it is one of the most wonderful and delightful story-books ever written. Aside from books like this, there were others which have so faded from the memories of men that there seem to be no readily available English versions of them. Of these quite probably the most im-

portant was the so-called *Meditations* of Saint Bonaventure, a book that must always take rank among the texts which have most vitally affected popular religious thought, as it seems to have been one of the most potent influences in bringing about what from to-day's distance would appear to have been that humanizing of the pictorial story of the Passion which took place between the beginning of the thirteenth and the end of the fifteenth century.

Each of the two illustrated Italian editions of this book which have recently come into the possession of the Print Room is a short and popular abridgment in Italian of the full Latin text. Each also is a small thin book such as people still prefer for habitual and current reading, suitable to be slipped in one's side pocket and easily to be held, even bent double, in one hand, like a pamphlet — for that is really all that it was, a religious tract.

The Museum copy of the Venetian edition was printed by Matteo di Co de Ca on April 26, 1490, a previous edition, now of the utmost rarity, having been issued in 1489, in the same format and with all but three of the same illustrations. If Dr. Lippmann is to be believed, the book was one of those that made history, as according to him it is one of the earliest instances in which a subsequently very popular thing was done. In his *History of Wood-engraving in Italy* (page 82) he says: "The fashion of illustrating books with a great number of woodcuts, frequently of extremely small dimensions, appears to have originated in Venice; and there is a group of Venetian works which are signalized in that way. Vignette-illustration was adopted in Germany from the practice of the Venetians; and was cultivated

with success by the younger Holbein, by Hans Sebald Beham, and by Albrecht Altdorfer. At a later date it was completely monopolized in Lyons, by Bernard Salomon and his imitators. The Venetian artists were the forerunners, and perhaps even the direct models, of

The Road to Calvary
From St Bonaventura's Meditations, Venice, April, 1490

the 'little masters' of Germany and France. The series of these vignette-illustrations was opened by a small book, published in 1489, and entitled *Devote Meditazione sopra la Passione del nostro Signore.*"

One would like to know who it was that first had the idea of producing a book of this kind, — whether it was the printer, Master Matteo di Co de Ca of Parma, or one of the illustrators, — as it would be pleasant to honor the name of the man who first started the series

of books illustrated with vignettes — that series of books which from 1489 down to the last children's book has done so much to please and amuse both great and small. But his name is lost, just as are those of most of the men who drew and cut the little pictures on the blocks. Several of the pictures in our little book, however, bear a close enough resemblance to some of those in the Mallermi Bible of 1490 to lead one to believe them possibly by the same draughtsman, who, it was shrewdly suspected by Fairfax Murray and the Prince of Essling, was the miniaturist Benedetto Bordone. As it happens, his name begins with a *B*, and possibly this may afford some explanation of the little *b* that appears as a shop signature in so many of the Venetian woodcuts of this time; for it is not at all unlikely that Bordone may, like his contemporary Verard in Paris and like many of our own contemporaries of to-day in New York, have been the proprietor of a studio in which illustrations were made for the trade. The little *b* occurs on cuts of such different styles and degrees of skill in drawing and cutting that it is impossible to believe it stands as the signature of any individual designer; a fact which led Mr. Pollard, in his discussion of the various attributions to Bellini, Botticelli, and Jacopo de Barbari, to quote Beddoes' line — "Britons, bores and buttered toast, they all begins with B." At any rate, it would seem that Bordone is as yet the best guess of all.

Although one of the cuts shows that its maker had not been unmindful of a certain fresco of the Last Supper by Ghirlandaio, the designers of the book seem to have been thorough-going Venetians; for it is one of the truest and most delightful manifestations of the Venetian genius for printing and book illustration, and must

always occupy an important place in any history of either of those things.

The other illustrated edition of the *Meditations* in the Print Room bears no date, but was printed at Florence, presumably about 1492; for in spite of the great and

THE FLAGELLATION
FROM ST BONAVENTURA'S MEDITATIONS, FLORENCE, CIRCA 1492

valuable labors of Herr Kristeller, it is still impossible to give definite dates to many of the most charming books that came from the Florentine press. It is not impossible that the first edition with these cuts was the first Florentine book to contain any number of pictures in

what came to be recognized as the specifically Florentine style, that is to say, in which broad spaces of black played an important part.

Of recent years, especially in England during the period of the so-called "revival of printing," much thought was given to the ethics of woodcutting, and a great deal of attention was bestowed upon the Florentine cuts as exemplifying the best balance between draughtsman and woodcutter. Modern woodcuts, such as those that filled the pages of the English books of the eighteen-sixties, were designed in an ignorance and lack of thought of the woodcutter that is quite astonishing. The artist covered his block with a cobweb of fine line, which, while producing the desired color, entailed upon the engraver an amount of boresome painstaking labor out of all proportion to the result achieved. Had the designer himself been condemned to the penal servitude of cutting his own designs, he would very speedily have evolved a schematized method of laying his lines in order to reduce the labor of cutting them, and undoubtedly would have seen sudden merit in broad masses of solid or but slightly broken blacks which required little more than mere outlining. The fact is that in modern times, for the greatest part, draughtsmen have approached the problem of line illustration quite naïvely from the point of view of pen and easily flowing ink, and have refused to bother their heads about either blocks, printing ink, or printing paper. And thus, when such men as Morris, Horne, and Image began to think about the equation between the total amount of labor that went into a line illustration and the result that came of it, they saw that the printers and woodcut-makers of Florence had offered the best solution as yet brought forth — a dis-

covery in which possibly a patriotic pride in the English work of Bewick played some small part.

At any rate, whatever the moral rights and wrongs of the situation were, these men of the eighteen-seventies and eighties called to the attention of book- and print-lovers this group of old Italian illustrations as being one of the loveliest incidents in all the long history of wood-cutting. Dr. Dibdin had reproduced a few in his luxurious books, but while he enjoyed them, he would seem to have missed their specific point; and it was not until Gruyer and Delaborde in France and Horne and Pollard in England began writing about them and reproducing them, that they passed the line, and from being exclusively of old-book antiquarian interest, were recognized by a small number of people as delightful works of art. Then in 1897 Herr Kristeller issued in English his *Early Florentine Woodcuts* and accompanied his bibliography with accurate photographic reproductions of no less than 193 of the old illustrations. His book thus served to introduce the little Florentines to the greater public, with the result that to-day they have become part of the great mass of things familiar to the designers of typography and advertisements.

It would be amusing, perhaps, to delve into the social and economic conditions that gave birth to the typical form of the Florentine woodcut and to point out at greater length the particular innovation they gave rise to; for many of our most modern developments have come about as new solutions to the same old problems. But time and space are lacking to do more than call attention to the fact that the working out of a type of white and black picture, which was immediately recognizable as Florentine by the merest man in the street,

coincided with a great political and religious ferment, in the course of which there were issued a large number of little pamphlets, many of which were decorated with woodcuts. There seems to be good reason for believing that the change in pictorial type was due somewhat to the same cause which, almost thirty years ago, made the American magazine discard its staid stereotyped cover and come out bedizened like the common thing it became — it was simply a question of salesmanship.

But now, to return to the text of these *Meditations* of Saint Bonaventure. In the first place, they were not written by the great *doctor seraphicus* whose name they bear, but by some forgotten thirteenth-century member of the Franciscan order, not impossibly of Paris, since in one place he says that Calvary is as far from Jerusalem as "our convent is from the Porte Saint-Germain." In a series of letters to some Poor Clare, to instruct her in the use of her imagination in the contemplation and understanding of the life of Christ, their author summed up much of what had been said and thought before him, since books of this kind are not and cannot be the invention of any one man; but at the same time, not content with giving his material what was to be its most popular form, he seems to have gone on and made important additions of his own. Thus he let his imagination run, humanly and compassionately, with little thought of dogma or philosophy, and pictured to his correspondent the various episodes in the sacred story as they might have been had the Scriptures given fuller details. Not only does he supply most interesting information lacking in the four Gospels, but on occasion, as for instance in his account of the Crucifixion, he gives alternative accounts, with the remark that one might take which-

ever one preferred. But always in doing this he translates the matter of his story into terms not only of everyday life, but even of drama, as if he had been recounting the moving tale of what he himself had seen. At least once he did more than this, for he supplied what was to be accepted as the authentic eye-witness account of the Nativity, because it was neither more nor less than what he had been told by a friar to whom the Virgin herself had told it; and, as remarked by the pious French commentator, *on ne peut vraiment pas s'informer à meilleur source.*

Because of this it came about that his beautiful book made an instant appeal to the hearts of men and women who were cold to the subtilities and close logic of the doctors, and eventually, as remarked by the same commentator, became a sort of fifth gospel written on the margins of the four Biblical ones, filling their lacunæ and interpreting their silences. Thus the book was something that the people not only could understand, but could take to their hearts, for it was surcharged with all the little details beloved of tender imaginations and good gossips. The Virgin and Christ might be Mother and Son, but also they were mother and son, without initial capitals; and every man and every woman responded to the humanity and the simple love which the mere typographical difference implies.

Now that it has been done, it seems almost impossible that the thing should ever have been otherwise; but such appears to be the fact. As an example let anyone study the history of the portrayal of the Nativity. In the thirteenth century the Virgin is typically shown lying on a bed, while the Child rests upon something far more resembling an altar than a manger. Moreover, the Virgin's

eyes are averted from the Child, and, absorbed in meditation on the mysteries, she seems to bear little or no human relationship to Him. But after the time when the Meditations of the unknown Franciscan had become widely spread, we find, first, that the Virgin looks at the Infant from her bed, and, later, that she has risen from it and is represented kneeling in adoration of the Child, who lies before her on a bed of straw. With time Saint Joseph becomes a person of importance in the picture, also kneeling in adoration, and not infrequently holding a candle, theoretically to let people know that it was night, but not inconceivably a little to see with. Among minor details, the break in the roof and the column, which have become part of the recognized *mise-en-scène*, are said to be first found in our author's account.

And thus throughout the story of the Passion did the good friar's imagination enliven the incident, until, as time went on and his book and the temper which it represented became more popular, we find that many of the more important episodes in the Passion story were habitually represented in accordance with his imaginary versions. Even more, he imagined episodes for which no direct warrant is to be found in the Gospels; and several of these eventually became among those most frequently chosen for pictorial representation. Of these possibly the most important from an iconographical point of view are that in which Christ takes leave of His Mother, and that of the Pietà, the Virgin of Pity. According to the "pseudo-Bonaventure," when Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus had taken down the body of Christ, they laid it for an instant upon the earth, "but promptly our Lady took it in her lap, and while His head and shoulders fell against her, Mary Magdalen crouched at His

feet, where she had previously received grace. The others stood upright and wept." As it was put by the author of the old French mystery play, who took his incident from the *Meditations*, the Virgin held her Son in her lap *comme au temps de sa tendre jeunesse*. Few story-tellers have ever produced anything more exquisitely calculated to produce the luxury of tears.

Thus, from having been an abstract symbolism of the greatness and the majesty of the sacred story and its philosophic implications, the pictorial development of the Passion story was directed at men's hearts; for, as has been said, the picture-maker's business was no longer a question of stating axioms but of translating emotions. And thus for the *imagiers* of the new period the *Meditations* became one of the chief guides on their road.

One important aspect of the book remains to be noted, and that is the great part which the Virgin plays in the story. The title announces it as a life of Jesus, but in the text it is largely a question of His Mother. The stories of the two, their emotions, their thoughts, cross and interlace inextricably, and it is this, possibly more than any thing else, this relation between the Man and the woman who bore Him, that caused the austere God of the earlier representations once again to take on His common humanity.

It was because of things like this that the book was so popular, and it was because of this that it became one of the most important of the starting-points for the vast changes in Christian iconography which took place between the beginning of the Middle Ages and the close of the fifteenth century. To have played so great a part in the reconstruction of the age-long conventions for visu-

alization speaks more for the persuasive power of the old Franciscan than any words which can be said by a man of to-day, because a revolution in visual method is always accompanied by a revolution in thought, and as a general rule, in so far as the greater public is concerned, it precedes it.

Thus while the poor brother, the "pseudo-Bonaventure," is forgotten, the stories that he told have become an essential part of the dearest and most sacred beliefs of a large part of the civilized world.

PIGOUCHET'S HORÆ OF 1498

AMONG the most beautiful recent purchases for the Department of Prints must certainly be placed a perfect copy on vellum of the *Book of Hours according to the Use of Rome* (Lacombe 59). This delightful and charming book, which is one of the great artistic *chefs-d'œuvre* of the Parisian press, was printed under date of August 22, 1498, by Philippe Pigouchet for Simon Vostre — two of the five really great men in the early history of Paris printing, Pigouchet being one of the remarkable printers of all time. In addition to being a beautiful specimen of the typographer's complicated and little-understood art, it is one of the truly great illustrated books, since it contains twenty-three large cuts and each of its 144 pages is surrounded by a border of smaller ones, which display a wealth of charming ornament and pictorial detail such as has all too infrequently been lavished upon the decoration of a book. Although there were many Horæ printed at Paris from 1486 to the middle of the next century, this particular one is perhaps the finest of the period prior to 1500, that is, the period in which the decoration of the Book of Hours, as yet uncontaminated by German and Italian influence, was purely French in its motifs and handling. It is therefore one of the monuments of Renaissance French art.

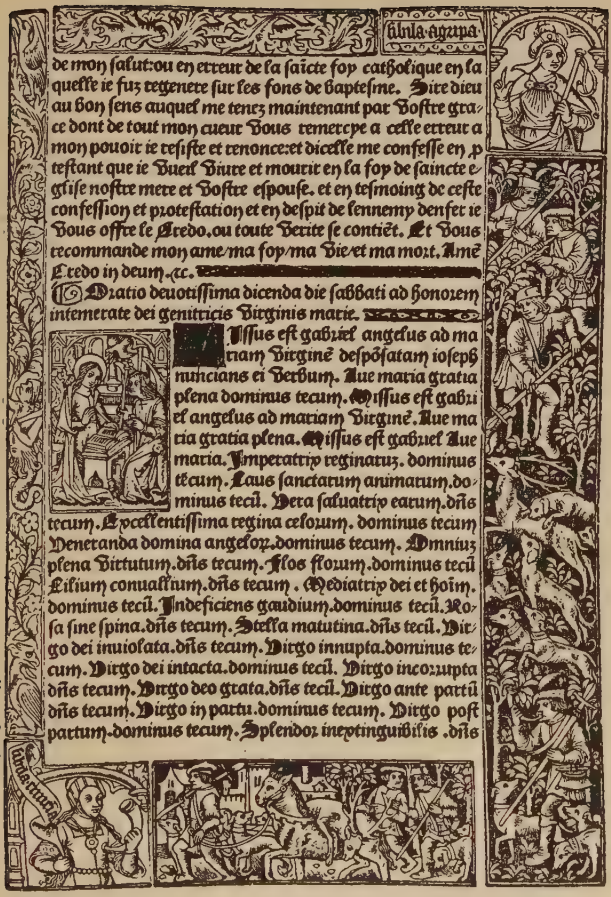
Aside from its absolute importance as a work of art, this book is interesting for various historical reasons, as it perfectly illustrates not only the transition from the written book to the printed one, but also that from the small painted picture to the print. The type and make-up of the pages are based immediately upon the

The Adoration of the Shepherds
Page from the Book of Hours, printed by Pigouchet for Vostre, Paris, 1498

calligraphy and the make-up used by the scribes of the period, copying them as closely as the difference in the processes would permit; while the illustrations, except for the fact that they are in black and white, are of the same kind as the miniatures and illuminations with which hand-written books were embellished. In short, the book taken as a whole might almost be used as the particular best illustration of the truth contained in Reiber's compendious definition, to the effect that printing as such is the art by which writings or pictures, or both together, are multiplied by transference of wet color from wooden or metal forms to paper pressed down upon them, and in Claudin's remark: "Ce n'est pas la reproduction isolée de l'écriture par un moyen quelconque, mais la reproduction multiple et infinie de la copie, qui constitue l'imprimerie proprement dit."

The beauty of its typography and the fact that it was printed on vellum show that it was primarily intended for well-to-do, educated people; but its wealth of illustration demonstrates also that the illiterate were kept in mind by its makers, as Lacombe in his *Livres d'Heures Imprimés au XVe et au XVIe Siècle* points out in the following charming manner: "Yolande Bonhomme, la veuve de Kerver [one of the great printers of Horæ at that time], craignait-elle que ses livres ne fussent achetés que par ou pour ceux qui savaient lire? La clientèle se serait, en ce cas, trouvée sans doute trop restreinte; 'mais ils ont des images, ils conviennent à tout le monde,' disait-elle, et, de plus, évoquant un vieil adage, elle a soin de le commenter a son gré: *Pictura est laicorum scriptura; per illam namque res signatas legunt et capiunt qui litteras non norunt.*"

Aside from the fascinating openings which the book



de mon salut:ou en erreur de la saicte foy catholique en la
quelle ie fuz regenere sur les fons de baptesme. Sire dieu
au bon sens auquel me tenez maintenant par vostre gra-
ce dont de tout mon cueur vous remercye a celle erreur a
mon pouoir ie resiste et renonce:et dicelle me confesse en ꝓ
testant que ie vueil viure et mourir en la foy de saincte e-
glise nostre mere et vostre espouse. et en tesmoing de ceste
confession et protestation et en despit de lennemy denfer ie
vous offre le Credo.ou toute verite se contiēt. Et vous
recommande mon ame/ma foy/ma vie/et ma mort. Amē
Credo in deum.ꝛc.

Oratio deuotissima dicenda die sabbati ad honorem
intemerate dei genitricis virginis marie.

Missus est gabriel angelus ad ma
riam virginē despōsatam ioseph
nuncians ei verbum. Aue maria gratia
plena dominus tecum. Missus est gabri
el angelus ad mariam virginē. Aue ma
ria gratia plena. Missus est gabriel Aue
maria. Imperatrix reginarum. dominus
tecum. Laus sanctarum animarum.do-
minus tecū. Vera saluatrix earum.dn̄s
tecum. Excellentissima regina celorum. dominus tecum
Veneranda domina angelorum.dominus tecum. Omnium
plena virtutum.dn̄s tecum. Flos florum.dominus tecū
Lilium conuallium.dn̄s tecum. Mediatrix dei et hoīm.
dominus tecū. Indeficiens gaudium.dominus tecū. Ro-
sa sine spina.dn̄s tecum. Stella matutina.dn̄s tecū. Vir-
go dei inuiolata.dn̄s tecum. Virgo innupta.dominus te-
cum. Virgo dei intacta.dominus tecū. Virgo incorrupta
dn̄s tecum. Virgo deo grata.dn̄s tecū. Virgo ante partū
dn̄s tecum. Virgo in partu.dominus tecum. Virgo post
partum.dominus tecum. Splendor inextinguibilis .dn̄s

Another Page from the Pigouchet-Vostre Book of Hours

affords for investigation and speculation concerning old French manners and traits, both social and religious, the pictures are valuable as showing how little the essentially French has changed in the passage of time. Incredibly rich and fanciful as ornament, full of the most charming and delightful draughtsmanship and observation of life, they show that the Frenchman as a physical and temperamental being was at that epoch much the same that he is to-day. The costumes are naturally quite different from those that we see in the work of modern French illustrators, but the faces and gestures, the expressions and attitudes, are unaltered; and, if one were minded to take the necessary time, a comparison of the physical types drawn by such a contemporary master as Forain with those scattered through the book's pages would show a decided relationship. Perhaps, after all, on reflection, it is not quite amazing that this should be so; but what is really astonishing at first sight is that the illustrations in this little book, made four hundred and twenty years ago, should have the same direct contact with life and should see it in much the same clear-visioned and slightly acrid way that is still the peculiar heritage of the French — the ability to find joy and poetry in a presentment of life which glosses over nothing.

HANS WEIDITZ

AMONG the seeming oddities which the study of old art brings out is the way in which, on occasion, really important artistic personalities have been lost or confounded by succeeding generations. That such things are sure to happen with the minor members of the various "schools," who, lacking pronounced individuality, work in the manners of more forceful contemporaries, is one of the commonplaces of the critical study of old paintings and sculpture, and is immediately reflected in the "names" which modern connoisseurship has bestowed upon the lesser personalities which from time to time are disentangled from the ruck of school work. To this is due, for example, the string of *Alunnos*, *Amicos*, and *Figlios* with which the pages of recent histories of Italian painting are sprinkled so plentifully, and the still more amusing, if not so popularly misleading, tautology of the phrases "near to" and "in the neighborhood of," which are now a recognized part of the learned vocabulary. Old prints by really minor men, however, are of so little artistic interest, and, even more, are of such slight decorative value, that this pleasant game of parlor baptism has as yet hardly been begun in regard to them, although doubtless, so soon as all that is important is known about the major engravers, the requirements of the Ph.D. degree will begin to have their serious influence upon the study and terminology of prints, and will invest their initiates with that weight and solemnity of speech which is the outward and visible sign of hazardous conjecture.

As it happens, there have been at least two shadowy personalities among the German print-makers of the

Renaissance who, being of undoubted importance, have been privileged to enjoy this species of many-named anonymity. To at least one of them so many appellations have been given by the several *Kunstforscher*, that the tracing of his name through the "literature" puts a strain upon the reader's memory much like that required for the immediate recognition of a character in a modern Russian novel. But during the last few years their business, like that of *hoti*, seems to have been settled; and now that they can no longer rejoice in the polysyllabic names bestowed upon them by the learned, one of the most interesting questions concerning them is whether they can retain the importance which was theirs when they were *brennende Fragen*. The Benedikt-Meister, Brigitten-Meister, or Pseudo-Dürer, as he has been variously called, without going into the further refinements exemplified by the attribution of his work to such definite masters as Hans Baldung or Hans Wechtlin, is threatened with the quenching of the fiery interest in him now that scholars, on the theory that two things which are equal to the same thing are equal to each other, have for the most part agreed that he is neither more nor less than Dürer himself — although as an ordinary human being and no erudite, one might be excused for thinking that in the process of losing his so indeterminate personality he had gained a greater and at last really important one.

The case of Hans Weiditz is, on the whole, far more interesting than that of the "Bridget Master," since what scholarship has salvaged is not merely the fag end of a great man's work but the whole personality of a very considerable artist. Even yet little enough is known about him, but it includes not only the name by

which his contemporaries knew him, but such a group of definitely assignable works that his individuality has become patent to anyone who is capable of recognizing an artist's hand — a fact which has had its disastrous consequences for the older lists of prints by various other and more eminent artists. Of these latter, Burgkmair has been the chief sufferer, but among the others has been no less a person than Dürer himself. The difficulty of localizing his work was in part due to Weiditz himself, because he made the great mistake, from the archæological point of view, of working for publishers in many different towns, so that his illustrations were classed under the headings of several distinct schools. And then, to top his offence, he failed to sign his woodcuts — and people, not knowing who did them, naturally were unable to say how good they were!

As we now know him, Weiditz was not only the most versatile but the busiest of the illustrators of his time, his blocks appearing in books published in such widely distant places as Augsburg, Strasburg, Nuremberg, Mainz, Frankfort, Landshut, Venice, and, unless memory of a little book seen many years ago plays one false, even in Paris. Moreover, his blocks began to appear as early as 1518, and many of them were in more or less constant use as late as 1620, while some are said to have been printed from as late as the end of the first quarter of the nineteenth century. One is acquainted with no list of books illustrated by him except that published by Campbell Dodgson of volumes in the British Museum, in which there are described more than one hundred and forty different items. There can thus be no question of the popularity of his work, not only among the men of his own time, but with the several generations which

immediately succeeded his life; and yet his name was allowed to vanish from men's memories even within the period during which his work was in most demand. Apparently his name appears in no contemporary work except the *Brunfels Herbal*, in the Latin preface to which he is referred to as Joannes Guidictius and in the German as Hans Weyditz. Even more curious, in view of

Woodcut by Hans Weiditz, from the Brunfels Herbal

the elaborate signatures with which most of his contemporaries were in the habit of marking their blocks, is his failure to put any indicia of authorship upon those which he made. It is almost as if he had deliberately courted the anonymity which for over three centuries was to be his lot, as of the four extant signatures, three are different — H. W., H. b. b., and I and B joined in a monogram.

In 1620 Steinmeyer, the Frankfort publisher, into whose hands there had come by successions and purchases a large number of Weiditz's blocks, issued a now very rare little volume which staggers under one of the

most elaborate and verbose titles ever inflicted upon a book of similar size.[1] It really is not a title at all, but a combination description and advertisement of the contents of the book, phrased much as the old-fashioned circus manager phrased his bills, and is made additionally interesting by its almost utter falsity; for while it announces that it contains work from the hands of Dürer and Holbein, it does not contain a single cut by either of them, and of its 350-odd woodcuts more than three hundred are by Weiditz, whose name is not mentioned at all. This omission, however, is handsomely made up for by Steinmeyer or his editor in the short preface, where, in addition to many things of interest about a number of artists, it is said of the large group of woodcuts by the real hero of the book, that "although not bearing any signature by him, they were drawn and cut by a notable and most famous artist and one well comparable to Dürer in spite of the fact that his name is not known, which after all is matter of small moment seeing that *das Werk lobet seinen Meister*." And this, it is to be remembered, was said within less than one hundred years after Weiditz's death by a man who, as proprietor of one of the greatest publishing houses in Germany, prided himself upon the possession of more than

[1] Newe Künstliche, Wohlgerissene, vnnd in Holtz geschnittene Figuren, dergleichen niemahlen gesehen worden. Von den Fürtrefflichsten, Künstlichsten, vnnd Berühmbtesten Mahlern, Reissern, vnnd Formschneydern, Als nemblich, Albrecht Dürer, Hanss Holbeyn, Hanss Sebaldt Böhem, Hanss Scheuflin, vnnd andern Teutscher Nation Fürtrefflichsten Künstlern mehr. Allen Mahlern, Kupferschern, Formschneydern: Auch allen Kunst Verständigen, vnnd derselben Liebhabern, zu Ehren vnd gefallen: Wie auch der angehenden Kunstliebenden Jugendt zu nutz vnd beforderung in Truck geben. Getruckt zu Franckfurt am Meyn. In Verlegung Vincentii Steinmeyers. Anno. M. DC. XX.

three hundred of his blocks. It is doubtful whether a similar instance of forgetfulness can be produced from the archives of the printing trades.

In 1675 Sandrart in his *Teutsche Akademie* attributed Weiditz's works to Burgkmair. Obviously false as such an attribution was, it stuck, only to be further complicated by the subsequent inclusion under Burgkmair's name of the many blocks which Leonhard Beck designed for the Augsburg publishers. Some of Weiditz's things were attributed to Dürer by later writers, and at least three of the woodcuts in Bartsch's canonical lists of the work of Dürer and Cranach are now easily recognizable as by Weiditz. The confusion thus begun was continued and increased through the last century by the writings of Passavant, Nagler, and Muther, the latter of whom reproduced many of Weiditz's cuts as by Burgkmair, in his invaluable *Kulturhistorisches Bilderbuch*, with the result that even yet in many of the older collections, and in some of the younger ones for that matter, the work of Weiditz must not be sought for under his own name.

In 1891 Woldemar von Seydlitz, the subsequent cataloguer of Rembrandt's etchings and author of one of the best books on Japanese woodcuts, contributed an article to the Berlin *Jahrbuch* in which he clearly differentiated the personality of the anonymous artist, whom he designated, after his most famous set of illustrations, as the Petrarca-Meister. From this time on Weiditz began to appear in the books and magazines as the Petrarch Master, the Master of the Trostspiegel, and as the Pseudo-Burgkmair, his hand gradually being recognized in many places where theretofore tradition had given other names. It was not until 1904, however, that the gathering and sifting of material had reached such a

stage that Hans Röttinger of Vienna was able, in his *Hans Weiditz der Petrarca-Meister*, to demonstrate that all this work was by the artist who had decorated the *Brunfels Herbal*, and who was mentioned by name in the preface to that book. Even as yet it seems that nothing more than his name is known, not a single date or relationship having been adduced.

Woodcut by Hans Weiditz

We are thus driven back upon his work for all that we know about our artist — where, just as Steinmeyer before us, we cannot help recognizing that *das Werk lobet seinen Meister*. Of course, by mere listing of title-pages in books decorated by him we are able to discover that he worked for many different publishers, that he seems to have spent considerable periods in both Strasburg and Augsburg, and that on at least two occasions he copied prints or drawings by Dürer. But interesting as is, for example, the genesis and the ordering of the portrait of the Emperor Maximilian which Dürer drew from life

and again on the block, which Weiditz copied, and which Lucas of Leyden in turn copied from Weiditz, there is little if anything to be gained from such research.

The simple fact is that Weiditz was one of the little group of outstanding woodcut designers of the German Renaissance, with a highly individualized style and a most personal outlook on life. The weight of tradition assures us that Dürer, Holbein, Cranach, Altdorfer, and Burgkmair were the great masters of the woodcut, and it will take long for any belated contemporary of theirs to force his way into their company; but it seems not improbable that, as these matters become better known, Weiditz will be acclaimed the peer of any of these men except the first two. From a technical point of view his case may be urged even more strongly — since it is matter for serious discussion whether, in so far as concerns composition, texture, and handling of the medium, he is not the most interesting of them all. His failure to reach the very highest levels of artistry may be assigned to his lack of interest in dramatic presentation, and to a draughtsmanship which in its readiness is not comparable to the slower and more studied line of either Dürer or Holbein. These things admitted, however, it is to Weiditz that we must look, not only for the fullest pictorial commentary on German life during the second quarter of the sixteenth century, but for the most delightful invention of pattern in black and white which his period affords. More than any of his fellows he knew how to break up the surfaces of his blocks into rich tapestries of color, and to keep the notation of fact interesting and piquant.

Passing by these more technical and æsthetic aspects of his work, we can find unfailing pleasure in the reports

of life and manners which he has left us in such profusion. He might almost be claimed as the first of the social caricaturists, the first artist who, with full command over his printing surface, devoted himself to subject matter which in later years was to be so variously handled by such men as Hogarth, Moreau, Chodowiecki, Daumier, and Gavarni, and in our own time by Keene, du Maurier, Phil May, Forain, and Steinlen.

As one turns through the pages of any of the catalogues of illustrated books of the period, one notices that the almost unvarying line of religious titles is broken by very few exceptions and those primarily of educational and scientific books; for, Weiditz aside, the prominent woodcut-designers of the German Renaissance devoted the major part of their effort to the illustration either of religious themes or of the various matters which cluttered the mind of the Emperor Maximilian. The result of this is that the work of the typical illustrator of that time displays a notable aloofness from the current life and interests of ordinary people. By far the largest group of secular books in Mr. Dodgson's lists is gathered under the name of Weiditz, who is there to be found illustrating not only definitely pious works, but books by such authors as Cicero, Petrarch, Polidore Virgil, Thomas Moore, Erasmus, and Boccaccio, the lives of the Cæsars and of Scanderbeg, the story of Melusina, and the tragedy of Celestina, as well as treatises on wrestling, health, cookery, tournaments, medicine, law, contemporary politics, botany, and simples.

Weiditz's range of interest was thus as wide as human life, upon which, as lived in Germany at his time, he throws a stronger light than anyone else. From the

beggar with his swarming family to the emperor in his palace there is hardly a calling, condition, or occupation that he has not left record of, and all portrayed with a gusto and a sympathetic interest which remind one strongly of the way in which Charles Keene in his so different manner sketched the English of his distant day. Neither solemn nor comic, Weiditz pursued his way, amused and interested by the teeming life about

Woodcut by Hans Weiditz

him, finding simple pleasure in the observation of manners, customs, and especially of costumes, which last he rendered with an eye always sharp for the picturesque. It thus comes about that Steinmeyer's little book of 1620 may be regarded as undoubtedly one of the most important and charming documents we possess concerning German social life during the second quarter of the sixteenth century, as it contains among its 307 cuts by Weiditz, not only a very large number of his most interesting designs, but such a full and detailed picture of

German life and activity as can nowhere else be found compressed within the covers of a single book.

Because of the great extent of Weiditz's work, not only in subject but in absolute count of designs, it is perhaps lacking in the high emotional crises such as one finds in the prints of Dürer, Holbein, and Altdorfer, and, as compared with the output of any of his contemporaries, is marked by an almost journalistic competency of narration. This, however, is but another and perhaps a stuffier manner of saying that his interest was primarily objective, which in turn means merely that he was so absorbed in observing the great and shifting and many-colored pageant of life that he found little time for dreaming or theorizing. His work is thus, like that of all but very few of the social caricaturists, largely devoid of sharp emotional values, and rarely conduces to day-dreaming upon the part of those who behold his prints.

He was, however, gifted with an unusual and most delightful sense of humor, which shows itself in his translation into black and white of the common metaphors of daily speech. In this respect he resembles Blake more than any other engraver of modern times, as he seems to have had no inhibitions which prevented him from drawing things just as he would have spoken of them in the always figurative language of the street. To this add his evident delight in strange things and his constant discovery of them in ordinary life, and we get a picture of a man whose eyes were always filled with a childlike and naïve wonder at the beauties and marvels which the world presented. Every way he turned he found things which interested him: the nursery, the fields, the market-places, and all the occupations and

callings held him enthralled with their kaleidoscopic businesses, and in each of them he saw things which no other man of his time had either the wit or the imagination to see the pictorial value of. He was thus the greatest illustrator of his period, developing the ordinary details of prosaic existence with a shrewd dramatic sense which makes them really important, even for us who live under such different conditions and with such a different background of culture and belief.

Unfortunately for his renown, the texts which he illustrated have with few exceptions been outlived by succeeding generations; for he came just at the time when, at least in Germany, the old literature was beginning to vanish and the modern had yet to make its appearance. Petrarch the moralist, Cicero's *Offices*, Polidore Virgil, have all faded from the lists of ordinary books which ordinary men are in the habit of reading, and the romances of Melusina and Celestina are now known only to the erudite who repair to them in their quest of material for dissertation. As for the books on medicine, cookery, law, and botany, they belong to the literature of information, and their matter has so changed with the passing of the centuries that they can be known and understood only by the professional archæologist of those particular subjects. Had it been Weiditz's luck to be called upon to illustrate the *Decameron*, the only profane prose then written which still makes demands upon the time and the leisure of plain men, or had Germany at that time produced some such books as the *Gargantua* and *Pantagruel* which were to come forth in France not long after the presumable time of his death, he would have continued to hold his place in the affections of both plain and bookish people; and, as it was, his illus-

trations actually had a longer life and were oftener reprinted than those of any other man of his time.

The little volume of 1620, having no text other than the short and insignificant rhymes under its pictures, has thus gone the way of all books which make an immediate appeal to the "average reader" both young and old. It was merely a "picture-book," and the serious people of the world did not preserve it as they did their heavy treatises upon the 'ologies, but left it, with many another delightful popular thing, to the none-too-tender mercies of the small child, the serving-maid, and the careless man, who out of love and intimacy thumb and maltreat the sources of their pleasure out of existence. Weiditz has thus paid the penalty usually reserved for those authors and illustrators who most directly reach the affections of the multitude — his work was destroyed in the very process of fulfilling its high function of giving pleasure. Possibly, were we Buddhists, we might say that his work had attained Nirvana — and when one stops to think about it, is there really any fate which the writer and the illustrator of books might more properly strive for?

GEOFROY TORY

THERE is in the Print Room a Parisian book of hours, dated 1545, which bears the imprint of Thielman Kerver and contains unusually good impressions of the thirteen large woodcuts designed by Geofroy Tory, for his *Horæ according to the Roman Use*, of 1524. An uncolored copy, it is crisp and clean, and in an unusually fine state of preservation. As it does not appear in the bibliographies of Brunet and Lacombe, and is inaccurately described in Bohatta's check list (No. 1105), a full description is given in the footnote.[1]

This having been the first example of Tory's work to enter the Museum collection, it may not be out of place to tell something about him and the various things which he did, for, notwithstanding our fragmentary knowledge of the man, he appears as one of the most typical figures of the French Renaissance.

Born of humble parents at Bourges about 1480, but ten years or so after the first introduction of printing

[1] Hore, in laudem beatissime/virginis Marie, Ad usum/Romanum/1545/(mark of Thielman Kerver) Parrhisijs, apud Thielman/num Kerver in vico sancti/Jacobi sub signo cratis.

The volume contains 208 leaves (+, a–v, A8, B4, A8, B4, aa, bb8). The calendar for twenty-three years, from 1544 to 1566, is on +i^{vo} and is followed by the Almanach, each month being preceded by a small cut. On a6 come the Lord's Prayer, Angelic Salutation, Creed, etc., followed at the top of b by the "In principio erat verbum," etc., from St. John, with which the body of the Horæ begins. On A come "aulcunes belles preparations" for receiving the sacrament, on A prayers to the Virgin and St. Genevieve, on A 8vo the Ladder of Perfection, and a table of contents on bb 6vo. At the end is the mark of Kerver, over the following words: Prostant Parisijs apud Thiel/mannum Kerver in vico diui/Jacobi sub insigni Cratis,/ubi etiam impresse sunt./ M.D.xlv.

It contains the thirteen large woodcuts from Tory's 1524 *Horæ*, and twelve small ones, one at the head of each month in the calendar.

Woodcut and Border by Geofroy Tory

into France, he managed somehow to attend the university at that city, where he acquired an easy acquaintance with Latin literature. From the lecture halls of Bourges he wandered to Italy, at first attending the college of the Sapienza at Rome, and later at Bologna sitting under the celebrated Philip Beroaldus, then at the height of his reputation as one of the great Latinists. Shortly before 1505 he was in Paris, where, according to tradition, he eked out a living as editor of texts and corrector for the press. The first work with which his name can be identified is the edition of Pomponius Mela, which Gilles de Gourmont, the first printer of Greek at Paris, printed in 1508. He seems to have made reputation for himself by this, for in 1509, in spite of his comparative youth, he was installed as professor at the Collège du Plessis. While occupying this chair he continued to edit books, among others an edition of Æneas Sylvius's *Cosmography* for Henri Estienne (1509), and for the de Marnef (1510) one of *Berosus Babilonicus*, the notorious forgery of Annius of Viterbo. In the latter year Tory saw through the press an edition of the *Institutions* of Quintilian, which was followed at a distance of two years by the *Ten Books of Architecture* of Leone Battista Alberti.

From the mere names on this short and imperfect list of books edited and seen through the press by Tory within the space of five years, we are enabled to see something of the energy and hard work which were his distinguishing traits, and also a little of the enormous self-confidence which let him turn his hand to so many different things. While doing this editorial work, moreover, he was continuing his labors as teacher, having exchanged his professorship at the Collège du Plessis for one at that of Coqueret, presumably some time in

1511, and that again in 1512 for the professorship of philosophy at the Collège de Bourgogne, one of the principal units in the old University of Paris, where, according to a Latin epitaph, he drew great audiences. The same epitaph tells us that concurrently with his lectures he was busy as a printer; while from other sources it seems probable that he had already become deeply involved in his practical study of drawing, painting, and engraving, at which, according to the pious belief of Auguste Bernard,[1] he worked under the direction of Jean Perréal, one of the most important of the early French painters and draughtsmen. Tireless and enthusiastic, he was one of those who aspire to everything, and halt at nothing in their attempts to find the proper medium for their self-expression.

Drawing and engraving seem to have exercised a fatal fascination for him, because several years after his installation at the Collège de Bourgogne he threw up his professorship and all that it meant, and went to Italy, the better to study the arts to which he had devoted himself so late in life. Just when this important step was taken we cannot tell, except that in his book *Champfleury* he refers to the "livre des Epitaphes de l'ancienne Romme, que iay veu imprimer au temps que iestoye en la dicte Romme," a reference which can only be to the *Epigrammata sive inscriptiones antiquæ urbis* of Mazochi, the papal privilege for which was dated 1517.

About 1518 he seems to have returned to Paris, where

[1] M. Auguste Bernard's most interesting and valuable study of Tory's life and work (Paris, 1865, 2nd ed.) was translated into English by George B. Ives and printed, with many illustrations, by Bruce Rogers, at the Riverside Press, Cambridge, in 1909. Mr. Rogers has here done that most unusual and difficult thing, given a great text a typographic setting worthy not only of his author but of his subject.

Bernard would have it that, plying the trade of miniaturist, he illuminated a number of manuscripts which are signed by an otherwise anonymous Godofredus. While doing this he seems to have set up shop as an engraver, and to have begun the borders (*cadres à l'antique*) to which he owes so much of his fame, one of the simpler of which is to be seen in the reproduction on page 53. He soon formed an alliance with Simon de Colines, who had become a master-printer in 1520 through his marriage to the widow of Tory's old friend Henri Estienne, the first of one of the greatest dynasties of printers that the world has known, presumably cutting marks and floriated initials for him.

But Tory was a man as well as an editor and incumbent of academic chairs, as is shown by the story of Agnes, his little girl, who was born in 1512, and about whom her father's fondest hopes and desires all centred. He had taught her Latin and Greek, and, apparently knowing something of singing and drawing, she seems to have been a most unusual child, though of her accomplishments we know nothing except from the prejudiced witness of her father. The day before her tenth birthday Agnes died, and he was inconsolable. He wrote a series of Latin verses about her and for the urn in which her ashes were supposed to rest, which he published, after a decent interval, early in 1524.

From these verses we learn something of the man and his frame of mind, two of the distichs intended to be engraved upon the sides of Agnes's funeral urn being the following:

"Here is Merriment, here Love too, Sport and Virtue; and here the very Graces, beings divine, with the Muses, sit and dwell."

"In this urn are marjoram and sweet-smelling cyperus; here too are violets, lilies, garlands, roses."

But the effect of this kind of verse is somewhat overcast by his constant references to himself, as where he exclaims, "O maiden worthy of so deserving a father!" and again when, after letting Genius lament the absence of a Mæcenas, he replies, "Few are the Mæcenases that live in the French world. No one to-day either encourages the liberal arts by appropriate gifts or undertakes to encourage them in any way. Uprightness and fair virtue are in no esteem." Somehow it all has a very familiar sound, its familiarity only increased by the next question and the answer with its almost offensively stiff upper lip: "What, therefore, does he who is trained by the charming Muses? He takes pleasure in being able to live in his own house."

THE POT CASSÉ
GEOFROY TORY'S MARK

These Latin verses, whatever we may think of them, do nevertheless express a genuine sorrow, for when printed they bore for the first time Tory's printer's mark of the *pot cassé*, one of the most famous ever made, which in one shape or another he retained until the end of his life. It is here reproduced from the second edition of Bernard's book, and examination of it shows the tortured allegory which Tory and his learned contemporaries delighted in. The broken antique vase represents Agnes, whose career was broken by unkind destiny at the age of ten. The book closed with padlocks represents her literary studies. Her soul

is seen in the upper corner flying to Heaven. The drill, or *toret*, is Geofroy's canting device. The words "Non Plus" recall Tory's sorrow, as if to say, "Nothing interests me any more."

Whatever he may have felt and believed at the time he wrote his verses and devised his mark, by the time they were printed, in 1524, Tory, who was too vital a person to bow down under even the profoundest grief, was, as usual, very much interested in many things, principal among them the *Book of Hours* which he produced that year, and for which he had so long planned and worked, as shown by the King's licence to print, in which we find the following words:

"Our dear and well-beloved Master Geufroy Tory, bookseller, living at Paris, hath caused it to be said and made known unto us that he hath lately made and caused to be made certain pictures and vignettes in antic style, as well as others of a modern style, in order that the same might be printed and made to serve in divers books of hours, over which he hath laboured long time and been at great costs, expense, and outlay."

The volume, containing sixteen full-page borders and thirteen large woodcuts, has long since become one of the most famous of all books of hours. Not only did it break with tradition, but it set new standards of beautiful bookmaking, forming a precedent to which even to-day the greatest designers of beautiful books return again and again to gather strength, the Mother Earth of some of our modern Antæuses. The revolution it worked can be compared only to that produced by the first italic volume from the Aldine press, for it meant suddenly that the day of the gothic book in France was over, attacked and killed in its deepest citadel, the prayer book.

The cuts and decorations present the sharpest possible divergence from the illustrations full of that German influence, which like some plague had overrun the true French Horæ, such as those which Vérard and Vostre had published toward the end of the fifteenth century. Where they represent the culmination of the gothic in French printing, this is fully modern in its every important detail. It is a blond book, in which the illustrations and borders harmonize perfectly with the lovely light roman type in which it is printed, and in which the decoration and *mise-en-page* have been most conscientiously and beautifully considered. Many of the earlier Parisian illustrated books had beauty and charm and much character, but here, it is possibly not too much to say, was the first French book which from beginning to end was a highly conscious and deliberate work of art. Seldom in the long history of bookmaking has anything more refined and delicate been made, and it is small wonder that its reputation has grown with the years.

As for the illustrations, when looked at by themselves, isolated from their supporting borders and text, they are frankly not great works of art, for Tory was not a great draughtsman. But nevertheless they bear all the marks of a strong and distinct personality, and when considered as decorations, have the greatest distinction and charm, bearing somewhat the same relation to much of what followed that, in other directions, the work of the school of Fontainebleau did. Although the construction of the figures and the drawing of detail is most unsound, and the attitudes and gestures in most of them are quite falsely theatrical, they have so much style and are so admirably suited to their purpose, that they remain in one's memory long after other things,

which from the draughtsman's point of view are better constructed, have faded away.

These thirteen little prints, in short, are as perfect examples as one may wish to see of the results which may be obtained by an artistry that envisages its task as a whole, realizing that many things which abstractly may be defects are nevertheless not so important as other qualities which go to the purpose for which the design is made. Whatever we may think of them as prints, as decorative illustration we must bow before them.

Tory issued several editions of this *Book of Hours*, and of others in different sizes and with other cuts, all of which are to-day among the most prized possessions of the amateur of illustration and of printing. Consideration of these, however, lies outside the scope of this notice, except to the extent that they must have occupied much of Tory's remaining years, since printing of this character is among the slowest and most exigent of occupations.

In 1529 Tory published a book which he himself had written, and, with Jean Perréal, illustrated, and on which much of his fame is based. Latinist, philosopher, philologist, as the fashion was in those days he drew no strict lines of demarcation about his interests, but had a tendency to see the current things of life in terms of the old ones, and *vice versa*. And thus it happened that he wrote his *Champfleury*, one of the most important books ever issued in French; for to it may be traced many of the little devices by which French printing even of to-day is distinguished from that of the other western nations; and it was the first serious attempt to cope with a number of the more important problems in French orthography and grammar.

Oddly enough in view of its great influence, it has almost completely faded from the memories of all men except bibliophiles and philologists, the only living passage from it being one that owes its life to the fact that it caught the fancy of Rabelais, who incorporated it in that speech which he put in the mouth of the Limousin student, and which has remained ever since as the last word of highfalutin. In Tory's address to the reader of the *Champfleury* he says that there are three kinds of men who corrupt and debase the French tongue, "the skimmers of Latin," "the jokers," and "the slangers," giving examples of the way in which each of them tortured his simple and native speech. The sample of the skimmer's language was that used by Rabelais, and as translated by Sir Thomas Urquhart of Cromarty in 1653, it reads as follows: "We transfretate the Sequan at the dilucul and crepuscul; we deambulate by the compites and quadrives of the Urb; we despumate the Latial verbocination," and so forth. Of its kind it is doubtless one of the most marvelous and priceless things ever done.

The volume is divided into three books devoted respectively to an exhortation to use and order the French language according to a rule of elegance, to a treatise on the invention of letters, and to the shapes and proportions of the alphabet; for like the true philologist he found no distinct stopping-place between the shapes and sounds of letters, the spelling and choice of words, and the ordering of sentences. Deeply convinced of the beauty of the French tongue (*qui est aussi belle et bonne qu'une autre*) and of its fitness for use in every occasion of life, and disgusted with the slovenliness of speech and writing and especially the tendency of the learned to lard their conversation with bad Latin turned into

worse French, he pleaded for the use of clean French most eloquently, and, in spite of his own great pedantry, with force and wit. Of the proposed reforms that it actually brought about are principally the use of the cedilla to distinguish soft *c*, of the acute accent on the *e*, and the apostrophe to mark the places where elision has occurred, which were first actually, and in practice most imperfectly, used, in the edition of Clément Marot's *Adolescence Clémentine* that Tory himself printed in 1523.

Were there time, it would be amusing to play through the pages of the *Champfleury*, since from it much pleasant knowledge both of Tory and of his times is to be gleaned; but space forbids more than short references to two of the occasions on which he pays his compliments to the women of Paris and their speech. In one he says: "The dames of Paris, instead of *A* say *E* very often, as when they say, 'Mon mery est a la porte de Paris, ou il se faict peier,' instead of saying 'Mon mary est a la porte de Paris, ou il se faict paier.'" But, as Bernard remarks, the ladies won out, at least in part, and no one any longer says "païer." Another instance where they drew his futile anger is in regard to the pronunciation of the final *s* added to the plural, for instead of saying, "Nous avons disne en ung iardin, et y avons menge des prunes blanches et noires, des amendes doulces et ameres, des figues molles, des pomes, des poires et des gruselles," they say, "Nous avon disne en ung iardin, et y avon menge des prune blanche et noire, des amende douce et amere, des figue molle, des pome, des poyre et des gruselle." And the worst of it all was that the men folk of these "dames de Paris" followed their example. "This vice would be excusable in them, if it were not that it

came from the women to the men, and that in it there is a bad abuse of proper pronunciation in speaking." It sounds almost like some of the tirades about the modern common schools, for, like Holofernes, Tory abhorred the man who "clepeth a calf, cauf."

In a subsequent book, a translation of Lucan, he took yet another fling at the distorters of language which is too rare to omit, saying in the address to the reader, "I have most gladly translated them for you in your easy and domestic mother-tongue, without admixture of exquisite words, strange phrases. . . . I see some who wishing only to write six words, four of them will be out of use, or invented, or longer than a pike . . . for there have been and are even to-day many who think to do well by writing a queer word or one outrageously long in Latin, like him who said, and none the less ingeniously, 'Conturbabuntur Constantinopolitani innumerabilibus sollicitudinibus,' or that other, named Hermes, who finding his greatest happiness in writing long and exquisite words, was flouted and beaten with his own stick when another ingenious man composed against him, in words affected and as big as an armful of syllables, the following distich:

Gaudet honorificabilitudinitatibus Hermes,
Consuetudinibus, sollicitudinibus.

I say this in passing, in order that you may not expect to find unusual words in this little book." And even Shakespeare did not disdain to make his own the longest of these sesquipedalians, as may be seen by anyone who turns to *Love's Labor Lost*, Act V, Scene 1.

It is this kind of thing that explains Tory's woodcuts and printing more than any amount of criticism, for in

them we see the man himself, the rather pedantic hater of slovenly and affected speech, and the writer who was as deliberate in the choice of the forms of his letters as he was in their proper enunciation. Clarity and conscious simplicity his aim and desire, he may be looked upon as one of the earliest exponents of the kind of thought which a century and more after his death led to the founding of the French Academy, whose business it was, in the words of James Howell, to "refine and garble the French language."

We do not know when Tory died, except that in a lease of 1533 his wife is styled a widow, and that in 1531, upon the appointment of King Francis I, he became Imprimeur du Roi — if Bernard may be trusted, the first to bear that proudest typographic title. But Tory is not dead, for among the treasures of the Imprimerie Nationale are punches cut by Garamond, France's greatest type designer, the pupil Tory taught to use the graver. And for the finest French official printing these types are used to-day.

HANS HOLBEIN'S "DANCE OF DEATH"

ONE of the most important single accessions made for the Department of Prints since its establishment in 1917 is a complete set of proofs of the woodcuts of the *Dance of Death*, designed by Hans Holbein the younger and cut by Hans Lutzelburger, which has recently become the property of the Museum. There are complete sets of proofs in the British Museum Print Room, the Berlin Print Cabinet, the Cabinet d'Estampes at Paris, the Museum at Bâle, and the Print Cabinet at Karlsruhe. In some of the books about Holbein it is said that there is a full set in the Douce Collection at Oxford, but inquiry at the Ashmolean Museum there showed that such statements are untrue. The Albertina at Vienna, according to Woltmann (*Holbein und seine Zeit*, 2d edition, Leipzig, 1876), had proofs of thirty-nine of the series, and the British Museum and Cabinet d'Estampes of Paris have nearly complete duplicate sets. How many complete sets there may be in private hands it is impossible to tell; but Count von Lanna inserted in his catalogue a note to the effect that after long searching and much trouble he had been at last able to put together what he said was the sixth full set known, referring thereby to those five celebrated sets in great European public collections mentioned above.

The set acquired by the Museum comes from an English private collection in which it has reposed quietly, and completely unknown to fame, for many years. Like the Lanna set, which is now presumably somewhere in

central Europe, having been sold at auction a few years before the war, the present set was evidently made up piece by piece. It consists of forty-two impressions of forty-one subjects, being all those listed by Woltmann as having appeared in what he called the first proof issue, together with an impression of the "Soldier," a print to which he makes no reference as existing in proof state, although, to judge from the collotype reproduction in Goette (*Holbein's Totentanz und seine Vorbilder*, Strassburg, 1897), there must be a proof of it in the Berlin Cabinet.

In what Woltmann describes as the first proof issue there were forty subjects, that is, with the single exception of the "Astrologer," all those that appeared in the first edition of the *Dance* in book form, which was published at Lyons in 1538. The other proof issue would seem to have been composed of all the forty-one subjects of the first edition, as the set of thirty-five impressions from it in Paris, which are seemingly the only ones described by the authorities, contains the "Astrologer" but otherwise no additional subjects. In an edition of 1545, and subsequently, other subjects, among them the "Soldier," were added to the original forty or forty-one. The so-called first and second proof issues are distinguished by the type-printed titles which occur at the tops of the pictures, the titles of Woltmann's first issue being printed in italics, and those of his second issue in gothic characters, in each case the titles being in German. It is impossible to tell from the descriptions given by the authorities to which proof issue most of the present set, which is undoubtedly a mixed one, belong, as in all but three cases the titles have been cut away. Examination shows, however, that while some are on

the very white paper with strongly marked ribs observed in the impressions in this set with italic titles, others are on a slightly thicker paper in which the ribs are much less prominent. The "Soldier" is on still a third kind of paper, thin and closely resembling that of the impressions with italic headings. One of them, the "Physician," on the second kind of paper, shows on the top margin a small piece of the tail of a letter in the title, which does not come in the same place that the tail of the z does in the facsimiles of the Berlin "italic" set. As the "gothic" set at Paris has not been reproduced by photographic process, it is impossible to tell whether this impression originally came from a "gothic" set, but the presumption would seem to be in favor of that supposition. Needless to say, these impressions without titles cannot have been cut from any of the editions in book form, as in the books the blocks are always printed back to back on either side of the same sheet. The backs of these impressions are intact and, except in the case of the one duplicate, none of the impressions has been torn or damaged.

Firmin Didot, who, in his *Essai . . . sur l'histoire de la gravure sur bois*, Paris, 1863, first described the proofs with gothic titles, claimed that they were the earlier ones. Woltmann reversed Didot's order; and each claimed that the order adopted by him was proved by the existence of breaks in the blocks which appeared in one set and not in the other. It has, of course, been impossible to compare the Museum set with the "italic" set in Berlin, which Lippmann (*The Dance of Death, by Hans Holbein*, London, 1886) claims to be the most brilliant set known, or with the "gothic" set in Paris. But it has been possible to compare them with the collo-

type facsimiles given by Goette of the Berlin set and by Davies (*Hans Holbein the Younger*, London, 1903) of the London set, each of which has italic titles throughout. Comparisons made in this manner are naturally not conclusive, and so it must suffice to say that at least three of the Berlin set and six of the London set, judging by the reproductions, show breaks in the lines which are not visible in the Museum set.

Although the *Dance of Death* is undoubtedly the most famous set of prints ever made, the designs in one form or another having run through countless editions and still being reprinted from time to time, peculiarly little is known about their origin. For what purpose or under what circumstances Holbein designed them is unknown, and their date is almost equally vague, although the existence of a number of drawings after them, now in Berlin, which are dated 1527, may be considered as indicating that the blocks must have been cut by that time. None of the prints bears Holbein's signature, and his name would seem to have been mentioned in none of the early book editions. Four of the blocks from the set, however, were printed with his Old Testament series in its early editions, in the second of which, printed in 1539, the illustrations in the book are definitely attributed to him. The cutting of the blocks of the original forty or forty-one subjects, and frequently that of the supplemental subjects of the "Waggoner" and the "Soldier," is to-day attributed to Hans Lutzelburger, a woodcutter of whom nothing save a few signatures is positively known. One of these signatures, which taken by itself need not necessarily be that of Lutzelburger, is the H L which appears on the cut of the "Duchess" in the *Dance*. The cutting of the series, however, in its supreme deli-

cacy and refinement, is comparable only to the cutting in the so-called Alphabet of Death, a set of historiated initials, unsigned but obviously by Holbein, a proof set of which, printed on one side of a single sheet of paper over the printed legend, "HAnns Lutzelburger, formschneider, genant Franck," is preserved in the British Museum. Repeated search of the Bâle archives has brought to light little or nothing about him, although on the basis of some most inconclusive documents, printed by His in Zahn's *Jahrbuch* for 1870, it is usually stated that he died in 1526.

Aside from the rare proofs above described, the titles on which are in types which Didot said he recognized as those used by Froben of Bâle in printing the 1525 translation of Lucan by Erasmus and Thomas More, there is no trace of the blocks until 1538, when the brothers Gaspard and Melchior Trechsel published them with Latin Bible texts above, and French quatrains, presumably by Gilles Corrozet, underneath each one. The book, entitled *Les simulachres historiees faces de la mort, autant elegamment pourtraictes, que artificiellement imaginees*, was prefaced by an "Epistre," or preface, addressed to the "moult reuerende Abbesse du religieux conuent S. Pierre de Lyon, Madame Iehanne de Touzelle," which, terminating with the words, *Salut dun vray Zele*, was most probably written by Jean de Vauzelles, prior of Montrottier, one of three very well-known brothers whose motto was *D'un vray Zelle*. This preface is famous in Holbein literature because of its reference to the death of him, whose name is not mentioned, "qui nous en a icy imaginé si elegantes figures." As Holbein did not die until 1543, the reference can hardly have been to him, and the as yet unanswered query is, who

was meant? Of course there are theories aplenty. That it was a ruse to shield the author from ecclesiastical condemnation has been urged. But in that case why should the Trechsels and Jean de Vauzelles have stood up and so boldly associated their names with the book? That it is a reference to the death of Lutzelburger is another guess. But we don't really know that he was dead at that time; and anyway, if he did die in 1526, why should a group of great Lyons humanists have so much lamented the death of a presumably utterly unknown *formschneider*, at best but a superior sort of artisan, who had died eleven years previously in Bâle? Douce, in his well-known book on the *Dance*, boldly took the bull by the horns and tried to prove that Holbein did not make the designs; and however much one may not believe in the correctness of his theory, one cannot help sympathizing a little with his reaction to the quandary.

The designs of the *Dance of Death* are best known to English-speaking readers through the etched copies by Hollar, the wood-engravings by John Bewick, and the "facsimiles" engraved on wood by Bonner, Byfield, and Powis, for Douce's *Dance of Death*, the latter of which have frequently been reprinted in cheap editions, one of the last of these having a graceful preface by Austin Dobson. The Hollar and Bewick versions are of value chiefly to those interested in those two artists, as they are, to say the least, but free and timid interpretations of a mighty theme. The Douce "facsimiles" are in some respects quite remarkable, as they were copied by hand on the block before the days of photography. At a casual glance they bear strong resemblance to the originals, but once seen side by side with the set of proofs, they become little more than memoranda of the compo-

sitions, for the most beautiful, sensitive drawing and sharp observation of the originals have been lost, and nowhere do they show any trace of the inimitable knife-work which led that most exigent critic of woodcutting, the late W. J. Linton, to say of Lutzelburger's work, "Nothing indeed, by knife or by graver, is of higher quality than this man's doing," for by common acclaim the originals are technically the most marvellous woodcuts ever made.

Any attempt to discuss or expatiate upon the artistic merits of the *Dance of Death* is to-day a matter of supererogation: they have long since earned their proud position among the greatest pictorial masterpieces of the world, and it is better to see and pore over them, even in any photographic or "process" reproduction, than to read all the books that have been or could be written about them. They need neither explanation of subject-matter nor vicarious judgment, for they speak directly and with the utmost simplicity to whosoever looks at them, and they are so impersonal, so emotionless, in their manner of presentation that they have no age. They are now and they always will be modern.

Reference has been made above to the Bible illustrations of Holbein, a copy of the first edition of which, printed at Lyons, also in 1538, by the brothers Trechsel, was acquired by the Museum last year, the only known set of proofs being at Bâle. It is prefaced by two sets of verses, one in Latin by Nicolas Bourbon de Vandoeuvre, into which in the second edition (1539) was inserted the reference to Holbein above mentioned, and one in French by Gilles Corrozet, who is believed to have contributed the verses to the first edition of the *Dance*. Now these names, taken with that of Vauzelles,

are very interesting for various reasons, since, while they throw little light upon the origin or the history of the Holbein *Dance*, they enable us to know something about the little group which, recognizing their very great merits, actually published the two sets of prints to the world and thereby earned the undying gratitude of succeeding generations of men. The "modern" character of the prints has been mentioned, and it was just this perhaps that attracted to them the attention of one of the most important groups of men whom the modern world knows; for where the great Italians of the Renaissance were "Humanists," and the Germans were squabbling over theology and politics, this group at Lyons was quietly doing more to lay the foundations of modern thought than any other. Like most men who do yeoman service in advancing science and modes of thought, they have in great part been forgotten, none of them, with one great exception, having written or done anything which has not since been superseded. Space is not available to do more than shortly indicate their several claims to remembrance, but it seems a pious duty which should not be left undone.

First, the Trechsels were the worthy sons of Jean Trechsel who, though not the first printer at Lyons to date one of his books, is nevertheless said to have been the first man to set up a printing shop in the city. Jean lives in the memory of all lovers of good texts and good printing by the fact that among his correctors were John Lascaris, the greatest Greek scholar of his day, descendant of three Byzantine emperors, and ambassador of France to Venice, and Josse Bade, whose Latinity was compared by Erasmus to that of Budaeus, who became Trechsel's son-in-law, and later, having himself estab-

lished one of the important Paris presses, passed on the tradition of sound scholarship and good printing by marrying his daughter to the great Estienne. Corrozet, the least of our group, was good-natured, the most popular poet of his time, and in constant demand for prefatory and flowery epistles. Vauzelles, in addition to being one of the leading *littérateurs* and citizens of his time, has a very high place in the history of philanthropy, as in his *Police subsidiaire, ou Assistance donnée à la multitude des pauvres* of 1531 he first broached the idea of the "Aumône Générale" which is said to have been "une des gloires de Lyon, le type des établissements destinés à lutter contre le pauperisme," and which served as a model for all the other hospitals of the kingdom, including even that of Paris. Bourbon, a protégé of Anne Boleyn's, the tutor of Henry Carey, Henry Norreys and the Dudleys, the friend of Dean Boston and Bishop Latimer, had been the intimate friend and counsellor of the chiefs of the reform party in England, where, about 1535, Holbein had drawn his portrait. Another in the group of friends, as is shown by other evidence, was Michael Servetus who, having in 1535 been a corrector or editor for the Trechsels, later studied theology and medicine, in the one field being Harvey's forgotten predecessor in the discovery of the circulation of the blood, and in the other earning great fame by being burned alive by the Calvinists of Geneva in 1553. Then there was Étienne Dolet, Latin grammarian and reformer of the accents in French, printer of Rabelais's book, the "printer-martyr" of the Reformation in France, who was burned in Catholic Paris for his religious beliefs. Another was Jean de Tournes, the printer of the little books by which the charming work of the Lyons wood-

cutters of the middle of the century is chiefly known to fame, and founder of a great printing-house which lasted prosperously until sold by his descendants shortly before the French Revolution. Also, though by no means least, there were Clément Marot, the first poet to appear in France after the death of Villon, and none other than Dr. François Rabelais himself, then generally known to the world simply as the great surgeon of the Lyons hospital. One would like to think that perhaps the doctor too had a hand in the conversations concerning the advisability of publishing the *Dance of Death*, and to see his hand in the heading following the preface to that first edition, which reads as follows: "Diverses Tables de Mort, non painctes, mais extraictes de l'escripture sainte, colorées par Docteurs Ecclesiastiques, & umbragées par Philosophes." But who knows?

From beginning to end the whole subject is one of fascinating mystification.

JEAN COUSIN'S BOOK OF PERSPECTIVE

PROBABLY, from an artistic point of view, the most noteworthy of the several books just recently acquired for the Print Room is the *Livre de Perspective de Iehan Cousin, Senonois, maistre Painctre à Paris*, printed by Jehan le Royer, June 28, 1560, at Paris. It is the very fine copy which once belonged to Sellière, and is bound in blue morocco with his arms on the sides.

The period in which this book was produced is curiously little known, there being no treatise or critical catalogue covering the woodcut books in which it abounded. Not being incunabula, and their illustrations for the most part being anonymous, these books have presented an unusually difficult field to the cataloguer and commentator, for mere bibliographical description of them does not suffice, and, with names lacking, their arrangement and grouping require a trained eyesight and artistic knowledge which have not as yet been brought to bear upon them. One consequence of this is that the collector has to depend upon his unaided judgment in picking his material — and from the point of view of one adventurously minded this is possibly not entirely a defect.

There can be little doubt, however, that this *Book of Perspective* by Jean Cousin is one of the most beautiful books of its time, and there are those, of whom I am one, who believe it to be one of the most perfectly designed books which have ever been produced. Large in format, it is so beautifully spaced, its margins so delightfully

considered, its ornamentation so fine, its type forms so unaffected and legible, that, notwithstanding its press-manship and ink, which frankly are not of the very best imaginable, it is one of the volumes which should be familiar to everyone who is interested in the "lay-out" of the modern book. At least one well-known contemporary printer — a printer whom it is not unreasonable to think future generations will point to as the greatest of our time — has shown strongly the influence of the French books of this time in the work which has most redounded to his fame among connoisseurs of printing. As at no other time, did the printers of Paris in the middle of the sixteenth century achieve a clean-cut clarity, a perfection of balance in the so simple yet so extremely difficult art of the arrangement of type slugs, and of this most delicate and refined art this book is doubtless one of the finest examples that can be seen.

It is oftentimes difficult to persuade people that anonymous books or books laid out and arranged by little-known printers can be great masterpieces, but here, happily, little as the printer is known, there is one of the greatest figures of the French Renaissance in the immediate background to explain and justify what this book is said to be. In the printer's address to the reader he says, "selon la vacation en laquelle il a pleu a Dieu m'appeller," "being presented by Master Jean Cousin (in the art of drawing and painting not less than Zeuxis or Apelles) with a book on the practice of perspective, composed by him, and the figures necessary for the understanding thereof drawn with his hand on blocks of wood; I accepted said offer and have cut the greater part of the said figures, and finished some which previously had been commenced by master Aubin Olivier, my

brother in law, and brought them to perfection, according to the intention of the said author." Books with as clear and explicit a statement as this even in modern times are few and far between, but in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries they are so rare, especially in France, that the word unique may almost be used of them.

As for the decoration and illustration of the book, slight as they are, but supreme in their elegance and the deliberation of their style, they are among the very finest things that the France of the middle sixteenth century has to offer.

THE 1838 PAUL ET VIRGINIE

MOST old books are merely physical survivals, things with no history, interesting if at all for the words that are in them or because some one wrote them. But occasionally, among the thousands that have been poured forth, a book has a physical and very real corporeal personality, and this kind of book always has an interest, and frequently a history. There are many of them like this in the aggregate, very charming and very real works of art of the most tangible kind, containing beautiful and charming and memorable illustrations, as fine and genuine works of art as anyone can desire, few of them expensive and many of them to be had for the money equivalent of an ordinary meal at a "dairy lunch." The Museum has recently come into possession of several like this, and one of them is written about here in order that others may have it too; for, as ten thousand copies of it were printed in 1836–1838, it is not rare, and its price, while depending upon where it is picked up, in Newark or on Fifth Avenue, is not very great at the most.

I was just on the point of saying that it was Bernardin de Saint-Pierre's *Paul et Virginie*, but that would be wrong: Saint-Pierre only wrote it. It is Curmer's, for he it was who made the book and published it at Paris in 1838; so made it and so published it that, in the mind of the bibliophile and print-collector, there is only one *Paul et Virginie*, and that Curmer's — the author had nothing to do with the physical thing.

Poor old Curmer was a publisher of gift books, one of the first to issue books on the subscription plan — which in those days meant that you subscribed the way you do

now for a magazine, and then got your book in parts, once a month, until you had it all, when it was necessary, if none of it had been lost, to have it bound at your own separate expense. The revival of the woodcut in France, following English fashion, had begun in the eighteen-twenties, and Curmer decided to produce a book which should be the very last word in woodcut illustration and printing. He spent nearly ten years and almost four hundred thousand francs upon the project, and naturally issued it in parts, beginning with that dated October 10, 1836, just as the *Pickwick Papers* were issued almost simultaneously in England. Naturally the value of any given copy in the aristocratic and exclusive book-collector's eyes is predicated upon such things as the presence or absence of the original paper wrappers in which the parts came out, upon misprints, and whether or not it contains certain illustrations changed or withdrawn as the printing of the parts proceeded — all of them matters *de minimis* to the lover of art, but responsible for the record price of several thousand francs paid for a unique copy in which every error and mailing wrapper had been carefully preserved. For the print-collector all that is important is that it should be dated 1838 on the title-page, — which came with the indices in the last part issued, — and that its pages should be clean and free from foxing. Within the year and not so far from New York one like this passed hands for all of seventy-five cents.

In addition to some quite foolish copper plates issued after the book was completed, and therefore not always bound up with it, there are twenty-nine full-page woodcuts by Tony Johannot, printed on China paper, and about four hundred and fifty smaller ones by Isabey,

Meissonier, Johannot, Français, Huet, and others, engraved by Orrin Smith, Samuel and Thomas Williams and the latter's daughter Mary Anna, Branston, Lavoignat, and Brevière, to mention less than half the most brilliant burinists of the time who collaborated upon the work. Coming just at the time when England failed to have any distinctive designers for the block, Curmer was able to procure the services of many of the best English engravers for his project; and as he utilized the pick of the Frenchmen as well, the volume offers a peculiarly interesting opportunity for comparison of the outstanding traits of the two schools of wood engraving. It would be difficult to say that the Englishmen were better schooled than their fellows across the Channel in view of the enormously skilful work which the Frenchmen produced; but what is evident at the first glance is that the two groups worked upon quite different theories. Where the Englishmen invariably made engravings on wood, little prints in which every line was neat and shipshape, smelling of the graver stroke, the French produced facsimiles of the drawings made on the block, marvelous renderings of the pen lines laid for them by the draughtsmen, fat and easy or thin and scratchy as the case might be; in either case reflecting their national emphasis, which in England had been laid upon the engraver, whose name appeared on the title-pages, rather than upon the designer, whose name did not; while in France, although the engraver's work was handsomely recognized, it was the designer's name that was printed first and on the title.

But interesting and amusing as comparisons of the kind are, the real importance of the book lies in its designs, and most of all in their story and the sentiment

with which they are flooded. Romanticism had come into black and white with a rush and a roar of truculency in 1828, the year of Hugo's scandalous preface to *Cromwell*, when Motte published Delacroix's lithographed illustrations for a French translation of Goethe's *Faust*. The first ten years of romanticism were undoubtedly truculent, but by the end of that period it had become the fashion, and boisterousness was no longer necessary, so that the softer and gentler side of the movement had a chance to show its head in public without fear. Now the essence of romanticism was an overweening conceit, an emotionalism that needed exotic excitement, and that could only find its true outlet in the strange and far-away. The more masculine members of the group had recourse to *Faust* and *Hamlet*, *Mahomet*, and *Le Radeau de la Méduse* — from which they picked the truffles they held up to the duly astonished world. But the smaller men took it out in more sweetly sentimental ways, and they found their great chance in the epoch-making novel by Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, perhaps after Rousseau the most important of the immediate forerunners of the precisely romantic feeling in literature. Where Rousseau returned to a homely nature, Saint-Pierre went far away beyond the Equator to a tropic and exotic one, for which he had to exhaust the resources of a naturally hot and soggy vocabulary. His book is a long series of descriptions — 't is years since I have read it, and much as I distrust my memory, I refuse to read it again — in which he pointed the way to the "realism" of our day, telling a tale by verbal photography, but no story, for it was always too warm for anyone to do anything but feel — even to think. And the result was just exactly what our group of illustrators

needed; for unlike Daumier they neither thought nor did, they described — and with such foolish charm! Under Curmer's guidance they studied the books of travel, learned the island's contours by heart from the nautical guide of the period, and spent long hours in the Jardin des Plantes of blessed memory. And they were all so proud and interested in the book — no care in descriptive drawing too great, no tender trickery too small — that somehow they managed actually to project into their work something which has kept it still alive and lovable. It made Meissonier's reputation, and whatever we may think of "Friedland" in our present-day romantic love of the primitives, Meissonier was and still remains a very considerable and often charming draughtsman.

Rarely has any book been produced with greater self-congratulation by a group of pleased and happy men. Not content with an elaborate table of the pictorial contents of the book, they stuck their portraits in: on the title-page, disguised as heads on ancient coins, those of Curmer and his printer Everat; on the title of the Chaumière Indienne, those of Meissonier (spelled with two *n*'s!) and Paul Huet; at the head of the list of illustrations, on plaques tumbled in a pile with palettes and brushes, woodblocks, canvases, and sketch-books, those of Français and Johannot; and at the end of all that of the great Orrin Smith, set on a wall over a table on which are displayed the tools of his trade: pad, glass, gravers, blocks, ink-slab, and ball — among them a three-cornered knife telling its own tale of technique. Even in one issue, promptly to be withdrawn and therefore rare and highly prized, did the loving and enthusiastic Curmer insert at the end of the Chaumière In-

dienne under the words: "On n'est heureux qu'avec une bonne femme," a tail-piece bearing the portrait of his beloved wife, the "bonne femme" that she undoubtedly was. The dedication ran "Aux Artistes qui ont élevé ce Monument typographique à la Mémoire de J. H. Bernardin de Saint Pierre. Hommage d'affectueuse et profonde Reconnaissance, L. Curmer."

They played their little parts, congratulated each other, and shortly after, Curmer was sold out — everything but the block of the "bonne femme"; but his name has come down to us, and as long as any copies of his book survive, so will it, indissolubly connected with one of the most charming masterpieces and enthusiastically naïve adventures that the history of book-making tells of. It is not Saint-Pierre's *Paul et Virginie*, it is Curmer's. Could a publisher wish for any happier form of immortality, or a collector any more charming possession?

"THE PLEASURES OF MEMORY"

A STUDY IN SNOBBERY

IN 1810 Mr. Samuel Rogers, then aged forty-seven, saw a new edition of his youthful *Pleasures of Memory* through the press. One can imagine the lengthy conversations it involved with artist and wood-engraver and printer, conversations which, one is sure, were held in the library at St. James's and not at the counting-house in the Cornhill; for in matters of this kind Mr. Rogers was meticulous, as careful in the exhibition of his taste as he was accurate in the calculation of his interest. Moreover, it was at St. James's that he kept the books and collections, and cultivated the friendships and intimacies, which were made possible by the so different books his clerks kept in the city. His house was new — at least, it had been entirely done over seven years since, when he moved west from his chambers in the Temple; and, though it had been decorated under the direction of Flaxman and Stothard, there is reason to believe that his friends Opie and Shee and Fuseli had not failed of advice in the important business of designing a background suitable for the display of Mr. Rogers's curiosities and talents. Like his equally witty French contemporary, the Baron Denon, whose esteem, if not his intimacy, he would undoubtedly have valued, he rejoiced in the possession of much taste and few preferences, and also like him, he was a great collector, not only of objects of art, but through them of friends and acquaintances in the worlds of society and letters. Above all, he set a good table, as was to have been expected of the man who was already well on his way to

the dictatorship of artistic and literary London, a position not to be compassed without care for detail by a man whose grandfather had made glass, and whose father, like himself, was rated officially as a merchant. To him, therefore, this new edition of the *Pleasures of Memory* was a matter of supreme importance as well as of delicacy, for had not Lord Byron himself given it the very word of praise he most desired? The nobleman had said, "There is not a vulgar line in the poem" — and one wonders how large an overdraft the banker of Cornhill had granted on the indorsement.

By the elevation and abstraction with which it treated vapid themes, it had won great favor for itself in a community which regarded Mrs. Barbauld as an authentic poet and one of rather more than usual importance; so that Lord Byron, as seldom happened to him, was right, there was no vulgar line in it; and the curious group which then constituted polite English society had naturally exhausted more than a dozen editions since that first modest anonymous volume of 1792. It was the culmen of the exalted mode of writing about nothing at all,

> Sweet bird! thy truth shall Harlem's walls attest,
> And unborn ages consecrate thy nest,

— and the mere effort to read a page of its stilted, teetering rhythms explains the urgency of Wordsworth's celebrated preface.

Late in the eighteenth century Mr. Rogers, with a prescience befitting his subsequent success, had procured for it a set of copper-plate illustrations (were they by Cipriani? but one forgets) after Stothard, and being charming like all of that worthy man's pictorial effusions, they had given to the book, if a slender, at least a

new lease of life. But that had now run out; moreover, the coppers were slightly worn; and again Mr. Rogers, to maintain his poetic eminence on the bookstalls, was forced to think of new embellishments.

Far away to the north, in Newcastle, Thomas Bewick, a plain Tyneside man, had made some remarkable illustrations, first for a Goldsmith and then for an ornithology; and his pupils, especially a lad named Luke Clennel, had made some even more astonishing vignettes which, though serving but as tail-pieces, had wagged the *British Birds* into fame. They were engravings, but miraculously they were on wood, and also, as the banker saw, one single edition could not wreck them. Moreover, and this was a matter of importance, Clennel had received both the golden palette and the gold medal of the Society of Arts, and was thus a young person well spoken of in all the circles ruled by taste. So the fellow was procured, and on his blocks the always complaisant Stothard sketched some figures, the most delightful of his many countless little innocencies. Clennel, looking for further patronage, cut them with his graving tools, not only with care, but sensitively, making facsimiles of Stothard's tidy lines, a thing that had not been done since Lutzelburger at Bâle cut Holbein's *Dance of Death*, three hundred years or so before. Surely they were all astonished, the banker-poet and his friends, for the master's hand was saved intact, and on the proofs they saw his lines exactly as he made them with his quill.

And then it was Bensley's turn to journey west and, leaving behind the dirt and clatter of Bolt Court, to sit about in the cleanly, ordered quiet of that house where then or later hung the Rogers Raphael and Sir Joshua's masterpieces. Was it Fry and Steele's or Caslon's book

of types he took along? And who prepared the scheme and framed the title-page?

When it was done it was Mr. Rogers's book, for spruce in its new and dainty dress the sickly poem,—

> Ah! who can tell the triumphs of the mind,
> By truth illumined, and by taste refined?

— had received a further lease of life. The large-paper copies, especially those forever memorable ones on thinnest, smoothest, creamiest of opaquest China paper, were all but quite perfect, the most delightful of English experiments in selfconscious book design. There were only two things the matter with the book: one that a fire in Bolt Court destroyed almost all of the large-paper edition, the other that its upper margin is too full. The first of these, while expensive, surely was not wholly a disappointment, as it meant that the little remainder should be cherished by the knowing ones of future times. Of the second, Mr. Rogers doubtless was not aware, for had he been, he would not have been Mr. Rogers. Perhaps this clean excess of margin was a reminiscence of his serious youth, of the days when, fascinated by lawn bands and back-folding cuffs, he had aspired to a Presbyterian manse; perhaps a reflex of the banker whose clients dealt on 'Change; but more likely it was merely one of those little excesses inevitable in a too-perfect taste, not so much to be mentioned to Mr. Rogers as to be explained by his grandfather.

At least five times the book was to be reprinted (one knows a man who has as many copies), because, though forty-seven when he sent it to his friends in 1810, Mr. Rogers was still to live for five-and-forty years. As the delicate lines of Clennel's blocks wore down or suffered at the printer's hands, he had the drawings cut afresh

by other men, until the truthful Moxon withdrew the names of Clennel and of Stothard from its final and mid-Victorian title-page.

To-day, in the manuals of English literature, tucked away in fine type in the footnotes, one finds short references to the *Pleasures of Memory* — but no one ever reads the book. It lives, however, and for reasons which Mr. Rogers clearly foresaw. Its early editions, if in contemporary morocco, "t.e.g." and "neat," are bought by interior decorators for tasteful people with smart furniture who really need a book about. In crimson red it's very nice beside the Italian dish of pottery fruit and gives the needed old-world air. But the editions of 1810 and 1812 have found their way to the shelves of bookish men and on occasion to the shelves of print collectors — only it is not Mr. Rogers's poem that these people think of, but the lovely piece of decorative bookmaking contrived by Stothard and especially by Clennel and that odd Mr. T. Bensley of Bolt Court, which was so far east from St. James's Place.

WOODCUTS BY ALBERT DÜRER

FOR those who have not been familiar with Renaissance woodcuts, the following notes may be of use in looking at the Dürer woodcuts now hung in the Print Galleries.

In one of the floor cases there are exhibited, side by side, the original wood-blocks for the Decollation of Saint Catherine and Samson and the Lion, and early impressions from them. As can easily be seen, the cutting of the blocks involved not only a good deal of labor and a considerable amount of skill, but a great deal of time. There is nothing to prove that Dürer himself cut these, or any of the other blocks from which his woodcuts were printed, and every reason to believe that the work was done by one or another professional woodcutter, or *Formschneider*, as they were then called. This fact might tempt people to say that, then, the impressions from the blocks can not be "original"; but any such deduction would be wrong, for they are most highly original in the sense of not at all being reproductions. Dürer drew his design in ink on the plank of wood, drawing each line just as he wanted it to appear in the print. The cutter then took the plank and with his knife and gouge cut away every bit of the surface that was not covered by Dürer's lines. Ideally he did not touch the drawing at all, simply the white spaces between the ink lines. He brought nothing to the work of art, not a single line did he insert or change. Certainly he could by being clumsy spoil the lines, but he added nothing of his own. Artistically he simply did n't count as a factor, any more than the acid does with which an etching is made — because he was really only a human mordant.

Theoretically the woodcut is the simplest of all the old-fashioned graphic techniques, infinitely simpler than any etching, engraving, mezzotint, or stipple. Anyone who has ever carved his initials on the top of his school desk has made a woodcut, and knows the technique. But because of this simplicity, the woodcut is also the most difficult of them all. Anybody who is not utterly stupid and whose fingers are not all thumbs can learn to make a print in one of the other mediums that will not be too dreadful — for they are all of them great schemes for camouflaging poor draughtsmanship. The woodcut, however, is so simple that it is impossible to disguise what is really going on in it — either it is well drawn, and a good woodcut, or it is poorly drawn, and a bad one; there is never anything to divert or distract one's attention from that fundamental question. And as the world knows, good draughtsmanship, for all that it looks so very easy when we see it, is really the hardest thing of all to learn. There are so few really great draughtsmen, and so many amazing technicians, that the mere counting up of names proves the point.

People are met, from time to time, who refuse to pay serious attention to woodcuts on the ground that they are "just woodcuts," their enunciation of the phrase implying that a woodcut is too common and ordinary a thing, too vulgar even, for the likes of them. Of course there is no reply to make to such an attitude as this. It is so much like that of the man who did n't like spinach, that it precludes any discussion. All that one can do is to say that a number of highly intelligent persons, like Dürer and Holbein, and Titian and Rubens, and Blake and Daumier, have made or designed woodcuts, and that handsome is as handsome does; and to advise those

people to dismount from their high horses and give their spectacles a fresh rub with a plain linen handkerchief, because silk won't help a bit.

If they do get down and rub their glasses, they will possibly see that the plain paper which shines so brilliantly between the good solid black lines of the woodcut is very nice after all; and even, conceivably, that the beautiful texture of the mellow old handmade paper is infinitely handsomer than the brown ink which modern etchers have got into the habit of putting all over their etchings, like so much Worcestershire sauce. For, you see, ink smeared all over a print is exactly like a bottled condiment: it is put on only because the thing that it covers is not good enough to pass muster without its aid. And when people don't like Renaissance woodcuts because they are so plain, they are just like people in the restaurant who cover their food all over with some bottled sauce before they even taste it — one can tell offhand what dreadful kinds of things they have grown accustomed to, poor dears.

Now there is no denying the fact that the Renaissance woodcut, as compared with the typical modern etching, is coarse of texture — so strong and brilliant that one can actually see it across the room and tell what it represents from that distance. This is possibly disconcerting to persons who have become accustomed to seeing the prints about their walls simply as little black or gray or brown spots, which could not be seen at all were it not for the nice white paper mats that surround them. But, after all, it is hardly fair to dislike a work of art because you can actually see it — since it would seem as if that were what it was intended for. This bigness and strength, therefore, instead of being a blemish, is really

a virtue; more even than that, it is the very reason why woodcuts are so nice: they are really black and really white, and never those in-between, indecisive things that people call half-tones.

Now "half-tone" is more than a mere name for the certain kind of photographic reproduction with which our books and magazines are illustrated — it is far more than that: it is a psychological aberration which has afflicted a large part of the world. Artists, no matter what their medium, work in half-tone, from the etcher who smears ink all around, and the sculptor who never makes a direct statement of a plane, to the writer who is afraid of a clear, simple sentence and says "as it were" instead of "is." And this is the real trouble with the old woodcuts, in so many modern eyes: they are full of the "ises" and "ares" of affirmation, and guiltless of the "possiblys" and "perhapses" of hesitation and indecision. The really good ones all have an air as if repeating to themselves the refrain, "I know what I know."

Then there is one other point. I have just said that the old woodcuts are black and white, which is a very important thing, and not nearly so trite as it sounds, because back of it there lies a simple optical fact which is of the greatest importance to anyone who is interested in the whys and wherefores of prints. Everyone has seen how some prints are brilliant and others soggy, but few people have ever stopped to think what it is that causes the difference. It is just this, that in some prints the whites stand out, and they are the brilliant ones; while in others the whites are hidden and obscured, and they are the soggy ones. It all comes back to the whites, and to the fact that it is the whites that make the picture, not the blacks. Black, any student of optics will tell

you, we can't see: wherever there are black lines, the paper under them has been blotted out so that it does not exist any more, because so far as seeing is concerned, it has been covered up by a little piece of darkest midnight. The whites we do see, and it is the shapes and forms and contours of the whites that make the picture for us.

Curiously enough, in the woodcut, this optical truth is true also in the actual making of the print — the work of the woodcutter has all gone into making the whites and not the blacks; it is the whites that he has cut and fashioned and trimmed into shape, and the blacks are merely the parts that he has n't bothered with. At first this seems an odd point of view, and very queer; but once one accustoms oneself to it, it is simple and obvious enough, and it explains a great many things which previously one was merely rather dumbly conscious of. Also it affords a remarkably good working test for the goodness or badness of prints, a sort of æsthetic touchstone which, while far from infallible, is still as little fallible as any. It will never solve any of the mysterious questions to which personality gives rise, but so long as people are going to go around looking at prints, and saying that this is a good woodcut or etching, as the case may be, and this a bad one, without ever thinking anything about draughtsmanship or composition or imagination, it is as good a rule as we can find to test the validity of statements about the goodness and badness of prints. At least, it asks whether they are good black and white, things, that is, which are really white and in some places really black.

Finally there is another thing about these old woodcuts which should be borne in mind, and that is that they

The Flagellant
Woodcut by Albert Dürer

were popular in the fullest and best sense of the word. Like certain wonderful texts, they were printed and reprinted in vast quantities, and sold for very small sums, so that the poorest in the land could and did possess them in intimacy at home. As matter of fact, the poor still can and do have them in vast quantities, because they have been copied and facsimiled as no other designs ever have been. Even during the war, in Germany they published sets of facsimiles, most excellent ones too, at prices running as low as a few cents apiece, and their publishers found them most advantageous merchandise, for they seem to have been sold in the greatest quantities.

Now there is something in this that is worth thinking about. Sets of prints made four hundred and more years ago that are still in the heyday of their broad popularity are not everywhere to be found, and something very real must lie back of it. Perhaps it can best be explained by an analogy.

From the collector's point of view there can be no question about the fact that, as compared with a copy of *Hamlet* dated this very year, that famous and much-discussed first edition of which but two copies are known is much the more desirable. One costs but the equivalent of breakfast in a dairy lunch; possession of the other confers immortality in the memories of collectors. And yet from another point of view, an ordinary one perhaps, that first edition is far from being so remarkable as the other, which is perhaps of the three thousand four hundred and sixty-seventh edition. The number of books that have been printed once is legion — perhaps the worst thing one says of a book is that it was printed "once." But three thousand four hundred and sixty-

seven, not copies, but editions, is something not only very rare but quite extraordinary, because it means so very much. It goes back of editions entirely, discards the physical object, and presents us not with so much torn and tattered paper, but with *Hamlet*, a living thing in which men, not merely some people, still find interest. Had there never been more than those two copies of 1603 in existence, one may ask what would they bring, and where would be their fame; for both price and notoriety are based on the existence of all those millions and millions of later copies. And it is in these that the greatness of *Hamlet* lies.

Now as for Dürer, much the same is true. His greatness is not to be found in the priceless and unequalled impressions in the Museum or in any other "collection," but in the thousands and thousands of mediocre impressions, of copies, and of reproductions, with which the world is filled, for they mean that he lives and moves in men's minds and does not lie *perdu*, solander-boxed, for the privy inspection of the few.

The great majority of people who know and admire Dürer's work to-day have never even seen an original impression from one of his plates or blocks. They know and possess his work in reproduction of every kind and size, from a post-card up, and they get what they look for, what they want, from those reproductions. Some people say of certain artists that their work is so superlatively fine and delicate it cannot be reproduced, and can be appreciated and understood only from the very finest originals. But one may very justly query whether any such butterfly-wing beauty as this is really more than that *beauté du diable* which is one of the attributes of youth and freshness, a cosmetic beauty which is no more

than skin-deep and quite unfit to stand the passing of time. Real beauty lies so much deeper than that, that it is impervious to such little things as time and wear and facsimile. In fact, the facsimile and the close copy may very well be regarded as the colanders of real beauty: what won't pass through is doubtfully worth while.

And so it is with these woodcuts: they have been more printed, more copied, more facsimiled, than any other prints ever made; and whatever the collector may think of them in his desire for exclusiveness, the great world knows that in them there is more of what it wants in the way of a print than in any other prints which have ever been made; they are really great pictures that suffer less in reproduction — that is, in reprinting, like Shakespeare or the Bible — than anything else it has ever found. And that is saying a very great deal; for, after all, a print is a print, that is, a picture of which a great many duplicates are and can be made. If duplicates cannot be made, what actually is made may be very lovely; but is it really a print?

OLD WOODCUTS AND MODERN ILLUSTRATIONS

THE fashion of collecting old prints, delightful and praiseworthy as it is, has resulted not unnaturally in certain processes which were used by the elders having about them a glamour which to some extent ennobles anything done in them, whether or not that anything be itself good. Thus the words "an etching" currently stand for something, shall one say, more worthy of respect in the popular mind than what the words "a woodcut" stand for. When Browning wrote and wanted by the use of one name to typify all of what was best in prints, he selected that of Marc Antonio. But to-day, were he alive and facing the same general problem, he would probably say Rembrandt or Whistler. The change means more than would appear immediately upon the surface, because it implies not only a shift in emphasis of desirability, but even that where a generation ago the traditional fine print was an engraving, to-day it is an etching. The reason underlying the change is itself probably neither more nor less than that, whereas the great commercial process for making fine reproductions in Browning's youth and early manhood was engraving, — of which process Marc Antonio was the great hero, — the great commercial process for making fine reproductions in the seventies and eighties of the last century was etching — of which process Rembrandt and Whistler are to-day in America the great heroes.

The influence of the commercial upon fashions and artistic discernment has been but little dwelt upon in

The Confessional
Frontispiece to the Arte del ben Morire, Venice(?) 1490
Printed by Cleyn and Himel

the books about prints, but it is really of fundamental importance for anyone who would understand the swing of taste and reputation. Each of the graphic processes in which any considerable body of artistic work has been done has at some time been a common commercial process, even though it has lingered in the studios of the artists as a means of artistic expression long after it has ceased to be of importance as a commercial means of making reproductions and other printed pictures. Obvious as this is, its corollary has largely escaped attention, which is that with few exceptions the great artistic monuments of any particular process have been produced at times when that process was most important from the strictly economic or industrial point of view. Thus during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, when woodcutting as a trade had reached a very low ebb, the number of artistically considerable woodcuts was almost *nil*, although during its commercial heyday, during portions of the fifteenth, sixteenth, and nineteenth centuries, such men as Dürer, Holbein, Daumier, and Menzel designed their great woodcuts. Etching during the sixteenth century was only beginning to be used as a commercial process, and there are very few fine sixteenth-century etchings in consequence. In the seventeenth century, when it was the favorite and commonest process, it was used by Callot, Claude, Rembrandt, Ostade, and many other notable artists. In the eighteenth century a kind of engravers' etching was in vogue among the manufacturers of printed pictures in France and Italy, and the result was, in France, such things as the Moreaus and Fragonards, and, in southern Europe, the prints by the Tiepolos, the Canalettos, the Piranesis, and the youthful Goya. The periods and places in which

the fine mezzotints, aquatints, and stipples were produced coincide with curious closeness with those in which those processes were most used by the manufacturers of commercial printed pictures. The same thing is likewise true of lithography. The artistic "revival" of etching in the middle of the nineteenth century took place at exactly the time when etching had again for a moment become one of the common methods for *de-luxe* reproduction of paintings. Pure line engraving lasted until well on into the reign of Louis XIV, but after that it was replaced by the quicker engravers' etching; and with the exception of the little group of plates by Blake at the beginning of the nineteenth century there are no great original burin engravings after that time.

Of course there is no definite and precise reason why an isolated artist at any time should not produce remarkable work in any medium whatever, whether or not it be then in current use in the "commercial studios" or factories; and such has not infrequently been the case. In the long run, however, it can be taken almost as a rule of thumb that in prints as in literature the great masterpieces are to be sought for in the medium which at the time is in the most frequent and ordinary use. There being no more reason to expect to find really great etchings in a woodcut period than there was to find masterpieces of Elizabethan English among the writings of the subjects of Queen Victoria, it is not astonishing to notice that, of the two great English-speaking etchers of the period from 1850 to 1890, one was not an Englishman, and both had spent long periods of their lives in France.

Now if we survey the commercial processes which today are in greatest economic demand in the United

appreciate the *Courtship of Miles Standish*, it is, for no less obvious reasons, most improbable that she will do anything but depreciate *Madame Bovary*. But let her go abroad and knock about in France, let her have an adventure or two in which her heart and emotions are greatly moved, let her see and know the French small-town bourgeoisie and have to live with it, and she will, whether or not she likes it, have to admit that *Bovary* is somehow a book which one simply cannot dismiss as was done while life was bounded by the horizons of the Connecticut Valley. Much this same kind of thing is true in the appreciation of prints — when everybody is faced by the problems of etching, very few find anything but etchings interesting or fine; and when people are seen to be becoming more and more interested in the old woodcuts it is natural to infer that they are being faced by the woodcut (or relief-print) problem.

It was these facts and the hypotheses built upon them that very largely determined the choice of a group of old woodcuts by the great masters to fill the central print gallery in the current print exhibition in the Museum. If from one point of view these old prints may be regarded as purely "collector items," from another they are of the most immediate and practical value as precedents to which the graphic artist of to-day may turn for inspiration, criticism, and help in solving his own problems. More than that, they are for the reader of newspapers, magazines, and illustrated books touchstones by which he may gauge how much gold or dross there is in the printed pictures which pass through his hands; and probably, if he uses this exhibition as he can for this purpose, he will discover that there is more of each in the contemporary output than he has ever imagined.

ILLUSTRATED BOOKS

THE Museum has received as gifts from Felix M. Warburg and Mortimer L. Schiff a number of very important woodcut books, among which are such things as beautiful copies of Dürer's treatises on *Fortification*, *Mensuration and Proportion*, the Hroswitha and Celtis's *Quatuor libri amorum* and a *Life of Saint Jerome*, all illustrated with woodcuts by Dürer, and the *Revelations of Saint Bridget*, some of the illustrations in which may possibly be by him. There are also two copies of Dürer's *Apocalypse* in book form, one in a seventeenth-century binding, and another in which, unfortunately, the prints have been slightly cropped, but which is of great interest as containing the only known impression of a woodcutter's monogram, possibly that of the man who engraved the blocks. In addition to this interesting lot of Dürer items, there are copies of the first part of the Brunfels *Herbal*, with woodcuts by Hans Weiditz, — which with the possible exception of the Fuchs *Herbal*, already in the Museum library, is the most important and beautiful German Renaissance botany book, — Pfintzing's *Theurdank* illustrated with many woodcuts by Schaufelein, Burgkmair, Beck, Weiditz, and others, the *Biblicae Icones* of Hans Sebald Beham, Altdorfer's *Passion* set in book form, the *Hortulus Anime* containing woodcuts by Springinklee and Schön, Cicero's *Offices* illustrated by Hans Weiditz, and Goltzius's curious collection of chiaroscuro portraits of Roman emperors.

Any attempt to do justice to such a list of books as this is obviously impossible in the restricted space available in the BULLETIN, each item being worthy of pro-

Celtis Presenting his Book to Maximilian I
Woodcut by Dürer, for Celtis's Quatuor libri amorum
Nuremberg, 1502

longed study and most careful examination, and although there is a voluminous literature about all of them, as a whole they still afford material for investigation and discovery of the most interesting kind, presenting not only difficult and intricate questions of attribution, but many problems of a more general variety. The one thing which is most important about them is their artistic interest, entirely aside from the wheres, whens, whos, and hows with which students go to them; for, fascinating as such inquiries are, the cardinal thing that stands out from them for us in America is the fact that their illustrations are beautiful and original works of art, by the most important artists of their time and country.

Here to-day the illustrated book is on every table and in every hand, hundreds of men and women of industry and ability devote their time and their talents to illustration, and yet not one book in a thousand of those we produce will ever be saved more than a few years for its illustrations. The reason is apparent: it is not that there are not good draughtsmen among us, for there are many clever ones, but that the illustrations which appear in our books are not real works of art. Our most prominent artists paint and draw and "sculp," but they do not "illustrate" except by adverse chance. Our artists who have not arrived "illustrate" as a means of livelihood, always looking forward to the time when they may be financially able to stop the grind for the "art editor." The art editor in turn, and naturally enough, regarding his "illustrations" as merchandise, to be produced as cheaply and quickly as possible, turns to the photo-engraver for information about the easiest and cheapest and quickest methods of production. And the photo-

engraver not only dictates how the drawings shall be made, their pigments, and their size, but is careful to retain as closely as possible all information as to how the process blocks after them are made. The result is that the draughtsman makes large and intricate drawings, and that done, washes his hands of the matter, quite frankly regarding the "illustration" that appears on the printed page as merely a reproduction. And that is all it is: it is not an original work of art, with the indefinable something about it which causes original works of art to be regarded seriously where mere reproductions are not, and in the nature of things cannot be. Until the present-day artist and his editor can be brought to see that his drawing is not an "original," but merely a step in the process of producing a picture printed on a piece of paper, and that the printed picture is the test of his work, the "original" in the fullest sense of the word, the thing itself, the matter cannot be remedied. And the artist cannot be brought to see this until the art editor permits and encourages him to foregather with the photo-engraver and printer and learn something about their techniques, their difficulties, and the qualities that are inherent in their technical tasks, so that the artist may work with understanding of each of the steps that lie between his finished drawing and the final printed picture, and may intelligently adapt his designs to them.

Now Dürer and Burgkmair, Weiditz and Beck, knew about these things from very force of circumstances; they made their drawings directly on the plank of wood, and those drawings were destroyed in the very process of being cut, so that the only thing there was to judge their artistry by was the eventual print from the block upon a piece of paper. Being all there was, it was origi-

nal, and it became a matter of the greatest moment to them to understand precisely how to draw so that the cutter might least distort their lines and the printer best print the blocks. In consequence, they adapted their work most carefully to the limitations and most eagerly availed themselves of the qualities inherent in the crafts of both cutter and printer. It was a matter of life or death to them as artists to do so.

So far as the modern artist is concerned, if he will, he can find out about process and adapt himself to its requirements — it is largely with him a psychological matter, the shifting of emphasis from his drawing to the little printed picture. But the editor and the photo-engraver too must be willing and ready to play their parts, to make allowances for each other, and to adapt their methods to the requirements of team play.

It is frequently said that the modern decline in illustration is due to the substitution of process blocks for wood blocks, and to a certain extent it is a true statement; because, prior to the introduction of process, the designer was obliged to make his drawings with the woodcutter's technique in view — he could not depend upon the photo-engraver's skill in reproduction. But though such an attitude may be natural, in view of the universal belief in the magic of process, it is neither a necessary nor a true one. More than ever before, if the artist desires that his illustrations should be works of art, must he know about process and work with its exigencies constantly in view — because the photo-engraver is quite incapable of jacking up his drawing, of *making* it, in short, as was so often the case in the old days. To-day the most that the photo-engraver can do is not to spoil a drawing — he can't help it or make it

something other and better than when it left the artist's hand.

Moreover, it is frequently said that process is something inherently inartistic; but such a point of view if logically carried out would debar from the "artistic" the woodcuts by Dürer and Holbein, every engraving and mezzotint not made from an original design by the engraver himself, and many of the best-known etchings. The mere matter of how many hands are concerned in the making of a print, from the inception of the design to the final impression on the pages of a printed book, has nothing to do with artistry — otherwise what would become of buildings and bronzes, music and the drama? The fact that the camera is interjected into the sequence of events in the technical progression is equally immaterial: it is nothing more than a mechanical transfer of the design from paper to metal plate, a thing which it does far more accurately than even the most trained hand. In short, logically and practically there is no reason underlying the feeling that "process" is inartistic other than the simple fact that it is almost always used inartistically, and to damn a technique as such solely because it is misused is to forget what technique really is, to mix it up with something else — a confusion of thought which would dismiss charcoal from among the proper tools of an artist because it is most frequently used by naughty boys on blank walls.

The short and simple fact is that a process block is an etching, and, if used understandingly and with care, capable of exactly as "artistic" results as any of the older techniques, in fact, of results which, except by the expert, cannot be distinguished from the results of those older techniques. And this being so, the responsibility

for the difference in quality between the illustrations in the books of the late fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries and those that appear in our current books can easily be brought home.

If the very great artistic merit of the old woodcut book, as exemplified in these venerable volumes just added to the Museum collection, can even a little be appreciated by those who to-day make books, their presence in that collection will have done far more than is necessary for justification. They are eloquent and weighty evidences of the great and forgotten fact that the large majority of beautiful prints were made as book illustrations, and that "prints," with all that the word implies, are the only proper kind of book illustration.

THE BAILLIE COLLECTION OF BOOKPLATES

WILLIAM E. BAILLIE of Bridgeport, Connecticut, has recently presented to the Museum the collection of bookplates which he has spent more than a score of years bringing together. Containing approximately twenty-five thousand items, the collection long has been known to collectors of *ex libris* as one of the largest and most important ever formed in this country. About half are American and were made prior to 1850, the series of colonial plates being unusually rich and including many of the more celebrated and rarer items. There are over five thousand English plates, most of them of the eighteenth century and many of the seventeenth. The European continental plates are fewer in number than any of the other categories, but among them is a considerable number of the earlier and artistically most important plates ever made. Of recent and contemporary American and English work, the collection contains long runs by most of the more prominent designers and engravers.

Of prime importance are such plates as that used to mark the books presented to the Monastery of Buxheim by Hilprand Brandenburg of Biberach about 1475. Certainly one of the earliest bookplates, and long considered to be the first, it bears somewhat the same relation to the bookplate in general that the Mazarin Bible does to other books, with this further qualification that just as it is one of the most important of all, so is it one of the most charming. Then there is the woodcut *ex libris* designed by Albert Dürer for Willibald Pirckheimer,

Bookplate of Hector Gomez, by Hans S. Beham

and to support it those of Scheurl-Tucher and Hector Pömer, both formerly attributed to Dürer, but now known to have been designed by Wolf Traut and Hans Sebald Beham. There are also several of the remarkably brilliant little engraved plates by the brothers Hans Sebald and Barthel Beham, and a series by such other later sixteenth-century German designers as Jost Amman, Virgil Solis, Mathias Zundt, and Lucas Kilian. The influence of these plates on recent English and American work has been very great, a number of these that are to be seen here, for instance, having come from the collection of Charles H. Sherborn, who himself was doubtless the best known of modern English bookplate engravers.

The English seventeenth-century plates are of peculiar interest, as it was not until toward the end of that century that the use of the bookplate became prevalent among the British gentry. Without going further, the quality of this group may be vouched for by the fact that it contains the plate engraved by Michael Burghers for Thomas Gore, Bishop Hackett's plate by Faithorne, one of the Marriott plates, and all five of the Samuel Pepys plates.

When one comes to the eighteenth century in England it becomes difficult to select any particular ones for notice; but perhaps it may suffice to call attention to the plates of Ann Damer, John Holland (by Hogarth), William Ayton (by Edwards and Hall), Sir Foster Cunliffe (by Bartolozzi), Henry Maister — one would like to go on calling the roll, but time is short.

The array of American plates and labels is simply bewildering, there being about thirteen thousand of them, a number which by itself would suffice to put the collec-

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S BOOKPLATE

tion in the small number of very important ones. Many of these are, so far as known, unique, and more of them are to be considered among the incunabula of American engraving. Of course the George Washington plate — in the eyes of the patriotic collector the most desirable of all — is among them. But it is not alone, for it is present not only in an original contemporary impression, but in one of the notorious restrikes, and in several of the even more notorious forgeries and copies. Besides these there are many of the Nathaniel Hurd plates (Hurd having apparently been the first American to engrave a bookplate), and those by such other noted early American engravers as Paul Revere, Maverick, Dawkins, and Doolittle. There is even a group of the plates by the notorious forger and convict Brunton, whose work looms so large in the annals of early Connecticut engraving. But to continue would be wearisome to all but the most reckless and hardened reader of catalogues.

The bookplate is something which has been collected and studied only within comparatively recent years, and there seems still to be something of the misunderstanding about it that usually accompanies any new activity of the collector. But happily they have by now, in spite of malice and incredulity, arrived at a stage where their devotees need neither defence nor apology: even the littlest time spent in running through such a collection as this should convert anyone of even the most moderate sensibility to the charm and the pleasure that they so amply provide. Leaving entirely aside all the fascinating problems in history, family and general, which they both raise and enlighten, forgetting the often delicate and beautiful designs in which they abound,

and discarding for whatever reason one chooses the very human joy of tracking the rarity to its lair, the bookplate, when seen in gross as here, provides one of the most charming and delightful commentaries upon human nature that one could possibly desire. Few things are quite so close to a man as his books, and nothing about them is quite so personal to him as the marks of ownership that he deliberately chooses to paste within their covers. As is known to all those who have ever examined their minds preparatory to getting a bookplate for themselves, its choice and selection — since once affixed it is something that, like the brand of Cain, can never be effaced — is matter for the most mature consideration, the deliberate assumption of a mark that will live for ages after one, so sure an indication of character and so infallible an index to personality that, indeed, many people, and among them of the bravest, never quite summon courage to give such hostages to fortune.

There is the bookplate armorial — one wonders are all men born equal or do they merely assume it? and the bookplate pictorial, with all its little solemnities and parades, its humor and the lack of it; and, best of all, the bookplate sententious and emblematical, the happiest hunting-ground for those whose motto is the Psalmist's "Know thyself." (Was it the Psalmist's really? It doesn't sound right. But then, bookplates by the thousand do such queer things to one!) Here grows at its most luxuriant the tell-tale pride of mind and earthly wealth, for never elsewhere were Ossa and Pelion so jumbled up, or the follies and stupidities of men so made piquant through unwitting close-packed epigram. From Pirckheimer's fine "sibi et amicis," through Garrick's, at best polite, quotation from a book of second-handed

wit, "La première chose qu'on doit faire quand on a emprunté un livre, c'est de le lire afin de pouvoir le rendre plutôt," to the reference to Matthew XXV, 9, "Go ye rather to them that sell, and buy for yourselves," the attitude of the owner is expressed in all its variants, from noblest generosity to a mere churlishness, which is all too seldom enlivened by the wit that twisted the parable of the foolish virgins to its purposes.

The man who puts his face and figure on his plate, seeking remembrance through tenacity of glue, is always with us, smirking, strutting, under cover of a better man, first cousin to the man whose plate is piled with books and prints on which we read, "The Hundred Guilders" and "First Folio, 1632." But side by side with this we find the scholar's sad and disillusioned "En apprenant mourant," and Bewick's sweetly sentimental, "My books the silent friends of joy and woe." The mottoes that men choose! Were one in sporting mood, to seek the story of old Grouse one would not turn to gunrooms but to bookplates — where the deadly commonplace, enlarged and glorified and given human value, is spelled at length for men to read and marvel at. Just think of picking some one phrase to travel down the ages with, to see each time one turns the cover of one's book — it much reminds one of the miner in the *Golden Butterfly* who saved on time by having prayers engrossed and stuck above his bed, and then each night, the candle out, as covers were pulled up would jerk his thumb and mutter, "Them's my sentiments." Where men in life admit a sense of humor in themselves and little else, with Bartlett's aid they spill their inner souls upon their bookplates for the world to know. Can we not see the stout and portly gentleman who, having

toiled and thought and analyzed his soul and social state and worn the pages of his crib, gave heed unto "Judicimur agendo" on another's plate, and placed in all solemnity upon his own "Magnanimus esto"? Doubtless like that other he possessed a "Mens sibi conscia recti," and was certain of the truth that lies in "Virtus sibi munus." One wonders at the vast amount of Latin in the bookplate (of some, one knows the owners!), and one aches to think how hard used that last appendix in the dictionary was, of Latin tags compiled to pepper common speech with easy elegance.

Montaigne has given the proper word — *nos folies sont nos sagesses*. Would one really know a man, consult not Dun or Bradstreet, but find his plate.

VAN DYCK AND REMBRANDT IN THE PRINT ROOM

THE Museum now possesses good impressions of the following portrait etchings by van Dyck: in the first state — Snellinx, Vorsterman, Paul de Vos, and Jan de Wael; and in the second state — Franken, Pontius, and Jean Breughel; that is, a little less than half the total number of portraits which the master etched himself. Of these, the portraits of Vorsterman, de Vos, and Snellinx are part of an anonymous gift, those of Pontius and Breughel were acquired at the sale of the collection made by Earl Spencer, whose great library now forms the John Rylands Memorial Library at Manchester, while the Franken and de Wael, the latter of which belonged to both Dreux and Seymour Haden, were purchased at the recent sale of Paul Davidsohn's prints at Leipzig.

It is doubtful whether any artist other than van Dyck has ever made such a reputation as an etcher with such a small number of prints, for the total number of plates surely by him is only eighteen, fifteen of which are portraits closely resembling each other in size, manner, and compositional scheme. With few exceptions they were finished or "pointed up" by professional engravers in order that they might conform more closely to the fashionable portrait engraving of the time, so that in several instances there are but one, or possibly two impressions known which were pulled from the plates before van Dyck's own work was tampered with by other duller hands; while in every case such impressions, when not actually very rare, are exceedingly scarce. It is to this

Portrait of the Engraver Lucas Vorstermans
Etched by Anthony van Dyck

fact that the unusual importance of "state" in the van Dyck etchings is to be traced, because here it is an index not merely of comparative rarity or probable fineness of impression but of whether or not the impression in question is really a van Dyck etching or only a Flemish engraving of the Rubens school. Moreover, as the plates with few exceptions are still in existence, and have been printed up every little while since they were first made, they have needed frequent reworking as they wore away, and in consequence the average number of states in which the several plates occur is unusually large. All this merely increases the wonder of the reputation which is founded on them, as it means that however common they are in Bowdlerized versions, the original van Dycks themselves have never been easy to come by. But this perhaps may be explained in part by two facts which otherwise have rarely or never occurred together.

As reworked, these etchings formed part of a collection of approximately one hundred engraved portraits, which from its first publication took high rank in the affections of the collector. To-day when the collection of prints has so largely become a matter of eclectic choice of masterpieces, great and little, portraits merely as likenesses are comparatively little thought of; but for several hundred years at least the portrait was the most popular kind of print, and collectors sought to get, not only the best portraits, but portraits of as many different men as they could find, frequently taking greater pride in their number and variety than in their choiceness from artistic points of view. To supply this constant demand, so many different sets were issued, that finally no great house or library was complete without its shelf-loads of bound collections of engraved and etched portraits.

Among them were usually to be found the Perrault set entitled "Les Hommes Illustres qui ont paru en France pendant ce siècle," the several series engraved by Houbraken, many by various Dutch and English hands, the Bartolozzi Holbeins, and many more too numerous to mention; but always, as the most highly prized of all, was van Dyck's "Iconography." These prints were thus sought for by three different groups of persons: those who collected prints as works of art, those who collected portraits simply as likenesses, and finally the book-collectors who bought them bound in sets, each of which classes was able by itself to make both price and reputation for anything it sought.

The other fact is that, as it happens, they are among the most accomplished and beautiful portraits which have ever been made in etching, and stand by themselves in their simplicity of handling and impersonal dignity of presentation. Intended to be issued as a set, and therefore necessarily the same in size and general scheme of composition, they do not show the variety of mood and temper or the high pictorial development which are characteristic of Rembrandt's work in portraiture. But this restriction being granted as forming part of the problem presented to the artist, his success was as nearly complete as possible, because within his limitations of form and intention he produced a more distinguished series of courtly portraits than any other etcher has ever done.

Thanks to the same anonymous donor who gave the three van Dycks above mentioned, the total number of good impressions from Rembrandt's plates now in the Museum collection has been increased from almost thirty to nearly fifty. How many of Rembrandt's

prints Rembrandt actually made is matter of dispute, the usually accepted pieces numbering about three hundred, of which naturally a large part are of minor artistic importance, however interesting and desirable for various reasons they may be. Of those in the collection few if any belong to this minor class; and as they are spread over the master's entire career, beginning with the portrait of his mother, of 1628, which is regarded as his earliest plate, and ending with three of the five nudes with which it closes, the student may now see in the permanent collection typical examples of most of the more important phases of his work. While many of the noteworthy plates as yet are not represented, there are now available such masterpieces, among others, as the "Three Crosses," the "Hundred Guilder" print, the "Three Trees," the "Vista," and the portraits of Jan Lutma, Jan Cornelis Sylvius, and "Rembrandt at the Window," which make part of the recent gift.

Although from the point of view of the old established European print-rooms fifty good prints by Rembrandt may be but a small part of the master's work, that small part is nevertheless so extraordinarily varied and interesting and so rich in values that it would be difficult, if not impossible, to mention any complete etched work of any other man that would compare to it in importance. Every other great etcher whom one can recall had some special predilection and produced his best work in some one field; but save for the fact that Rembrandt made no architectural prints, there seems to have been no type of etching to which he did not make distinguished contributions.

In a short notice such as this it would be obviously impossible, except in mere statistical form of title, cata-

logue number, state, and provenance, to give any account of the Rembrandts recently given to the Museum, let alone all those in its collection. Not only is this true on account of the unusual actual content of his etchings, but because of the peculiar way, otherwise almost unknown in the medium, in which the prints bear witness to the growth of the man, the thinking, reflective being, as well as to the growth of the technician. In all probability Rembrandt took a longer time in developing than any other etcher who has achieved reputation. In the case of such modern masters as Whistler and Meryon, but a scant four or five years elapsed between the beginnings and the production of plates which to the very ends of their careers remained among the happiest of their efforts. As compared with the rapid fruition of the talents of such men as these, Rembrandt's progression can be described only as slow, and even, possibly, as halting. Of the various reasons for this, however, two stand out, either of which by itself is amply sufficient as explanation. Rembrandt was the first great technical explorer of the etcher's medium, and he had little or no benefit from the researches and discoveries of his predecessors. All the modern men have based themselves at the very inceptions of their careers upon certain technical things which by their time had become commonplaces of the craft, but which by force of circumstance he was compelled to work out from the most rudimentary beginnings. And of course this took time and an amount of patient thought and research such as none of his successors has been called upon to expend. Even to the very end of his career we see him turning aside from creation to the careful investigation of new technical problems, as for example in the play of light over the

body in the series of nude figures with which his etched work terminates.

There have been other men who doubtless have had a greater knowledge of the practice of etching than he had, and a considerable number of men who have carried technical adroitness on one side or another quite beyond anything that he ever accomplished; but taking his accomplishment as a whole, and having regard to the actual advances that he brought about in pure technique, the world is agreed that no one other man has ever made such a contribution to etching craftsmanship. This by itself would suffice to warrant his position in popular opinion as the greatest of etchers. But, however meritorious his technical accomplishment, it would not by itself permit one to agree to his enthronement, because one must have more than command over medium to take such high rank as his: one must have made pictures in which the non-technical world finds something very much to its purpose.

And this Rembrandt did, too, although it took him even longer and cost him even more mistakes than his command over copper. Here he had to gain control over his own mind, had to learn to think, and that having been done, to master the indescribably rare and difficult art of the pictorial dramatist. Had he been willing to confine his attention to representation of things seen and their pleasing arrangement, he too might have been called precocious, for his very earliest plate, a little portrait of his mother, would take high rank among the productions of his realist successors. But happily for the world, he was not content to make mere images of things he saw in the round of his daily life; and, even more happily, trips in search of the picturesque to exotic

places, the Venices and Benares of modern times, were either impracticable or did not appeal to him. Instead, he did what no other great etcher has ever done, although it was common enough among the men who engraved and who designed woodcuts: he took to illustrating, that is, to the pictorial representation of incidents which habitually were related in words.

With few exceptions he found the things which appealed to his imagination in the Bible, the most widely known story-book in the world; and as a result his work has an appeal, not only to the æsthete and the connoisseur of craftsmanship, but to the man who has never consciously thought either of beauty or of the finesses of etching. To do this effectively he had to import into his work many qualities which the ordinary etcher never considers even for a moment: he had to acquire such a knowledge of the human face and figure as made it possible for him to represent men not only in action, but in action which represented thought and emotion. Of the better-known nineteenth-century etchers only Goya and Millet succeeded in representing the human being in movement, and only Goya in thought; for real as is the motion of Millet's men, they are perilously close in mentality to the ox. At the beginning of Rembrandt's endeavors toward emotional expressiveness he patterned himself upon Rubens, and in consequence a number of his earlier compositions, moving as they are, are theatrical rather than finely dramatic. But as time went on with its ceaseless and keenest self-criticism, he bettered these things, and eventually not only reached a degree of insight which enabled him to dispense with elaborate stage settings, but even on occasion so to utilize and control them that, although more magnificent

than ever, the beholder should not specifically be aware of them. From the great "Three Crosses," in which, with an unparalleled orchestration of all the resources of black and white, he dared to depict the moment of the rending of the veil, he could turn to that "Return from the Temple," a plate so insignificant in size and apparently in composition that it is doubtful whether anyone who has not seen his own child's tired face turned to him in trust can fully comprehend the exquisite moment that it represents.

Now it is not contended that the dramatic is, as matter of art, any finer or necessarily more subtle a thing than landscapes or city streets or even mere seated models — that is all a matter of definition and personal predilection; but this much it would seem there can be no discussion about, that the dramatic has a quicker and a more general appeal to mankind than any other form of art. To balance this, and as its safeguard, there is no other form of art in which error is so abundantly easy or in which greatness and asininity lie so disastrously close together. We accept aberrations in sight most leniently and put them down to artistic intention, and are not in the least bothered by the fact that what purports to be a stone building in a picture is really drawn as if it were a heavy curtain none too securely hung from the top. But let a man start out to represent a human situation, and the least slip in dramatic construction produces bathos, and the world, to a man, laughs and turns away. Had we as quick a sense of the incongruous in mere representation of inanimate things as we have in affairs of the emotions, many of the most famous modern etchings could never have attained or held their reputation. Shadows running in such ways as to indicate that the

sun must have been in two different parts of the heaven at the same moment, and boats so drawn that their keels are bent at angles of thirty degrees, are not regarded as humorous in the least; but an error of the fiftieth part of an inch in the notation of a face so turns the exalted into the farcical that the man who essays emotional gesture gives hostages to jeering fortune with every movement of his point.

In passing it is worth while to notice one minor item in Rembrandt's artistic equipment, and that is his ability to draw hands without evasion. Without referring to other men's achievement or lack of it, there is no doubt that he knew how to represent these things so that they became in black and white what they are in life: after the face, the most expressive parts of the body. No matter how summarily they may be indicated in his prints, they function as human, animal, anatomical things, and never merely as spots of light or dark prolonging the lines of arms. Usually they play a decisive part in the emotional expressiveness of the picture, and at no time can they be disregarded. It is only a little thing perhaps, but, as those who remember seeing Duse know, it is one of the essential parts of dramatic mastery.

This critical use of skill in draughtsmanship and technique of process in the service of imagination is what more than anything else gives Rembrandt his great position in the esteem of men of every degree of artistic sensibility and comprehension. Whether or not they are able or willing to examine into his methods of work and the technical adroitness with which his results were produced, is immaterial; they are all able to recognize drama when it comes their way, and are only too de-

lighted to surrender themselves to its magic without pausing to inquire into its articulation. And this contains the secret of much of Rembrandt's greatness, for, translated into other words, it means that he requires of those who would get pleasure from his work neither particular training nor knowledge either of art or of etching, but merely a healthy human appetite for a great story adequately told. Perhaps after all, though, the ability to tell a really good story and to tell it really well is the most wonderful of all things that any man, even, one may surmise, any artist, can ever aspire to.

Just because of this, Rembrandt was able also to make memorable portraits and landscapes. His sitters, with few exceptions, served him as much more than models. Van Dyck made of whomsoever he drew a courtier, and whatever his actual character and bearing, he served the artist merely as a peculiarly finely organized manikin or clothes-horse to be forced into the shape and form of a distinguished predilection. With Rembrandt it was different. His sitters after his maturity became problems in dramatic personification, and he sought patiently and keenly and with the greatest learning and skill to disentangle from each of them the things which most differentiated him from other men. Each in his turn was a new problem of sympathy and comprehension, and to each Rembrandt went out in open and receptive mood, seeking character, and not intent, as was van Dyck, on endowing him with predetermined group characteristics. Aside from several professional models whose heads are to be recognized, the only person whom he steadily used for study was himself; but even here, on several occasions at least, he was able to do that most difficult of difficult things, make a portrait of himself, not as a

strutting, smiling, or grimacing model, but simply as a man. One of these portraits, the "Rembrandt at the Window," shows us the master as even he but seldom can have seen himself, for it is the most penetrating of all self-portraits in etching, and to us of to-day one of the most precious, since it shows us the master soberly as he was when at the height of his powers.

As for his landscapes, they first came when his skill as realistic draughtsman had already been highly developed, and, as we know from documentary evidence, at a time when he had recently been through the most trying emotional experiences of his career. Here his performance has most frequently been approached by his successors, and even perhaps in some instances surpassed; but it is here also that, more definitely than anywhere else, his immediate influence upon later work is visible. In his great compositions and portraits the vision was too personal, and the draughtsmanship too idiosyncratic, to lead to anything but certain failure on the part of those who have sought to imitate; but in landscape, where in comparison there was little scope for imagination or emotional insight, he evolved a convention which still serves as the basis for the greater part of contemporary work. For two hundred years after his death his landscape prints stood out preëminently among all those that were made; and when the "revival" of etching came shortly after the middle of the last century, it was to them that the prominent members of the new school of landscape etchers most naturally turned for their inspiration and technical guidance. At least one of them, and probably the best known of the group, was an ardent collector and student of Rembrandt before in middle life he took to making

etchings himself, and the traces of his admiration and close study are clearly to be seen in many of his most successful plates; while among the younger generation there are many on whose work the tradition of Rembrandt's style of workmanship is indelibly stamped.

In all the history of the graphic arts, varied and involved as it is, no one other man has ever served for so long or so continuously as a model for succeeding generations. Schongauer, Mantegna, Dürer, Holbein, have always been admired and their work has always been ardently collected, but as the processes in which they worked have for one reason or another been discarded, the study of their prints as matter for emulation has ceased. Of the old masters of the printed picture Rembrandt alone is to-day a vital and a living force, for no one can seriously think of etching without a more or less intimate acquaintance with his work and method. Moreover, his work being in a medium which is still widely utilized and familiar, it is understood by the public without any of the rather archæological learning which unfortunately seems to be a prerequisite to the full enjoyment of Renaissance work. Whether or not with the introduction of new technical processes he will in turn cease to be copied and patterned after, it is impossible to say; but one thing is certain, that so long as men relish a good story well told, Rembrandt will retain his popularity with the lovers of pictures, for he was the greatest story-teller who as yet has worked in black and white, and if, as we are sometimes assured, story-telling lies without the province of art, then so much the worse for art.

THREE NOTES APROPOS OF AN ETCHING BY REMBRANDT

ACROSS the top of the sheet of notes from which this paper is written spreads a magic formula, which might to the uninitiated represent a tailor's notation of his measurements for a dress coat, a theorem in celestial mechanics, a secret code message, or a page from a betting book —

H.279—G.,Da.,B.,R.,S.50—Cl.54—W.,
Du.55—Bl.23—M.243.

Certainly it looks as if it had been made to mystify. Blind and puzzling as it is, however, its meaning is perfectly clear to anyone who, for his sins or his pleasure, — and, alas! how frequently they are indistinguishable, — has ever worked in a print room, since it is after this fashion that those learned in such matters identify prints.

Our equation is neither more nor less than a short-hand by which collectors and such-like people indicate with perfect definiteness Rembrandt's etching known as "The Presentation in the Temple, in the dark manner" — a meaning which one would think might very well be conveyed not only with greater succinctness but with infinitely greater clarity. But there seems no way out of the difficulty save by a sudden access of common sense and an international, even an intra-museum, agreement; for these cabalistic letters represent respectively the names of the authors of the eleven best-known catalogues of Rembrandt's etched work, and the running numbers which they have respectively given this one

The Presentation in the Temple
Etching by Rembrandt (in the dark manner)

print in those catalogues. Doubtless each of our authors thought in his heart that when his catalogue appeared the formula would be simplified to one initial and one number; but no sooner has a catalogue been written than someone else has started in to compile another — for the making of catalogues, as of terminologies, is a psychological safety valve, a species of blow-off; and were the pressure that brings it about to be confined, physical distress and possibly even death might await the sufferer.

That there should be so many catalogues of a man's work doubtless seems at first blush to indicate a rather trifling habit of mind in those who compile them, but what it really indicates is something quite different.

This making of lists is one of the most amiable, when not one of the most irritating, of the primary failings of the human mind, as it is frequently done simply as a sort of solitaire, many people amusing themselves in odd moments by writing out the names of their ten favorite books or picking "All-America" teams. So primary a psychological matter is it that there is no need of trying to justify it to the Philistine who demands what good it is, since he might just as well ask what good is the precession of the equinoxes. Especially in the world of art, at least as seen from the museum and the *kunstwissenschaftliche* attitude, the making of catalogues is the primary function of the person who is "seriously interested" in art. It is through the inventories which he compiles that the conservator looks for his so-much-to-be-desired "international reputation," even though he knows that more frequently than not it will be confined to a dozen or twenty other makers of catalogues, whose principal interest is to see how many errors they can detect in each

new one as it appears. In this manner a spirit of rivalry has entered into the matter, a kind of international sporting interest, but it is something which can be maintained only in catalogues of things which in themselves are of some considerable importance. And so it comes about that the importance of any given kind of things can be pretty accurately determined by the number of catalogues which have been devoted to it. The existence of so many catalogues of Rembrandt's prints, therefore, so far from proving the futility of the human mind, proves as conclusively as one could desire the very real worth-whileness of those prints. Certainly no other prints have been so frequently listed or so closely studied over so long a time by so many men of so many different nationalities. And that is saying a great deal.

While there is only one "state" of this print which has recently been acquired by the Museum, there are several very interesting varieties, as it occurs on at least two quite different kinds of paper and in two quite different kinds of printing.

Prior to Rembrandt's time, and for a long while afterwards, for that matter, makers of prints printed them upon ordinary good white paper. There are a few German woodcuts done about 1510 which are on bluish paper, and they are very famous as oddities; and some of the woodcuts by Goltzius toward the end of the sixteenth century are also printed upon colored paper; but aside from these one does not immediately recall any other examples of the deliberate and consistent selection of paper of odd color or texture until one comes almost to Rembrandt. Hercules Seghers, in his experimenting, tried staining his paper with paint before printing on it,

in the attempt to produce certain odd effects of light and color, but his example was not followed by anyone. It is not wholly impossible, however, that Seghers's interest in the effect produced by printing etchings in different-colored inks upon variously colored papers may have been one of the things which led Rembrandt to use many different kinds of paper.

Some of Rembrandt's prints are pulled upon what may be adequately enough described as a kind of wrapping paper, and others are on paper which closely resembles in color and texture an oatmeal porridge. These, of course, were ordinary papers of the kind that one might find in any house or printing shop; but he went much further than that, and was, not impossibly, the first European etcher to use as a matter of course papers brought in from the Orient. Thus all the nine known impressions of the first state of the "Hundred Guilder" print are said to be upon Chinese paper, the earliest instance of a practice which was to become very fashionable among French and English printers during the nineteenth century. Whether Rembrandt used it as they did, as a means of creating an artificial rarity and luxury, — "les dix premiers exemplaires ont été tirés sur chine," — we do not know, but it seems probable that something of this kind may have been the case, as in many instances the Oriental paper impressions are known only in the first states or in peculiarly carefully wiped and printed impressions.

The "Marriage of Jason" seems to be an example of the first of these alternatives. It was made to be used as the frontispiece for a book by one of his friends, and the first state — before the lettering, etc., and as such especially suitable for framing or other use outside the book

— almost always is printed upon what the paper trade to-day would call "Japan vellum."

The print which the Museum has just acquired is an instance of the other alternative. This occurs on both white European paper and on "Japan." According to Dr. Seidlitz the Japan-paper impressions are usually printed with so much ink left on the surface of the plate that some of the figures in the foreground have almost, if not quite thoroughly, disappeared. He also says, and this is very interesting, that these heavily inked Japan impressions are later than the fine clean-wiped impressions on European paper. The plate was very closely worked, there was a considerable amount of retouching in dry point, and it undoubtedly began to wear before a very large edition had been run off from it.

Hans Sebald Beham under similar circumstances sat down and elaborately reworked his plate. When the block for Hans Baldung's "Witches' Sabbath" cracked, a chiaroscuro block was prepared to go with it and the damage was camouflaged. When Dürer's block of "Varenbuler" not only had been split, but had had its left eye completely knocked out, Hendrick Hondius, who then owned the block, prepared an elaborate set of three chiaroscuro blocks which were printed with the original in green and brown tones, and thereby not only made something which had a great appeal to the average buyer, but so completely covered up the damage to the block that for a long time in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries people thought that the chiaroscuro impressions were finer and more desirable than the plain black-and-white ones.

Doubtless Rembrandt, who was a clever person, resorted to something of the same kind when this plate

began to show signs of wear; only, instead of reworking or making an auxiliary plate, he simply changed his method of printing, leaving so much ink on the surface in the worn spots that no one could tell they had become worn, and also — *nota bene* — printing them upon an obviously exotic paper which made the purchasers of it think that they were getting something very choice indeed. As it happened, they did get something that was very fine, one of the most remarkable etchings that have ever been made, but which we to-day can see was different from but not finer than the plain ordinary-paper edition run off before the plate began to wear. A really fastidious collector would want to have both kinds; but for anyone who cannot compass that, the part of wisdom is to take the kind he can get and then to rejoice very greatly.

In these modern days one of the last artistic crimes is to make a "machine," and quite the worst of them all from every point of view is to be "literary"; which is interesting to the social philosopher because it shows how fashions change, and how, when the fashions do change, the great criteria, the "ultimate tests" of æsthetic worth, change with them. The variations of fashion in appreciation are just the kind of thing which gives the possessors of "truth" awful pauses in the occasional moments when they stop possessing and think.

If ever there was a "machine" made by an etcher, this print is one; for in the beautiful and clean-wiped early impression now in the Print Room anyone who knows anything about the technique of etching can see the great pains and elaboration which went into its making. It might almost be said to be a sampler of a very great

part of what Rembrandt knew about biting and other such secrets of the studio, and one can think of no other print, unless it be the "Hundred Guilders," from which the beginning etcher can extract more technical wisdom.

And then it is "literary." It is not only an illustration of a passage in a book, but of a passage in the Bible, and of one of the best-known and most beautiful and most affecting ones. It is so much an illustration that one does not in the least have to be interested in art to be interested in it — all one has to do is to be human, and to remember the familiar, "And it was revealed unto him by the Holy Ghost, that he should not see death, before he had seen the Lord's Christ. And he came by the Spirit into the temple: and when the parents brought in the child Jesus, to do for him after the custom of the law, then he took him up in his arms, and blessed God, and said, Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word: for mine eyes have seen thy salvation, which thou has prepared before the face of all people; a light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of thy people Israel." And for some who do happen to be very much interested in art, but who have not yet forgotten that they are men, it is very hard indeed to forget those words and look at this thing critically as a mere "work of art"; for as they look at it, those words insist on coming back, the drama is played before them, and tears have been known to interfere with that cold-eyed and impersonal sight which is the *sine qua non* of scientific connoisseurship. And as one thinks about it, catalogues and inventories and terminologies and all the other *materia medica* of "art science" seem of curiously slight importance — at most but besoms to the hands of the crossing sweepers.

ETCHINGS BY CANALETTO

FOR the Department of Prints the Museum has recently acquired, in an old three-quarters-calf binding, bearing the library stamp of Craigie Hall, the *Vedute Altre prese da i Luoghi altre ideate da Antonio Canal.* . . . It is to this book, containing thirty-one etchings, that Canaletto looks for fame as etcher — the one other print indubitably by him being supposedly known only in the "unique" impression preserved in the Royal Print Room at Berlin. The exact date of issue of the set cannot be stated, but it appears to have been about 1749, shortly before Canaletto's break with Joseph Smith, then the English consul at Venice, to whom it is dedicated. Undoubtedly the making of the prints extended over some time, but it is probable that none was issued prior to the publication of the set, as states earlier than those contained in it are of the greatest rarity, and differ but in trifling detail. For practical purposes a bound set such as this may be considered as containing the first states.

To the writer it seems as if Canaletto's etchings have rarely received the meed of praise they deserve. For some curious reason most etchers have been comparatively little interested in the specific qualities of sunlight, space, and air — they have centred their endeavors elsewhere, on character, textures, pattern, and the shadowiness of enclosed and artificially illuminated places. Whistler was fascinated by dusk and night and the way in which buildings and ships floated in their dim mysteries. But Canaletto was the only one, perhaps, who loved dazzling sunlight and the wide and airy spaces that it brings forth. He saw how the contours

and bulk of buildings tremble as seen through the bright heat of an Italian summer, how textures dissolve in the glare of noon, how urban vistas group themselves in far-receding and orderly lines, and especially how in the full light of day there are no dense blacks, but that everywhere shadows are full of color, translucent, and alive with light. He sacrificed much to this — most of what by recent practice we have come to regard as particularly etching-like — but he succeeded most intelligently and charmingly in what he set out to do. Undoubtedly he was not dynamic, he was little bothered by imagination or emotion; but that certainly can hardly be held against him, for the reportorial and the decorative have always had their place, their most valuable place, in the field of art. He was an artist of the eighteenth century, an Italian, — above all, a Venetian, — and as such he was well bred, full of common sense, and extremely skilful. Virtuosity, with all that it implies, was his — his work so clear, so fluent, so transparent, his solutions of difficulties so easy and graceful, that his exceedingly great ability is not always at first sight apparent. As draughtsman, within his cheerfully accepted limitations, he stands alone. Some have etched buildings as architecture, interested in their weight, their shapes, their personality; others have drawn them as evocations of mood, of dreams, of memory; but Canaletto alone etched them as the media that make sun and air and space visible. Like that of few other etchers is his work pleasant upon the wall — for it carries its suavity, its gravity, its cheerfulness with it, and it affords a sense of physical escape to the prisoned eye, as of a window perpetually open upon a smiling landscape that beckons one forth to freedom, the warm sun, and the open sky.

GOYA'S "CAPRICES"

THE Museum possesses a set of the first edition of Goya's "Caprices," bound in one volume in a late eighteenth- or early nineteenth-century binding — a gift from M. Knoedler and Co. The set is uniformly fine, showing none of the traces of wear which so soon set in upon the tenderly aquatinted copper plates. The paper, which has no water-marks and is almost unsized, is stout and exceptionally clean and white, with the result that the impressions, being rather drily wiped, are unusually brilliant.

It is difficult to appreciate these very wonderful prints justly, as the collectors of the world are divided into two pretty definite groups, one of which says they are among the very greatest of modern etchings, while the other exhibits an extremely active dislike to them. This diversity of thought, however, by the very vehemence which marks those on either side, shows that the "Caprices" have a most decided character — that they are not among the things which can be disregarded, and that they do stimulate men to positive expression of opinion. Under no conceivable circumstances can they be regarded as anything but extraordinary; for even those who most dislike them are invariably forced to admit that in power of draughtsmanship and inventiveness in composition they are among the great landmarks.

They were first published in 1799, as is testified by a notice, published in the *Diario de Madrid* of February 6, of that year, advertising them for sale at a perfume and liquor shop in the Calle del Desengaño for 320 reales apiece; and they have, since then, been reprinted at

least five times, a most shockingly worn edition appearing as late as 1892. The first and most powerful announcement of the coming of the nineteenth century in black and white, they continued throughout the epoch, achieving constantly increasing renown as the years passed, and exerting an ever-youthful and positive influence upon the world of painters and draughtsmen. Just as Delacroix copied this series meticulously in pen and wash, at the end of the first third of the nineteenth century, so did Manet fill his eyes with their message in the eighteen-sixties and seventies, and the best of the young men in France, Germany, and England, twenty years ago. Possibly because for a long time they were easily to be procured, the collectors of prints have only recently become interested in the series, which in Paris and Germany up to ten or fifteen years ago was almost invariably sold to practising artists who wanted it as work of art for study and inspiration, without thought of the amateur's methods of valuation — a tale which contains its own moral written broad across its face.

They are not pretty and they are not charming; but they are very great and very powerful pictures, and there are many persons, particularly on the continent of Europe, whose opinions in such matters are worthy of most respectful attention, who believe that taken together they constitute Goya's masterpiece, and that Goya and Rembrandt are the two greatest etchers.

"Que Viene et Coco!"
Etching by Goya

LEGROS, LEPÈRE, AND ZORN

THE walls of the print galleries have been hung with representative selections from the work of Legros, Lepère, and Zorn, and thus, as it happens, they contain the evidence in the case of three men, of whom one stayed at home, while another went abroad and settled down and the third went abroad and wandered about. Were one skilful enough, one could develop the theme quite in the manner of one of Grimm's fairy tales — and possibly wind it up with a moral, neatly pointed, as so many of them were wound up.

The eldest of the three was Alphonse Legros, who, having been born in 1837, was a youth in the turbulent Paris of the young men of the famous "Salon des refusés" of 1863, to which, if memory serves, he contributed. He was a pupil of Lecoc de Boisbaudran, an instructor whose theory of memory training was subsequently to make him famous, and who so taught Legros that he was able to make a detailed copy of Holbein's portrait of Erasmus in the Louvre entirely from memory. This trained memory was to become one of Legros's most striking characteristics, since wherever he went he studied the work of the particular old masters he most worshipped. The result was that before he died his admirers bestowed upon him the loving appellation of "belated old master."

While still a young man, having failed to make a success of his struggle against poverty, he emigrated to England on the advice of some of his friends, among whom at that time were Fantin-Latour and James Whistler, and through whose kindly influence he secured an appointment to one of the Slade teaching professor-

ships. For a full generation he taught drawing, painting, and etching at the Slade school, exerting an influence which strongly affected the lives and subsequent careers of a number of younger men who later achieved positions of importance in the English art world. He seems to have learned but the very smallest amount of English; and although he taught busily for more than a score of years and married an Englishwoman and was the father of a family, he remained because of this a stranger in his own school and in his own house, just as he was a stranger in England itself.

After his memory, this may well have been the most important single factor in his life, because it explains so marvelously his curious detachment from the things which surrounded him. Nowhere in all his work can one detect an instance in which anything English played any part; there is no English characteristic, no English fact. Although he was a master in the art of constructing landscapes, his landscape was always Continental; although he spent his life delineating peasants and beggars and monks, none of them was English. In his aloof way he dreamed, and was a poet, his French blood showing itself in his interest in the macabre, a subject-matter to which he returned again and again as if fascinated by it. Throughout the second half of the nineteenth century this isolated, lonely man sought self-forgetfulness in the story of Death, elaborating, refining, simplifying the impersonal tale like any Frenchman of the fifteenth century; clinging to it as if to the one thing of which there could be no doubt.

After he went to England, his most immediate contact with life was shown in the series of etched portraits which came in a steady flow from his hand. He became

after a fashion the preferred portrait etcher of the intellectual Englishman — Tennyson, Carlyle, Huxley, Watts, and many another great man sitting to him. It is doubtful indeed whether any other etcher of modern times has made such an array of portraits of such historically important persons, and it is certain that, whatever judgment posterity may have for the rest of his work, these portraits, at the head and forefront of which stands the great and austere plate of Cardinal Manning, will always retain their value as important documents for the history of their time.

The second of the men whose prints are exhibited was Auguste Lepère, who was born in 1849. He was the one who stayed at home. There he was taught wood-engraving as a trade, under Smeeton, one of the Englishmen who emigrated to France in the early eighteen-forties, at the time when the vignette books of the Daumier-Gavarni type were issuing at their fastest from the Paris press and when the French illustrated weeklies were entering upon the first of their great periods of expansion. Smeeton was a commercial engraver, and he was the *patron* of a shop in which engraved reproductions of drawings and paintings were turned out in quantity for the publishing trade. One can think of little more different from the surroundings in which Legros got his early training, for it may be summed up in the antagonism which we feel between the words "studio" and "factory." Thus it was that Lepère grew up in the busy atmosphere of commercialized journalism, and in his own time came to be the *patron* of a similar establishment, from which flowed in a steady stream wood blocks for every conceivable purpose. Naturally, he never quite lost some of the things that had become ingrained in him during what may be called his commercial career.

But Lepère was not only an engraver for the trade, he was also an inveterate experimenter in technique; and having in time become the most skilful of modern French reproductive wood-engravers, he went further and finally became the maker of his own designs, doing what none of his countrymen before him seems to have done, turning himself into a *peintre-graveur* on wood. He was thus the first of the great modern French school of original wood-engravers, and as yet remains unsurpassed by any of his followers in his command over all of the resources of the block. Whether in the beginning he grasped the idea of the wood block as a medium of distinctive character, it is impossible to say; but before he had finished, there can be no doubt that he had done more to show its possibilities than any engraver who preceded him. Especially he became aware of the primary fact that the brilliance of a woodcut depends upon the sharpness and definiteness of the contrasts between the white of the paper and the black of the ink. Having discovered the value of his whites, whether from personal experience, or, as seems more likely, from study of the little blocks that Daumier contributed to such books as the *Physiologies* which were so popular in the eighteen-forties, he also found out that the only way to get them into his prints was by engraving drawings in which the whites played a prominent part. And to get this done, he had to do it himself.

This he was enabled to do in large measure through the generosity and interest of several great bibliophiles and publishers who called upon him to execute the prints with which some of the most noteworthy of modern illustrated books are embellished. Trained not as an artist but as a commercial engraver employed by peri-

odicals, most of his work bears the undeniable stamp of the journalist. He was in no sense of the word a decorator, and the very idea of there being four square lines about a picture bothered him. He remained until the end a vignettist, a reporter of the fact, without care for form or balance, and seemingly unaware that a picture on the page of a book either could or should bear any relationship to the type with which it was to appear. In this, however, it is not at all certain that he differed from his countrymen, and it is not so much to be regarded as an error in either taste or judgment as a witness to the fact that he was most essentially a Frenchman of his own time. After all, the eighteen-nineties in Paris had their distinctive style, and it was that of Lepère.

Not content with a countless number of graver experiments in black and white on the wood block, he went further and tried his hand at chiaroscuros and color prints, cut planks with the knife in the old traditional technical manner, and even produced prints in the Japanese technique. He made drawings to be reproduced by process and by other engravers, and he made a few lithographs as charming as any part of his work. In middle age his attention was called to etching by an outburst of Bracquemond's, and according to the story he promptly jumped into a sea of acid and as immediately emerged from it with his arms full of etchings.

Hitherto his work had been known to the bibliophile and the book publisher, but with this emergence he came to the notice of the collectors and dealers in prints, who as a general rule pay little attention to book illustration or even to the woodcut unless it be by some famous Renaissance master. He promptly took his place among the most prominent and best liked of contempo-

rary etchers, every year seeing the circle of his admirers broaden out, until finally they were to be found not only in France but in England and America.

In his etchings, possibly because so many of them came out as single sheets in which the plate line served, willy-nilly, as a reminder of the boundaries of his picture, he gave more attention to composition and to the filling of his space than he ever had done in his woodcuts, where by long habit and familiar example he had been accustomed to trail his pictures off into the type pages. The stiffening that this gave to his scheme of picture-making was immediately visible, and his work greatly improved because of it; but neither the man nor the hand changed in any fundamental respect. He remained the happy reporter of pleasant days in the country, the observant *piêton* in the streets of Paris and Nantes, the lover of old buildings and quaint corners. No other modern maker of prints would seem to have extracted so much quiet amusement and interest from the places where men go, and none of them to have recorded a greater variety of pleasures. From the Abside of Notre Dame to the rookeries of Saint-Severin, from the quais of the Seine at Paris to the Harbor at Nantes, he loved and was at home with the people; and not content with river and city, he followed them to the dusty country roads winding hot and white over the hills and through the forests, and saw them in their farm-yards and about their country occupations. It was journalistic, for it could not have been done in any other spirit, this reporting of the habitations of men; but it was well done, and the world is much the richer for its having been done.

The third and youngest of the men whose work is

shown in the galleries was the only one of the nineteenth-century etchers who lived to see his work competed for in all the print markets of the world, and to hear of prices paid for single impressions from his plates that were as high as those paid for prints from the hands of the greatest of the old masters. Of Legros's work there are two available lists, both in French, and neither of them covers more than about half his work. Of Lepère's there is one list, incomplete and in French. Of Zorn's etchings there are many catalogues, in French, English, German, and Swedish — a compliment, so far as known to the writer, never before paid to any etcher within many generations after his death.

Unlike Legros and Lepère, who had to struggle and wait for skill and reputation, Zorn was a marked man by the time he had completed his thirtieth year, and perhaps, even, by that time he had done his most noteworthy work. He was a kind of *Wunderkind:* a Swedish peasant lad, friends of his father sent him to the art school in Stockholm in 1875 at the age of fifteen. Brilliant in the schools, he was travelling by the time he was twenty-one. He went to England, to France, and to Spain, doing water-colors that were greatly admired everywhere. In England, under the watchful and friendly eye of his Anglicized countryman Axel Herman Haig, whose large architectural etchings were at one time so greatly in vogue, he began etching. His earliest prints were done at a time when he was still fresh from Spain, and at a time also when he was much under the influence of J. J. Tissot. Later, in Paris, he saw the work of the French impressionist painters and adopted a style in his painting which, while distinctively his own, shows unmistakably whence it came.

His prints, with their remarkable brilliance of light and shade, and their division into spots of indefinitely contoured color, are the immediate reflection of his technique with the brush. A hundred years earlier Goya had made wash drawings upon the copper, calling to his aid the aquatint process. But aside from a few experiments by Delacroix and Manet, etching had remained distinctly a linear method, unless possibly for the so elaborately wiped plates produced by Whistler during his Venetian period; and it was not until Zorn came upon the scene that any one again exhibited an etching technique boldly based upon the use of the brush rather than of the point. His prints in large measure can be assimilated to the work of painters who use opaque watercolor applied boldly to the paper with a dry square brush. It was an innovation which carried the world before it. He exhibited in Paris in 1889 and again in 1891, and he was a made man.

One of the Swedish representatives to the World's Fair held at Chicago in 1893, he spent more than a year in this country, forming many friendships and painting and etching the portraits of many distinguished persons. After that he became literally a man of the world; for although he made his home in Sweden, he was much in England and France and not infrequently in this country. His latest Swedish biographer compares him to Ishmael. It is to this uneasy wandering, perhaps, that is due the lack of any particularly local characteristics in his work — he was at home and comfortable in too many places for it ever to take on any especial local accent.

Even in his subject matter he was for the greater part international, since, aside from a few Swedish *genre* scenes, his work was principally confined to portraiture and the nude. It is to his etched studies of the naked

female figure that he doubtless owes much of his esteem among collectors. There was a photographic lack of reticence about his blue-eyed vision, which, very masculine and quite ruthless, found keen, breezy enjoyment in observing the bathers along the shore. At times his boldness of vision passed into downright insolence, and there are even plates which verge perilously upon what is known as the vulgar. But in spite of this tendency, possibly even in part because of it, his frank eye saw many things which to the world have proved full of brilliance and charm. Alone of all modern etchers, perhaps better than any of the older ones excepting Rembrandt, Zorn rendered the unclad human body. There have been better draughtsmen, greater composers of pictures, deeper thinkers, but no etcher with that one exception has so suggested the smooth rotundity of the human body as seen through its atmospheric envelope.

Skilful as the nudes are, it is quite possible that it is to the long series of portraits that Zorn must look for his more abiding and sober renown. Like the nudes, they are superficial, and unlike them, there are many more failures in their number, for it may as well be admitted that it was not always that Zorn was successful. Some at best are *portraits charges*, some frankly are stupid performances, — the kind of thing to be expected of a man whose carelessness often led to digestive troubles and their consequent effect upon both mind and hand, — but among them there are many most brilliant and telling presentations of the outward aspect of men in whom the world is likely to be long interested. On occasion, as in the portrait known as "The Toast," and in those of Renan and Marquand, Zorn produced prints which inevitably will take rank among the most startling and

vital portraits ever produced on the copper, and which will hold their own without thought of the person represented.

The difficulty of judging of a performance marked by such great inequalities, such startling brilliance and such leaden dullness, such errors in taste, is extremely difficult, for there is no median line to go by. The critic of to-day, if he be wise, will content himself with pointing out fearlessly the extremes between which the pendulum swings, leaving any attempt at determination of its resting-point to be undertaken by others.

A NOTE ON SOME OLD ENGLISH ARCHITECTURAL PRINTS

ONE of the galleries containing the current exhibition of old English prints is devoted to the work of several of the more eminent architectural draughtsmen who worked in the hundred years following 1750, among whom may be mentioned Dayes, Malton, Girtin, Pugin, and Boys. That their names are to-day little heard upon the lips of print collectors is not due to lack of merit, but to the facts that their work as a rule is to be found only within the heavy covers of great volumes of views, and that thus, like many most beautiful prints, it is known only to a restricted circle of bibliophiles.

The thing that immediately strikes the observer in looking at these prints for the first time is the great difference between them and what in more modern times has come to be considered the typical manner of making architectural prints. To-day it is all fine line-work, the draughtsman, whether upon the etcher's plate or the lithographer's stone, seeming to concentrate all his effort upon the delineation with a sharp point of the more picturesque nooks and crannies of old buildings. In these older prints the buildings were seen as wholes and were accordingly rendered with broad, flat washes of color, obtained either through the use of aquatint or of washes upon the stone, an incidental result of which is that their work has a solidity, an appreciation of the mass of a building, and a quiet serenity, which are not altogether amiss in statements concerning the enduring things we call bricks and mortar. That their work is quite differ-

ent from that of recent times is not at all to say that it is less meritorious.

Not only did they take their buildings as buildings and not as mere excuses or incitements to the making of traceries, but they took them as things of which it was their business to make accurate portraits. To some extent this was due to the fact that, preceding the practical development of photography, they were required to make renderings which should have a documentary and not merely a personal, inherent artistic interest. The building was the thing, rather than any display of the draughtsman's developed idiosyncrasy; and because of this the draughtsman's task was no whit less difficult than that of the men of to-day, since, while respecting their subject-matter and remaining truthful to it, they had to invest it with charm and interest. The difference is much like that between the tasks of the novelist and the serious biographer, and everyone knows the disparity in number between good pieces of fiction and good biographies.

If this so fundamental difference between draughtsmen of architecture working on either side of the invention of photography be borne in mind, the merits of the old school may be more readily appreciated, and their lack of "snap" be offset in our appreciation by their greater truthfulness of statement. Moreover, it is not to be forgotten in considering this matter that the architect too is an artist, and that the work of his hands is no more fittingly to be contorted by self-centred disrespectful draughtsmen than are any other works of art. It would be interesting, perhaps, to trace out the development of the purely picturesque approach to architecture, and to note the several steps in its degradation, as

matter for casual sketching, to its present condition of being a mere excuse for other men's embroideries and license, but now there is neither time nor space for such an excursion.

Just as Dayes and Malton, who were respectively the masters of Turner and Girtin, in their accomplished but rather bald manner represent English architectural draughtsmanship during the last quarter of the eighteenth century, so did Thomas Girtin represent that tradition at its highest point of development. Born the same year as Turner, Girtin died at the premature age of twenty-seven, in 1802; and there seems to be little doubt that, had Turner died at the same time, he would be remembered only as a person of considerably less importance. As a lad forced to make his living by coloring prints for the publishers and washing in skies and backgrounds on architects' elevations, he early acquired a remarkable facility and accuracy in the use of the brush, to which his inventive turn of mind led him to add a use of color which is regarded as one of the turning-points in the history of English water-color painting. He was principally employed in making topographical and architectural drawings, a calling in which his careful study and frequent copying of the plates of Canaletto and Piranesi stood him in good stead. Although the publishers had called upon him for occasional drawings to be engraved by other men, it was not until the last year of his life that he undertook the set of soft-ground and aquatint etchings of Paris to which he owes his greatest fame. Unfortunately he lived only to make the soft-ground etchings, the aquatint being subsequently applied to the plates by the most skilful masters of that difficult medium, in exact imitation of drawings or proofs which he

himself had washed in ink. His misfortunes did not cease with his death, for the greater part of the edition and practically all of the impressions pulled before the aquatinting of the plates were destroyed by a fire in his brother's shop, so that his lack of fame among print collectors can in large measure be explained by the comparative rarity of his work.

A selection from the set of Paris views acquired several years ago by the Museum now forms part of the current print exhibition, and the attention of people interested in both architectural draughtsmanship and beautiful use of the little-known etching media of soft ground and aquatint is called to them. In outward appearance the prints closely resemble pencil drawings washed with sepia, and have little in common with the better-known hard-ground etching. Far from exhibiting the rectilinear, prismatic quality into which architectural draughtsmen of all times have shown a tendency to fall, these drawings are made with the freest of free hands, the calm, quiet, easy passage of which across the plate is as delightful to behold as the assured and apparently slow movement of some graceful athlete. The separate lines when examined through the aquatint may be seen to be true "modelling lines"—no mere tracings of edges, but indications of form and bulk. The aquatinting itself is worthy of all admiration, since in it such great technical masters as Lewis and Harraden expended all their amazing knowledge of this now almost forgotten and very difficult process. In the modern aquatint the ground has a tendency to be always inexpressively the same, to approach the dead level of minute, uninteresting texture to which we have become accustomed in photogravures after photographs; but here the grain

The Abbey of Cluny
Chromolithograph by Thomas S. Boys

and the intensities and qualities of color are infinitely varied, running the whole gamut from the finest and silkiest of surfaces to the roughest and most emphatic of pitting. For those who find pleasure in the technical quality of a process — and if we may believe our ears there are many who take an interest in that of etching — many of the plates in this exhibition will afford interesting and delightful moments, since in them the combination of etching and aquatint has been carried to what is as yet its final and most remarkable state of perfection.

A full generation after Girtin, but still before the introduction of the photograph, came Thomas Shotter Boys, another almost forgotten and quite ignored draughtsman. Born in 1803, the year after Girtin's death, he lived until 1874, never achieving any great reputation, and supporting himself incidentally by copying other men's drawings on the stone and on copper for publication. Much of his early life was spent in France, whence he returned to put upon the stone the designs of Roberts and of Stanfield. Two years later, in 1839, he brought out his volume of plates of *Picturesque Architecture in France*, which, printed in full color, was apparently the first series of chromolithographs to have any artistic merit. Many of the plates in this volume are not only extremely accomplished but very dignified, and on occasion charming, such a print as that of the Abbaye of Cluny being incidentally one of the great triumphs of color lithography, not only fine in composition and drawing but with a cool clarity of color which is only too rarely to be found in prints from the stone.

For historical and sentimental reasons, however, it is

his set of London plates which has the greatest value. The Museum was lucky enough several years ago to acquire one of the rare colored sets of the London plates; and for anyone who takes pleasure in seeing the best delineations of the streets and houses of London as they were in the days when Dickens and Thackeray went their ways about the great city, there can be few more delightful occupations than the study of these prints.

Pugin, who came between Girtin and Boys, in addition to being one of the most accomplished architects of his day and father of that Augustus Welby Pugin whose great part in the early nineteenth-century development of pseudo-Gothic church design is notorious, was also a draughtsman of very considerable parts. Oddly, his reputation on this side of his activities is based principally upon his collaboration with Thomas Rowlandson in the plates for *The Microcosm of London* of 1808. This book, of which the Museum possesses not only a complete copy but many single sheets, is one of the most remarkable publications of its time, touching life and artistry at so many points that any attempt to deal with it in short compass is foredoomed to complete failure. It must therefore suffice to say that in the present exhibition are to be found a number of the best pieces which it contained, and to invite to them the serious attention of those who have not already had the pleasure of making its acquaintance.

PRINTS OF ENGLISH LANDSCAPES

IN the print gallery next to that in which are exhibited the late-eighteenth- and early-nineteenth-century architectural etchings and lithographs that were noticed in the last number of the BULLETIN, there hangs a selection of English landscape prints of the same period, for the greater part by comparatively unknown men, but numbering among their designers such more conspicuous artists as Girtin, Crome, Cotman, and Turner. Like the architectural prints, these landscapes require, for due appreciation, that the visitor to the gallery be willing momentarily to adjust his great-grandfather's spectacles upon his nose and to look through them with as much sympathy for the life of past times as he is able to summon; for they are quite different in many essential particulars from the printed landscapes with which he is more familiar. Since their time the whole mechanism, even the facts, of social life have fundamentally changed, and with them the attitude toward the country-side, so that, if one desires fully to understand these old draughtsmen and what their landscapes meant, he must endeavor to remember the social conditions which gave rise to them.

Property in England at that time was based on ownership of land. For the gentry, "home" depended on a country-side, and to it the fields and woods and streams were integral, essential as the "hearth" itself. For the Yorkshireman a trip to London meant four days on the road, with many stops to change horses, and almost as many visits to roadside inns for rest and refreshment. Counties were still something more than mere political subdivisions of the electorate, and the little towns re-

tained their definite local cultures. The week-end or Sunday tripper from the metropolis having yet to be invented, landscape was not seen with his cabined eyes, for the Vista and the View were still in style, and foregrounds frankly served as frames.

Just as the seaman studies his horizon, so does the country gentleman his prospects; and it is only the city-bred, their eyes habitually constrained by brick and mortar, who find absorbing interest close at hand. Before the tripper overran the earth, it had a meaning, every hill its name and personality, and every stream its character and grace, which, like those of Colonel This and Lady The-other, were not with impunity to be trifled with. The man who made a landscape therefore had to take his choice and either make a portrait or a "pastoral," — directly to be recognized or frankly fanciful, — but in either case to show a sweep of land through which a man and a horse might work their way for miles.

There was a great and varied life on the roads, which needed guide-books full of maps and led the stay-at-homes to purchase "Tours," with many pictures, plain and colored, through which they might relive the pains and pleasures of their days on the road and call to mind the slow unfolding panorama of the Thames or Wye. And as they knew their country-side in sun and storm, and liked its large, unchanging features and its deep placidity, they found no need for whipping up excitement nor call for wild romantic moods. They pictured it as "home," a place for quiet work and rest. Their views were therefore map-like statements of the larger contours, useful to the traveller and reminders to the sedentary.

Then came the tripper, the city man but just escaped from plastered walls and cobbled streets, who did not

know Nob's Hill, and saw only a pile of stone about whose top the lightning played, or seeing Severn turn and twist, could only grasp with unaccustomed eye the wonder of the trees and sedge along its bank. The books all tell of changes wrought by Gainsborough and Constable and men from Norwich, who discovered this and that; but one imagines, as one looks at the vast change which came about, that Rowland Hill and Mr. Huskisson played their parts as well, for it was they who, regulating first the posts and then projecting rails, turned rural England over to the city man, who, tripping here and there with speed and ignorance, saw only pretty spots and failed to know the long-enduring land. Where squires had hills as friends, with character and individuality unchanged by rain or shine, the casual on the road depicted them at best as personal experiences, as aspects of his passing thought, without existence in themselves. He saw the land but once, and having seen it in its evanescent mood, he called the stolid pictures of the country-born untrue, because, his unaccustomed eyes bewildered by the lights and fleeting shadows and the quickly changing color, he never saw the underlying daily facts his cousins knew. He piled up clouds and led the sun to drink and called it Salisbury Plain, without the wit to know that what he drew was merely weather, not the land. He drew a house with thatch, a path, and a lichened tree, disposed them in a pretty pattern, and called them Kew. And in his search for truth, he produced reports like those of the blind men in the Japanese fable, who, scrambling over the elephant, pronounced him all ears, or tail, or trunk.

The group of prints now shown contains examples from the middle of the eighteenth century down to speci-

mens typical of the work that was done by the generation which immediately preceded Seymour Haden, and thus almost spans the complete evolution from the country landscape to the full-fledged tripper landscape, or, in the more familiar jargon, from the professional engraving to the painter-etching. It is worth while to stop and think for a moment about the technical aspect of this change, since from the days of Hamerton it has been said that until the middle of the last century there was so little etching done in England, and so bad, that what was done in the late fifties and the sixties amounted to a "Revival of Etching," a term which has come to be accepted without thought, just as was that other curious fable about how William Morris, in the nineties, revived printing. The quite obvious fact in each case was that neither etching nor printing had ever died, but merely that styles had changed. In both printing and etching, a group of amateurs, who were also ardent collectors and admirers of long-dead kinds of work, began to make prints and books, and, basing themselves upon the old things that they liked so much, proclaimed themselves to the world as regenerators, prophets, who were going to bring printing and etching back to their true principles. And for some unknown reason the world took them very much at their own valuation. To-day, however, a sufficient amount of water has gone under the bridges for us to see that in each case, so far from regenerating, a thing which requires a very considerable amount of technical skill, all that the amateurs did was to produce work which, as compared with the work of the regular professionals, was neither more nor less than amateur, and bore all the marks of technical inexperience.

During the period of twenty or thirty years following 1800, the various graphic media were handled in England with a skill and surety and precision, as well as with a freedom and ease, which have never since been equalled. Etching, dry point, soft ground, aquatint, mezzotint, woodcut, and lithograph were all used, and while used in manners not now in vogue, were used with a perfection of craftsmanship that is literally astounding. Every day, and as matters of course, men produced aquatints, lithographs, and mezzotints which have a quality and a perfection that no one of to-day, and no one during the "Revival," could match; while the ordinary routine work of such master-craftsmen as the Findens, and others who worked in the same style, is all but unbelievable in its microscopic brilliance and surety of control over the very difficult problem of biting. In fact, the thing which probably as much as anything caused the change to the hit-or-miss technical methods of the "Revival" was the very fact that the techniques had become too skilful, that, too much effort and attention having been put on purely technical problems, there was a revolt against perfection which led to the appreciation of the mystery that lies in things which are not fully comprehended. It is indubitable that the work of the "Revival," fine and often brilliant as it is, owes much to the artistry which counts on accident; and we even have the word of one eminent practitioner that there is no artistry where technical results are predicable.

There is much that one could say about the evolution of techniques and the alterations in style, but it must suffice to call attention to only one thing, which is that much of the development subsequent to the work now on exhibition can be found in germ upon the wall. Let

anyone familiar with the work of Haden look attentively at the soft grounds of Crome, the dry points of Geddes, and the plates from the *Liber Studiorum*, and he will see that Haden had looked there, long and frequently. Without mentioning the names of any living artists, it is enough to say they also have not been unaware of the contribution and the accomplishment of these forgotten predecessors. And so, after all, this old English material is not as far off or as different as it may look at first sight; the only thing is that the moderns, in large measure confining themselves to what the elders would have considered but pieces of pictures, have emphasized their burrs and shadows into what at first appears a greater brilliance.

And the one question to which it all leads is whether it might not be worth the while of the amateur and collector to follow the path made for him by the modern graphic artist, and himself go back and look a little at these things which are so rich in matter for reflection.

AN EARLY BOOK ON ETCHING

BH. INNES BROWN has presented to the Museum a little quarto of twenty-two pages bearing the following quaint title:

ARtliche kunste mancherley weyse Dinten vnd aller hand Farben zubereyten / . . . Auch wie man schrifft vñ gemelde auf stäheline / eysene waffen / vn dessgleychen / etzen soll. . . . Gedruckt zu Nurenberg durch Simon Dunckel im M.D.xxxi. Jar.,

at the bottom of which appears the minute signature of the late Dr. Friedrich Lippmann, who was for many years at the head of the Berlin Print Cabinet.

Whether this is actually the first printed book to tell about etching, of course no one can tell, but it is the earliest one referred to by either Harzen or Koehler in their classical essays on the beginnings of etching.[1] The book itself, as its title advertises, is nothing more than an ordinary collection of trade recipes, and, to judge from its peculiarly crabbed language, was the work of some artisan who threw together rather hastily a number of his shop formulæ. The spelling in particular is erratic, the author evidently having proceeded on the theory that, if he spelled each word in as many ways as he could, he would be sure to get it right at least once. The only other copy of the text which I have seen is that in the possession of Professor Paul J. Sachs of Harvard

[1] *See* Harzen in *Naumanns Archiv*, 1859, p. 119; Koehler's book, *Etching*, N.Y., 1885; his article in *Zeitschr. f. b. Kunst.*, N. F. IX, p. 30; and his introduction to the Grolier Club's *Dürer Catalogue*, N. Y., 1897.

College. His copy was printed at Augsburg by Heinrich Steyner in 1533, and its title reads:

Allerhand Farben / vnd mancherlay weyse / Dünten zübereyten. . . . Auch wie man schrifft /vnd gemaelde auff Stahel vnd Eisen / etzen soll. . . . Gemert vnd gebessert /. . . . Gedruckt zü Augspurg durch Heynrich Steyner / Im Fünffzehen hundert vnd drey vnnd dreysigsten Jare.

So far as the "Gemert vnd gebessert" is concerned, it seems to have consisted chiefly in introducing further Augsburg quirks of spelling into the already quite cheerful insouciance of the Nuremberg printer and author, as, save for the last five pages, which contain additional recipes, it is nothing more than a reprint of the 1531 book. The earliest English etching recipes are found in *A Profitable Boke*, of 1583, and are merely rough-and-ready translations of those in the *Artliche Kunste*. The pages from the *Profitable Boke* are reproduced in Howard C. Levis's *A Descriptive Bibliography*, London, 1912.

The text of the *Artliche Kunste* is particularly interesting in that it makes no specific reference to the use of etched plates for printing, the idea of its compiler evidently being that the methods of incising metal surfaces explained by him should be used only for decorative purposes. In this he was but recording the practice of the armorers, who for a long time had used the etching process for the decoration of their wares. A number of beautifully etched swords and pieces of armor of the Maximilian period are to be seen in the Museum collection, and a comparison of them with the reproductions of early printed etchings contained in Pauli's *Inkuna-*

beln der Radierung affords quite convincing testimony that the draughtsmen took the etching process from the armorers, and in the beginning used it just as they took it. The making of etched plates for printing was a comparatively recent development in 1531, as the earliest dated impression from an etched plate that has so far been recorded is a little plate by Urs Graf, of Bâle, of 1513, while the earliest prints made by the etching process can be dated back only to about 1500, and then only by circumstantial evidence that leaves much to be desired in the way of accuracy.

The recipes in the *Artliche Kunste* explain in large measure the rude appearance of many of the early etchings on iron, their frequent foul biting (the technical name for places in which the acid has worked through the protecting layer of etching ground and pitted the plate), the rough edges of the etched lines, and their curious shallow quality. The three references to the etching ground are especially interesting, as in one case the ground consists simply of wax, and in the other two of either red or yellow lead tempered with linseed oil. That anything at all could have been produced with such covering materials, let alone such prints as those produced by Dürer, Beham, and the members of the Hopfer family, is legitimate matter for wonder, although it must be noted that Bosse in his celebrated *Treatise* on etching, first published in 1645, at a time when Callot and van Dyck had done their work and Rembrandt was at the height of his power, recommends a ground composed solely of candle grease (wax) and olive oil cooked together. The ingredients of the mordants or acids recommended in the *Artliche Kunste* are remarkably similar to those referred to by Jehan le Begue in his famous manu-

script [1] as having been copied from a book lent to him by a certain Father Dionysius at Genoa in 1409, and to that given by Bosse. The chief interest of the recipes, therefore, is largely that they show as nothing else the continuity of the etching technical practice from 1409 to the present time, since Bosse's prescriptions are given in the current edition of the *Encyclopédie Roret* as still having a practical value. Incidentally they demonstrate that the delicate process of etching to which we are nowadays accustomed was not so much the result of any discovery as of the application of a well-known method to different problems.

[1] *See* vol. i of Mrs. Merrifield's *Original Treatises*, pp. 77 et seq.

PREFATORY NOTE FOR AN EXHIBITION OF NINETEENTH-CENTURY ETCHINGS AND ENGRAVINGS

THE present exhibition, while making no pretense of being retrospective in the sense of presenting a careful survey of the last century, nevertheless contains representative groups of painter-etchings and engravings by a number of the better-known artists of the period, and thus makes possible an easy comparison of their work and personalities.

It contains prints by several painters, prominent among them Blake and Goya, the major or a large part of whose activity lay in the eighteenth century; and it contains none by a great many living artists who worked in the nineteenth century. The eighteenth-century artists who are included produced the greater number of their prints in the nineteenth century, while the living men who are not included have in most instances done the greater part of their work in the present century. It is hoped to have at a future time an exhibition of contemporary work in which their plates will be shown.

Roughly speaking, the prints shown may be divided into two categories: those made by men whose principal business was etching and who therefore enjoyed a thorough command of the more meticulous aspects of the special technique, and those made more or less as the by-play of men whose serious business was painting or some other art. The etchings made by the latter class of artists are distinguishable from the others by a certain

dash and vim, a more pronounced display of personality, and, generally, by better draughtsmanship and far greater expressive power. Also, it must be noted, they have in most cases a tendency not to be too nice in their use of process. Rodin, for instance, never made an etching, his very few dry points being quite casual and almost accidental; but nevertheless, such things as his two portraits of Victor Hugo and that of Antonin Proust will, by their sheer draughtsmanship, always be considered among the very small number of great engraved portraits.

The word "painter" when applied as an adjective to etchings and engravings denotes prints the artistic value of which is primary and independent and not secondary or derivative. Such prints may or may not be reproductive, in the sense that they are copies of paintings or other works of art, although as a rule they are made either directly from nature or from their maker's own original designs. Thus, among the professional etchers, Haden made several, and Bracquemond a good many, etchings after paintings by other men, while Meryon not only copied prints by the masters of the seventeenth century but reproduced a number of drawings and miniatures. Of the occasional etchers, Manet and Daubigny, and later Zorn, have frequently made etchings after their own paintings, Zorn in at least one instance—that of the very well-known "The Toast"—making his etching from a photograph of his painting and not from the painting itself. Not infrequently two men have worked on the same plate, one of them playing a subordinate part, subject to the direction of the other. Many of Turner's etched plates for his *Liber Studiorum* were mezzotinted under his immediate supervision by other

men, notably Charles Turner; while those mezzotints by David Lucas were done under Constable's eye and subject to his constant correction and criticism, although Constable himself seems not to have worked upon the plates themselves. In the case of several of the etchings by Corot and Millet those artists did not themselves apply the acid to the plates, that delicate operation being performed for them by Bracquemond. The one outstanding fact about the painter-etching or engraving is that somehow, whether or not actually reproductive in the sense just alluded to, and whether or not the plate from which it was printed was actually worked upon by the artist immediately responsible for its design, it has the quality of being itself a real thing and not merely a reproduction. Sometimes, of course, it is difficult to say whether or not the word "painter" should be applied to a print, and several instances on the border line will be found in this exhibition.

The processes used in the production of the prints on the walls are many and complicated, in numerous instances three and four different methods having been used on the one plate. From a purely technical point of view, every picture printed from an incised metal plate is an engraving. There are many methods of incising a plate, those most usually referred to being etching, aquatint, stipple, dry point, mezzotint, and line engraving. Pure dry points, mezzotints, and line engravings are produced without the aid of acid. In line engraving (see Gaillard's "L'Homme à l'Œillet") the lines are made with a plough-shaped instrument called a burin, which is held in the palm of the hand and pushed along the top surface of the plate, so that it cuts out a metal shaving. The earliest mezzotints appear to have been made by

rolling something like a rat-tail file over the copper plate, thus covering it with a series of little holes and minute projections, which were afterward smoothed away in the places which it was desired should not hold the ink in printing. Modern methods of mezzotinting (see the Lucas prints), while much improved and quite different so far as concerns the tools used, produce essentially the same results.

Dry points (see Whistler's "Weary," Haden's "Windmill Hill," and the untinted plates by Miss Cassatt) are made by scratching the surface of the plate with a sharp piece of steel, which is held like a pencil. This process is like the mezzotint, in that it not only cuts a line below the surface of the plate but also throws up a burr. From its ease and simplicity, for it is the simplest of all processes, it has been much used by the painter-etcher, and its results are commonly included under the head of etching. It is not a satisfactory method from an economic point of view, as a plate prepared in this way will yield but very few impressions.

A pure etching (see the plates by Jongkind, Manet, and Millet) is made by covering the plate with a thin acid-resisting coat of wax and other substances, called a ground, upon which the draughtsman draws with a hard pointed tool, usually referred to as the etcher's needle. The needle in passing to and fro removes the ground from the surface of the copper in thin lines. After the drawing is completed, the plate is subjected to any one of a number of acids, called mordants, which bite away the surface of the copper exposed by the needle. When the lines have been bitten deeply enough, the plate is removed from the acid and the ground is cleaned away. The lines thus made, like those made by the burin, are sunk beneath the surface of the plate.

Stipples and aquatints are etchings, differing from ordinary etching in being tone rather than line processes. In stipple, a process rarely if ever used in a painter-etching or engraving, the grounded plate is covered by hand with a minute series of points. In aquatint (see Goya's "Por que fue sensible") a ground is used which reticulates, so that when looked at under the microscope it resembles a cracked, sun-dried mud flat. The naked surface of the copper which appears in the minute striations between the cakes of ground is attacked by the acid when the plate is put in the bath. As soon as any part of a stipple or aquatint has been sufficiently bitten, the plate is removed from the acid bath, that part is coated over with an acid-resisting surface, called stopping-out ground or varnish, and the plate again put in the acid. This process is repeated until all parts have been properly bitten. The more delicate gradations of tint are produced by burnishing.

A soft-ground etching (see the Girtins) is made by spreading a suet-like ground on the plate, over which a piece of paper is then stretched. The drawing is made on the paper with a pencil, and when it is finished the paper is removed, carrying away with it from the plate more or less of the ground according as the pencil has been pressed into the paper. The plate is then bitten like an ordinary etching. A number of nineteenth-century etchers have not disdained to have photogravures made from their drawings, subsequently reworking the photogravure plates themselves.

To print a plate prepared in any of these ways, it is smeared over with ink which is well rubbed into the lines, after which the surface of the plate is wiped more or less clean, in such a manner that the ink is left in the

sunk lines and clinging about the various projections from the surface of the plate. The inked plate is then placed on the bed of the press, a piece of moistened paper is placed upon it, a blanket is laid over the paper, and the whole run through the press, which in essentials resembles a wash-wringer. The cylinder of the press acting upon the blanket drives the water-soaked paper down into the ink-filled lines below the surface of the plate. In prints such as those of Whistler's "Black Lion Wharf," the ink was very cleanly wiped off the surface of the plate, so that the only thing that printed was the ink in the lines. In Whistler's "Nocturne," however, a great deal of ink was left on the surface of the plate, as well as in the few lines. Much of the pleasing effect of an etching depends on the skill of the printer in wiping the plate.

In addition to the effects that are produced by leaving ink on the surface of the plate, many artists retouch their prints, Whistler's "The Boy," for instance, showing clearly where he worked over it with a brush laden with a greenish-gray water-color. In the Lucas mezzotint called "Summerland, Rainy Day," the indication of rain has been produced by scratching away the blackened surface of the print with a knife. In Palmer's "Opening the Fold" a similar result has been achieved by touching up the print with Chinese white. Some prints by Miss Cassatt are shown in which elaborate color effects have been produced by printing several aquatint plates charged with different-colored inks, one after the other, on the same piece of paper. The fullest and richest color was achieved by William Blake, whose plates were etched in reverse so that the lines stood up above the surface of the plate instead of lying below it.

These plates he printed in one or more colors, subsequently heightening the impressions with water-color, and in some instances with gold, as in the plates from the *Songs of Innocence and of Experience* here exhibited.

There has been, and doubtless will continue to be, much discussion as to whether certain prints are etchings or are not etchings, there seeming to be some magic in the appellation which, when given to a print, entitles it to a respect which otherwise it does not enjoy. The fundamental fact, however, is that the distinction between an etching and an engraving is, owing to the customary mixture of processes used on copper plates, almost impossible to draw. Meryon's prints are always thought of as etchings, and yet Haden, a learned connoisseur and student and a friend of Meryon, refused to call him an etcher, styling him "artist engraver," for the reason that such a large part of the work on his plates was produced by the use of engraving tools. As Beraldi, who wrote the great canonical book about nineteenth-century prints, which, incidentally, contains a great deal of witty and entertaining reading, has pointed out, if an engraver and an etcher are given the same design to copy, the engraver will produce an "engraving," a great part of which has been made by the technical etching process, and the etcher will produce an "etching" an important part of which is technically line engraving. In fact, the familiar "engraved" pictorial vignettes upon our bank-notes are almost all etching — certainly with no more engraving in them than there is in such a plate as Meryon's "Morgue," which no one ever thinks of as an engraving. Many of the Goyas exhibited are mixtures of etching, dry point, engraving, and aquatint, and it is impossible to class them under any single technical

heading, while Blake's "Elijah in the Fiery Chariot" almost defies a technical description.

The chief concern of the person who looks at prints for pleasure should be, not by what process each was made, but whether or not it is a good picture. Process, being only a means to an end, is and should remain an entirely secondary thing, a matter to be considered seriously, if at all, only by those who are themselves engaged in the making of pictures — a proposition embraced in Whistler's axiom to the effect that art in its refinement requires the concealment of its means. Legros and Blake, at either end of the last century, said that etching or engraving was nothing more than drawing on copper, and Blake went on to say that he who draws best engraves best.

THE MASTER E. S. OF 1467

OF all the accessions to the print collection during the period of growth represented by this little exhibition (Metropolitan Museum, December, 1922), the most important — and it is one of the most important made during the life of the print room — is the group of engravings by the primitive German engraver known as the "Master E. S." Had it not been for the political disturbances in the Austrian lands, the two famous collections in the Albertina and the Hausbibliothek in Vienna would probably not have been amalgamated, and it would never have happened that the duplicates in the two collections, thus made one, could have been acquired by purchase. This, however, has happened, and the Museum was thus fortunate enough to be able to secure the largest group of engravings by E. S. that has changed ownership at one time in a hundred years. It was literally a unique opportunity — and those who follow affairs in the world of prints know how uncommon such a thing is. Thanks to it the Museum, if not as rich as the much older and more famous public collections of Europe in the work of this master, now has such a group of his prints as several years ago it would have been thought impossible ever to acquire. Luckily they are spread throughout his career, so that not only some of his earliest pieces but some of the very last can now be seen in originals in New York.

Thoroughly to appreciate the importance of such an acquisition as this requires, perhaps, a little explanation, as the prints by E. S. are of such great rarity and come from such an early period in the history of engraving, that even the greatest and most assiduous collectors

only infrequently can possess examples from his hand. Even a set of facsimiles of his prints has yet to be published, although it is understood that such a publication is now under way in Berlin.

Prior to the time of Dürer, German engraving is conveniently to be classified in four groups, typified in their chronological order by the Master of the Playing Cards, the Master E. S., Schongauer, and Israel van Meckenem. So far as can be determined, the Master of the Playing Cards, who stopped work presumably about 1450, was the earliest of all German engravers. Aside from himself, his generation of engravers, like that of the Master E. S., was composed of a very few men whose work, however interesting for archæological reasons, is of slight artistic importance. Possibly the most famous of them is the Master of the Berlin Passion, who upon a plate, of which so far as known only one unique impression survives, engraved the figures 1446, which thus is the earliest dated engraving of which there is any record. The Master of the Playing Cards himself engraved a portrait of Saint Bernardino of Siena, who was canonized in 1449. Like the Flagellation of 1446, it is known only in one impression, which however holds the proud position of being the earliest of all of the millions of engraved portraits.

With one great exception, the second generation of engravers much resembled the first in their primitive and crude artistry. This exception is the Master E. S., who was the second engraver to put a date upon a plate and the first to sign one with his initials. He was not only a man of decided individuality, standing far above the ruck of his few contemporaries and predecessors, but an artist of real distinction who, unlike any of them, was to

make a mark in the artistic history of engraving. He was, moreover, not only fertile in ideas but a very hard and active worker, there being in existence impressions of 317 plates from his hand. How many have vanished no one can tell, for of these 317 the impressions from 95 are unique, while of his two sets of playing cards, which together must have contained about 100 cards, only 57 are known, leaving a balance of 43 unaccounted for. Among the prints by Israel van Meckenem there are 38 which are recognizable as copies of lost originals by E. S. We can thus say that we know he must have made at least 400 prints, and probably many more. His last prints bear the dates 1466 and 1467.

The third generation of engravers produced two remarkable men, Schongauer and the artist known either as the Master of the Amsterdam Cabinet or the Master of the Housebook. The fourth group is typified by Israel van Meckenem, an artist of quite inferior capacity, though gifted with a certain ability in social caricature, whose work in far the greater part consists of copies of prints by his more gifted predecessors and contemporaries, among them being no less than 183 after E. S., and a number after Dürer. It is largely through the copies made from one another by the secondary engravers of the fifteenth century that it is possible to place them in their respective time groups. Thus we know that E. S. was working before the Master of the Playing Cards died, because details from E. S.'s large plate of the "Emperor and the Sibyl," a fine impression from which is now in the Museum, was copied in that "Virgin with the Snake" which is one of the last prints made by the Master of the Playing Cards. Schongauer, though not a secondary man, did not hesitate on at least

one occasion to look very hard at a print by E. S. Israel, as we have seen, copied not only E. S., whose pupil he may have been, but at the other end of his life, the much younger Dürer. The "Coronation of the Virgin" by him, in the present exhibition, is a copy after Holbein the elder; and he actually retouched the original worn plate of E. S.'s playing card of the "Tier Dame," an impression of which is also now shown, and added his housemark to this its second state.

To come back to the Master E. S. Not only was he the greatest artist of all the German engravers working prior to 1470, but he was by far the most prolific, his at least 400 plates looming large in number when compared with Schongauer's 117 and Dürer's 101. Because of this and the way in which he was copied, he exerted an enormous influence over all engraving north of the Alps down to 1500, and even later, for copies of his prints were made as late as after 1600. Probably the most widely spread set of designs from his hand were his engraved illustrations for the *Ars Moriendi*, which, it is believed by some able students, were many times copied in engraving and on wood, *inter alia* serving as the originals from which the famous block books were copied. The most notoriously copied of his prints, however, are probably those, of which three are now on exhibition, that served as models for the Florentine engravers of the prophets and sibyls.

The reasons that lay back of this great popularity were his (for his time) preëminent draughtsmanship, his skill in constructing a picture, and the charm and abundance of his ornamental detail. In addition he was the first great experimenter in technique, and may be regarded as the first man to set line engraving upon that

Design for a Patten
Engraving by the Master E. S.

path which, through the work of such burinists as Schongauer, Dürer, Goltzius, Nanteuil, Beauvarlet, Porporati, and Gaillard, has extended down to our own time. Luckily there is included in the present exhibition a fine impression of Mantegna's "Entombment," comparison of which with the prints by E. S. and Schongauer will show more clearly than many words the peculiar importance of this particular aspect of E. S.'s work.

Mantegna was a painter, and when he came to use the graver, — for it must be remembered that he was one of the first engravers in north Italy, — he came to it from drawing and painting. He therefore naturally used the tool of the engraver to make what may almost be called imitation drawings rather than engravings "that you would call" engravings, and in fact in many of the older collections his prints were classified as drawings. They are big and broad and slashing, with bold line work of such a kind as a man does only when he has been accustomed to draw with a free-moving point like that of brush or chalk or pen.

Now, as compared with Mantegna, E. S. is tight and cramped and his work all smells of the graving tool. The reason is that he was not a painter at all, and certainly a goldsmith, at least in his early training. The burin was the particular tool of the goldsmiths, who from time immemorial had used it in decorating and engraving patterns upon their fine metal-work. They were not draughtsmen as painters were, but ornamentists or decorators of small surfaces, with completely different problems, among which was prominent the necessity or popular demand that the work be tidy, full of minute detail, and, in a word, what the Germans call *glaenzend*. The man who works on a small surface that has to be held in

the hand to be seen and examined, as the goldsmith does, rarely or never is called upon to think of "big" design, and draughtsmanship in the painter's sense of the word is almost never demanded of him. If these things are borne in mind, it immediately is obvious why E. S. should have had such an enormous influence in the North and upon the subsequent history of engraving — for where the Italian engravers were painters or attached to painters' studios, the early northern engravers came out of the goldsmiths' shops, as did even Dürer, and thus naturally followed the simpler path laid down for them by one of their own kind.

Who he was, his name, and his place of origin or work, are unknown to us, although it seems probable that he worked in northeastern Switzerland or in the southern Rhine country.

Among the prints by him now on exhibition especial attention may be called to the "Emperor and the Sibyl" (L. 192), one of the earliest of his works and one historically of extreme importance; the beautiful design for a paten (L. 149), reproduced at page 180, which is, not impossibly, the most copied of all fifteenth-century engravings; the early "Visitation" (L. 17); the "Lovers" (L. 211); "Samson and Delilah" (L. 6); "Saint George and the Dragon" (L. 145); and the "Knight and Lady" (L. 212) — as interesting and as charming a group of primitive engravings as one could well desire to see.

St George and the Dragon
Engraving by the Master E. S.

MANTEGNA'S "RISEN CHRIST"

THERE has just been placed on exhibition in the Room of Recent Accessions one of the most beautiful and important prints which has as yet entered the Museum collection — a print which not only is possibly unique, but which represents at its ripest and best the design and craftsmanship of one of the very greatest artists who ever worked in any of the graphic media. It is the impression of Mantegna's "Risen Christ between Saint Andrew and Saint Longinus," which for many years was one of the chief treasures of the very remarkable collection of old prints formed by Paul Davidsohn of Berlin, and is familiar to all students of Italian engraving through the reproductions in Paul Kristeller's book on Mantegna.

As one studies the history of the graphic arts, one comes to regard it as matter of course that an artist cannot achieve great fame and influence without the aid of a numerically large volume of work. The lists of prints by Dürer, Holbein, Rembrandt, Goya, and Daumier, to mention only a few of those who have most influenced subsequent development, all run into three figures; and this is true of every great school except the primitive Italian, where the two great outstanding artistic personalities are Pollaiuolo of Florence and Mantegna of Padua, the first of whom made only one print, and the other but seven. As few other things, does this simple statistical fact bear witness to the power and importance of their work; for it puts them aside in a little class by themselves as the men who have most easily captured the imaginations of both contemporaries and succeeding generations.

Among the earliest Italian engravers, their work displays little or no trace of that specifically "engraved" quality which plays such a large part in appreciation of old prints, their technique being that of the pen rather than of the burin, and completely lacking in the optical brilliance which that tool so easily lends itself to. The outlines strongly marked with deep-cut lines that are strangely nervous for burin work, the shading is filled in almost flat by two series of diagonal lines, one long and emphatic, between which the other and fainter lies at a slightly different angle, like the return strokes of a pen when hastily laying a series of approximately horizontal lines. It is a technique that seems to have been little used outside of Italy, and never elsewhere with the success achieved by these two masters.

Impressions from Mantegna's plates, while not common, are nevertheless not infrequently to be met with in the market and in private collections, and are familiar to all students and amateurs of early engraving. Unfortunately, however, fine impressions pulled from the plates before they suffered from the wear of printing are of the very greatest rarity, and have been seen by the most limited number of people. As a result of this, the generally accepted idea of what a Mantegna should look like is erroneous, as it is based solely upon hard, dry, late impressions of the well-known variety. Offhand, one can think of no other prints which are not only accepted but eagerly sought for in such poor impressions, for no collector would be willing to show with pride equally tired impressions from plates by any of the other better-known masters; and that this should be so speaks volumes for the fundamental greatness of Mantegna's design.

The (Oblong) Entombment
Engraving by Mantegna

The impressions which show the plates as they actually left Mantegna's hand are so different in quality, contain so much work that is not visible in the later pulls, that at first sight it is almost impossible to believe they can have been printed from the same coppers. Usually in a soft ink, which varies in color with each impression from light brown to a nondescript dark greenish-blue, the very fine impressions are remarkable for their peculiar tenderness of surface, which much resembles the bloom on a peach, and is as far as possible removed from the rude metallic hardness of the ordinary impressions. The typical impression of the "Risen Christ" is rough and almost savage in the severity and spareness of its lines; but in the Museum example, which is apparently the only one known to have survived in this state, the entire surface may be seen to have been "glazed," to adopt a painter's term, with a multitude of the most delicate shading lines. This plate therefore, instead of being raw, was as a matter of fact the most highly worked of all that Mantegna made. The difference is clearly shown by the two full-sized reproductions of detail, one made from the Museum impression and the other from a facsimile which accurately enough represents the plate in its familiar condition.

While nothing is known concerning the time when Mantegna actually produced his plates, there can be little doubt that he and Polliauolo were the first two Italians to whom the phrase "painter-engraver" may be justly applied, the earlier work all displaying the intellectual qualities of the artisan rather than of the artist. There is some reason for believing that he did not take up engraving prior to 1475, and there are in existence copies by Dürer, dated 1494, of his two plates of the

"Battle of the Sea Gods," unusually fine impressions of which are also in the Museum collection. The "Risen Christ" may on technical grounds safely be put at a somewhat later date than the "Battle," for, as said by Dr. Kristeller, "The technique displays a still greater delicacy and softness, increased plastic quality of modelling, and an even richer variety of light and shade. The individual lines are finer and closer together, producing a uniform tone. (It is true that these qualities of technique are to be seen only in the few good impressions: for instance, in . . . the unique impression of the 'Risen Christ,' belonging to Mr. Paul Davidsohn, in Berlin.) In the action and expression, moreover, may be discerned something of that exaggeration and violence which are unmistakable distinguishing traits of Mantegna's last period of activity."

As for the composition itself, it is well again to let Dr. Kristeller speak: "The engraving which portrays the 'Risen Christ between Andrew and Longinus' has already been cited as a characteristic example of the preponderance in Mantegna's later works of the classic spirit over that specifically Christian. The austere majesty, the 'awfulness' of the compositions [that is, of this print and the horizontal 'Entombment,' also by Mantegna], beside which such Michelangelesque conceptions as the 'Moses' alone are worthy to be placed, the grandeur of the gigantic, Jove-like figure of Christ, is still further enhanced by the statuesque impressiveness of the group. One would be almost tempted to see in this composition the design for a group of statuary, perhaps for the high altar of S. Andrea in Mantua, which was raised above the most sacred relic possessed by the city, the 'preziossisimo sangue di Cristo.' Longinus, who is

supposed to have brought this relic to Mantua, and Andrea were the especial patron saints of the town, and particularly of the Church of S. Andrea. . . . This is only a conjecture, but it is inspired not only by external probability, but by the thoroughly statuesque character of the composition. This view is strengthened by the calm, compact grouping, the measured movements, the smooth folds of the draperies (replacing the usual fluttering garments), the simple treatment of the background, and especially by the abrupt view of the figures seen from below standing on the very edge of a pedestal, nothing whatever being visible of the ground. Also the fact that the extended foot of Saint Andrew, projecting beyond the pedestal, throws a shadow upon the front surface of the pediment, and that Christ is represented as looking down in the act of blessing — all this points clearly to the fact that the composition was intended for a group of statuary. The sarcophagus and the helmet on the ground were probably added to the engraving only in order to relieve the monotony of the background. The group, moreover, makes even materially an impression of such great size that in the engraving it has quite the appearance of being a reproduction from a work of vast dimensions. From such an example one can easily come to realize how little the impression of magnitude is dependent upon the material form in which a work of art is executed."

"LITERARY" PICTURES

AMONG European prints it would be hard to find a group more fundamentally different from those of the later half of the nineteenth century, which is to say from the prints with which we are most familiar, than those made in Italy at the end of the fifteenth and through the sixteenth century. Even the engravings of such a primitive German as the Master E. S. have more in common with many modern etchings than the prints of Mantegna or those of Marc Antonio. And the reason is, quite simply, that the ordered "classical" mood has never really conquered in German- and English-speaking countries, and has for the time-being been somewhat eclipsed in France.

It is because of this that the present exhibition of Italian Renaissance engravings and woodcuts [1] is so provocative of thought; for it raises a great many questions, not only of a purely historical kind, but, even more interesting, of what may for lack of a better phrase be called an æsthetic nature. Here is a group of works of art, made by extremely intelligent and gifted men in a very intellectual way, which for several centuries held Europe's most earnest attention, and yet to-day they appear to stand somewhat to one side of the line of development and to have peculiarly little in common with any prints that have been made in the fifty years last past. Which represent the better attitude, the old Italians or the modern English and French? And why, if the qualities they sought to achieve were ever right, have they been allowed so nearly to vanish from the active and the working world?

[1] Metropolitan Museum, summer of 1923.

Of course it is impossible here to make any attempt at solving such problems as these, or even to suggest any solutions of them; but that they exist and that they are worthy of closest attention by anyone whose attitude toward art is not of the most hedonistic kind may nevertheless be presumed. All that is necessary to start the train of speculation is to set side by side a group of engravings by Marc Antonio — such, at random example, as the "Massacre of the Innocents," the "Parnassus," and the "Vintage," and any group of etchings by one of the popular men of the period from 1870 to 1900, Whistler for instance, and to ask oneself how it can logically be that both of them have been the objects of almost unlimited praise and appreciation, and that each of them has been solemnly declared to be all that is most wonderful in artistry.

For oneself one is glad, under the circumstances, that it is not necessary either to express an opinion or to take sides in any discussion; but while keeping clear of any entanglement, one must admit that it would be fun to hear the matter well and ably threshed out. For the time-being, it is requisite only to call attention, as best one may, to some of the major characteristics of this old work — a thing which unfortunately can be done only rather indirectly.

In the first place, it is to be admitted that much of the Italian Renaissance work is technically poor enough. Even the great Marc Antonio, whose euphonious name for more than three centuries symbolized all that was best and noblest in engraving, was anything but an impeccable craftsman, many another subsequent man being infinitely subtler and more skilful in his use of the graving tools and presenting us with more carefully ac-

curate presentments of Raphael's paintings. Bartsch, and surely none was a greater authority, found no difficulty in saying flatly of Mantegna that he was a poor engraver, while the work to be seen in such earlier prints as the Tarocchi Cards and the Sibyls is on its face the product of little-tutored hands.

Not only did they fail upon the mere technical side, but they committed what was an even more heinous crime in the eyes of the late nineteenth century: they had subject-matter of a kind which can only be described, in one of the deprecatory words of our modern art vocabulary, as being literary. Not content with depicting the sacred story and the prophets and sibyls, they took great pleasure in such things as "Hercules and Antæus," "Battle of Sea Gods," or "Apollo teaching Music to the Muses." There is even a view of Parnassus, with all its gods and goddesses in as balanced array as the characters in the old comedy at the final curtain. In neither the seventies nor eighties of the last century, nor at any time since, have such things been done by any self-respecting makers of prints, for they had learned and they proclaimed aloud that landscapes and street views and architecture and posing models were of much greater artistic importance.

But the odd part about this literary obsession of the old Italians was not that they naïvely did not know any better, for they had thought it all out quite deliberately and with much show of logic and intellectual effort. They not only liked it but they enjoined it. One of them, and by no means one of the least intelligent, wrote a treatise upon sculpture and painting, in which he recommended to the maker of pictures the study of the poets and orators, "for if he is well read and abundantly pro-

vided with a knowledge of many things, he will take no small pleasure in the elegant ordering of an historical composition. The glory of such a thing lies, above all, in invention. For invention is so important that it alone has charm, even outside the realm of painting. To read is to praise this description of the Calumny of Apelles as reported by Lucian." And a little further on, Leone Battista Alberti, for it is he who wrote in this way, said that "Phidias, the perfect artist, had learned from Homer with what majesty he should by preference represent Jupiter." Its sadly intellectual note is further reinforced by such a sentence as this: "As for myself, I believe that neither the first lessons nor any other rule of painting can be grasped by people who are strangers to geometry; and for this reason I affirm that painters should not neglect it under any pretense whatever"; and his definition of a picture reads like a mathematical proposition.

The note was laid upon invention and upon the scientific consideration of the relations of lines and surfaces and solids, as if pictures were to be worked out as an imaginative mathematician might work out his problem in descriptive geometry. Certainly, little that is further removed from the sketch or report of the eighties and nineties can be imagined — a dissimilarity reinforced by another sentence from our author, in which he remarks that "the old painter Demetrius greatly injured his glory" (how different the Italian "glory" from our modern "reputation"!) "because he was more zealous in catching resemblances than in attaining beauty." In another place he says: "Zeuxis was accustomed to offer his works as presents, for, as he said, no sum could repay him for them. In fact, he thought no price could satisfy

the man who, in painting or sculpting living beings, considered himself as a god among mortals" — an approving citation and explanation which show, among other more important things, that the artist's good opinion of his calling is by no means of wholly recent growth.

Thus, dry reading as he is, Alberti is still very interesting, not only for what he says but for what he does not say. An extraordinary amount of the time and energy of modern picture-makers of all kinds has been devoted to subject-matters which Alberti ignored, such for example as landscape and urban views and still life. While there have always been a small number of painters who have depicted the human figure in action, the accepted modern print-makers have so avoided it that Forain's command over gesture comes as a shock to many people whose idea of a fine print is a landscape, a portrait, or a piece of architecture. Even genre, the depiction of manners and customs, has since the middle of the last century ceased to attract the "serious" etchers and lithographers, and no print-maker since Jean François Millet has attempted heroic treatment of the figure.

But when Alberti talks of the making of pictures, he takes it for granted that it means the portrayal of human figures in action and with gestures implying states of mind. "It is therefore necessary that the movements of the body should be perfectly known by the painter, and it is in nature that he must carefully study them. Only this is a very difficult thing, because the infinite movements of the soul cause those of the body to vary equally.... This is why, in these matters, it is necessary to consult nature, and always to imitate in the first place its most fugitive aspects. But he must paint, in

preference to that which strikes only the eyes, that which makes an impression on the soul."

It is very odd, this emphasis upon the soul, for we were brought up, so little a while ago, to bend our energies upon values; and it is well, therefore, to notice that Alberti was not alone in this, because his thought was summed up in even more pointed fashion by a yet greater than he. In Leonardo da Vinci's treatise on painting occurs the following statement of the painter's purpose: "A good painter has two chief objects to paint, man and the intention of his soul; the former is easy, the latter hard, because" — and here follows a reason as simple as it is level-headed — "he has to represent it by the attitudes and movements of the limbs." As one thinks about it, it was a very different scheme from that of the modern who paints human beings as if they were cabbages, and cabbages as if they were human beings.

Taking this as what the Italians thought picture-making should be, let us turn for a moment to what they thought it should not be. And here, again, we are lucky in having a statement from the mouth of one of the greatest of them all, because in the conversation between Michelangelo and the Marchioness, as reported by Francesco da Hollanda, he says: "The painting of Flanders, Madame, . . . will generally satisfy any devout person more than the painting of Italy, which will never cause him to drop a single tear, but that of Flanders will cause him to shed many; this is not owing to the vigour and goodness of that painting, but to the goodness of such devout person; women will like it, especially very old ones, or very young ones. It will please likewise friars and nuns, and also some noble persons who have no ear for true harmony. They paint in Flanders only to de-

ceive the external eye, things that gladden you and of which you cannot speak ill, and saints and prophets. Their painting is of stuff, bricks and mortar, the grass of the fields, the shadows of trees, and bridges and rivers, which they call landscapes, and little figures here and there; and all this, although it may appear good to some eyes, is in truth done without reasonableness or art, without symmetry or proportion, without care in selecting or rejecting, and finally without any substance or verve; and in spite of all this, painting in some other parts is worse than it is in Flanders."

It is not impossible that men who thought like this would have placed most of our modern pictures, both paintings and prints, with what they called "the painting of Flanders," a species of pictures liked because the things reported in them were liked ("things that gladden you and of which you cannot speak ill . . . which they call landscapes"), and in which it is difficult to find any purely intellectual invention as distinct from an appreciation or love of the things portrayed and of the medium in which they are represented. Thinking these things over, we are led to speculate whether the modern battle-cry of "no literary subject-matter" might not have impressed the Italians as being wholly anti-intellectual, and whether they might not have maintained that pictorial invention (or, as we should say, imagination) is possible only to one working within the closed group of logical postulates underlying pictorial treatment of an abstract and wholly "literary" subject-matter. One may also surmise that they would have maintained imagination to be impossible in any scheme which is thrown back upon mere things as seen, with the consequent necessity of so rendering them that, when

portrayed, they shall have verisimilitude rather than intellectual reasonableness. It is the difference between starting from a series of hypotheses and proceeding in the abstract and starting in the concrete and working toward a hypothesis — a difference much like that existing between, let us say, geometry and one of the so-called natural sciences. The geometer by limiting himself to his little group of axioms is able to work in the abstract where the only limitation on the development of his theme is that imposed by his own lack of imagination. The scientist, working with millions of facts, has to spend his time in recognizing and tabulating facts, and in trying to produce some hypothesis which will cover them. For the geometer, working at his fiction within his limited set of artificial definitions, facts do not exist — merely certain simple rules of conduct; for the scientist, there are not only rules of conduct but facts — and a fact unknown or overlooked can destroy the labor of a lifetime. And thus, so long as it can stub its toe upon a fact, pure thought, invention, or imagination, whichever one may choose to call it, has leaden feet and a halting gait; but provide a good rule of conduct, take away all facts, and the empyrean may be scaled before breakfast. (The attention of anyone who would query whether emotion is not denied to thought based on artificial definitions and working in abstract terms, may be directed to the Pathétique or the Ninth Symphony, which alone would seem to provide sufficient answer.)

Doubtless this has been a long and, more than possibly, a troublesome speculation, but none the less it would seem to have its bearings upon the odd fact that the most famous and widely admired of all pictures by an Impressionist painter, Manet's "Déjeuner sur l'herbe,"

is neither more nor less than a direct steal of the three figures in the lower right-hand corner of Marc Antonio's "Judgment of Paris." And one might say, were one asked, that one little fact like this proved any number of things.

Thus, had one shortly to sum up the difference between these Italian Renaissance prints and those made since 1860 or thereabouts, one would probably not be far wrong in saying that the earlier group were pure fictions ("Once upon a time there was a man . . ."), while the modern group are imitations of fact ("About six o'clock on the morning of September 15, 1840, the steamer Ville-de-Montereau, ready to start, was sending forth great clouds of smoke in front of the Quai Saint-Bernard"). Were a personal opinion to be ventured, it would be that both imagination and the angels are arrayed on the side of pure fiction, as well as the abiding affections of men. *In principio erat verbum* is still true in more ways than one.

A COLLECTION OF PRINTS BY ALBERT DÜRER

THE Museum has recently acquired the Dürers gathered by Junius Spencer Morgan during many years of patient, devoted, and daring collecting. Every authentic plate by Dürer is represented by at least one very fine impression. There are also approximately two thirds of the woodcuts, as well as two original woodblocks.

As in life, so in the appreciation of art there come times when one must stop and take thought. A great vocabulary of appreciation has been built up, and it has proved as elastic as men's mouths; for to-day it is almost meaningless. Great words, words which, were we circumspect, we should but rarely use, are lavished upon mean and trivial things. Qualities, in fact, so rare that their appearance is epoch-making, are "appreciated" in work the sole merits of which at best are sartorial. And the result is that, when something really great, really important, becomes the subject-matter of conversation, the wise are reduced to silence, the appreciative to oaths, and the generality to boredom.

Now, after all is said, — and the patient know how much that is, — a print is not merely an impression, lines swimming in a bath of ink thin-spread upon a piece of paper. It is a picture, an expression of a man and all that is in him, and, contrary perhaps to much current thought, it is the better for the greater effort, the greater thought, the greater experience of life, that go into its making. Merely clever men, however expert with their hands or sharp with tongue, cannot make great prints;

for prints are deeds, and deeds that are worthy of remembrance are the product of character, evidences of manhood.

Without exception the makers of great prints have been men who thought, who suffered, and who made their work so intensely personal, so much a record of their mental lives, that we turn to it as we turn to the work of the greatest poets, to find in it something of the common humanity that is in us all. Here is more than mere freshness of ocular vision, more than mere skill in handling or pleasant formula, there is the record of a man's soul, and however much we may talk of line, of composition, of draughtsmanship, that takes more than these. For these can all be taught, in the schools and by sedulous imitation, and, however proficient in them a man may be, if with them he have nothing great to say, his performance is but an exhibition for an idle hour.

Four assuredly have made great prints, prints that are beyond cavil, prints of such greatness that no longer is there question. And time is essential to their art, for years and the passing of generations alone transmute opinion into fact.

Of these is Dürer not the least.

A NOTE ON CRANACH AND ALTDORFER

FELIX M. WARBURG has again shown his interest in the Museum collection of prints by presenting a group of charming and noteworthy German Renaissance prints, among which are several of quite unusual importance and rarity. The gift is especially welcome because it very materially strengthens the collection in several places where it was weak not only in quantity but in quality.

Possibly the most important of them are two woodcuts and two engravings by Cranach. The engravings are the portrait of Luther as Austin monk (B. 35) and the double portrait of the two Electors of Saxony. One does not like to be thought guilty of lèse-majesté to Dürer, but at the same time honesty requires one to admit that his portrait engravings, magnificent as they are, have, may one say, at least a tendency to stiffness and to the inert, as if his interest in his sitters had been not quite undivided with his interest in technical virtuosity. Somehow they are, however fine as engravings, just not thoroughly convincing as portraits. In comparison the portraits engraved by Barthel Beham have a greater validity, and connoisseurs have on occasion expressed their preference for them on this ground; so that it is not unusual to see his Ferdinand or his Charles referred to as the finest engraved portrait of its time and country.

For ourselves, however, and so far as we know it is entirely a personal belief, the engraved portraits in the little group by Lucas Cranach are, as portraits, the best

that Renaissance Germany produced, for without exception they are documents which seem to tell us much more about the persons represented than was customary at the time. As Cranach, according to the catalogues, made only eight engravings all told, he can hardly be expected to rival either Dürer or Beham in skill with the engraving tools; and in fact he did not, for his engravings, as engravings, all bear the mark of the comparatively inexperienced hand. But to balance this we have the fact that he was at times an exceedingly skilful and sagacious draughtsman. His engravings (of which all but one are portraits) have thus something about them of the simplicity and the freedom in handling which one normally expects to find in etchings, and as a result there is a spontaneity and immediacy of presentation in his little portraits which is unequalled by any of his contemporaries among engravers. We would give much for an engraved portrait of Luther by Dürer, — the greatest man of the time portrayed by the greatest artist of the time, — but when we think of the Melancthon and the Erasmus that Dürer actually made, and their absurdity as effigies of men who were living forces in the life and thought of their time, our regrets are assuaged. Cranach, however, did make not one but many portraits of Luther, for he knew the great reformer intimately and long, and had every opportunity to become acquainted with the expression that was the man.

Of them all, perhaps, as convincing a one as any in its directness and simplicity of statement of the facts concerning Luther's face and expression is the little engraving which Mr. Warburg has just given. Unlike most of the more familiar portraits of Luther, he is here represented not as a fat man, but as a big-boned man and a

muscularly powerful one, — one fit to wrestle with the devil in the Wartburg,— the strongly marked contours of the head, the well-developed bumps over the small, slanting, and close-set eyes, the tight, opinionated lips, and the rather thick and pugnacious nose and chin, all going to make an impression of physical fact which well agrees with what we know of the man, his mind and career. In short, it is a priceless document for the understanding of the Lutheran drama; and whether or not it be as great "art" as some of the other contemporary portraits, it has the hard and unyielding value which we associate with some of the Roman busts of Julius Cæsar, as of a truthful record of something which has permanently counted.

The double portrait of the two Saxon Electors, Frederick and John, while not possessing the great historic value of the Luther, has none the less the interest that comes from every keenly expressed reaction to life. Nothing more than two men standing together, paper dolls, if one will, placed side by side, it gives us a vivid presentment of their features, and impresses us with the fact that the two were thinking, sentient beings, with personalities, appetites, and interests of their own.

Of the two Cranach woodcuts, the "Beheading of John the Baptist" and the "Saint George" on foot, for all the technical interest and the historical importance of the former and the many questions that it raises, one turns to the latter as being one of the most thoroughly successful prints of its time and school, one of the noblest and finest representations of the knight in arms that is to be found in the world of prints.

In addition to the very rare, but, through frequent reproduction, very well-known, woodcut by Hans Weiditz

of the "Kaiser Maximilian at Mass," the gift includes Burgkmair's woodcut of the Kaiser on horseback (with its great importance in the history of technique), and two prints by Baldung, the "Lamentation over the Dead Christ" and the "Conversion of Saint Paul." Each of these prints stands among the more noteworthy productions of its time and was necessary to the collection, but to discuss them in detail is impossible at this time.

The greater part of Mr. Warburg's gift is made up of seventeen prints — engravings, woodcuts, and a single etching — by Albrecht Altdorfer, the engineer and architect of Ratisbon. Not one of the traditionally great men of his period, he was one of its choicest spirits and from many points of view its most exquisite and gentle exponent. Dürer, Cranach, and Holbein one is content to admire, even to admire at a distance, since one feels that, however much pride, one could have taken but little comfort and less pleasure in personal contact with them. Of Altdorfer it is different. One would that one might have known him, both intimately and familiarly, since he was so obviously such a nice person. Among his contemporaries, who for the most part seem to have known no intermediate state between an ever-seriousness too frequently bordering on the inconsequentially solemn and a stupid horseplay too often the offensive analogue of the modern American hit-him-with-a-pie school of funniness, Altdorfer stands forth as the possessor of the daintiest and the most charming sense of humor of the German Renaissance. One is sure of his gently whimsical attitude toward life, of the grave twinkle that lit his eye as he observed and valued the life about him, and of the great tenderness that accom-

panied his comprehension of human motives and actions.

One would like to expatiate and to describe, but all that one can do here is to call attention to such prints as the little portrait of Luther, the "Saint Jerome in the Courtyard," the Mucius Scævola, the "Centaur," and the "Man Thinking." The "Centaur" especially, diminutive as it is, is one of the prints which most warms the heart of the present writer, who has always felt that in it is to be seen one of the most exquisite and charming prints ever made in Germany.

AN ENGRAVED PORTRAIT BY LUCAS OF LEYDEN

THROUGH the great generosity of Mortimer L. Schiff, the Museum has become the owner of an impression of Lucas of Leyden's portrait of Emperor Maximilian (B. 172). Not only is it one of the most important of Lucas's prints, and possibly the most celebrated engraved portrait of the Emperor, but one of the real landmarks in the history of the art of etching, as no etching obviously made on copper bears an earlier date.

As long ago as 1604, at a time when Rubens, still sojourning in Italy, was unknown to fame in the Low Lands, and when Rembrandt had yet to be born, Karel van Mander, in his famous *Schilderboek*, wrote of this print: "The most accomplished engraving that he [that is, Lucas] made is a portrait of the Emperor Maximilian. . . . It is the largest and most excellent portrait of him that has been engraved, and is handled with extraordinary surety."

This reputation the print has maintained ever since, its desirability greatly heightened in the collector's eyes by its great rarity, and in those of the student by its historical interest.

The history of the portrait is not without its amusing aspects. Great patron of the arts as was Maximilian, and often as his portrait was taken, with this single exception his countenance seems never to have been done on copper by any first-rate artist. There are many paintings, probably the most famous that by Dürer at Vienna; there are some few poor plates, and a great many wood-

cuts, most of them by draughtsmen of the Augsburg school, but the best certainly that by Dürer. Dürer, as the inscription on the drawing, also at Vienna, tells us, made his charcoal sketch on the twenty-eighth of June, 1518, in the Emperor's "little room high up in the palace at Augsburg." A little more than six months later, on January 12, 1519, Maximilian died.

Probably before the Emperor's death Dürer utilized his drawing for the painting, now at Vienna, and the woodcut (B. 154). This woodcut is one of the rarest of all the prints by the master, as but two impressions, respectively at Bamberg and Gotha, seem to be referred to in the books. Of it there are at least four contemporary woodcut copies, three of which are usually confounded with the original, and the fourth is separately described by Bartsch as his No. 153. Their existence is undoubtedly explained by the demand for a good likeness of the Emperor, which in the normal course of events would spring up immediately after the death of so famous a man. The first three copies are quite close to the original in design, their most noticeable differences being found in minute variations in the shading on the cheeks and the lettering at the tops of the blocks. The fourth version (B. 153) shows the Emperor surrounded by an elaborate framework of columns and griffins, and has the Dürer monogram in the lower right-hand corner. It is now known that this monogram is a forgery and did not appear in the first state of the block. Moreover, there is little doubt that the block was drawn by the well-known Augsburg artist, Hans Weiditz, after one or another of the other copies, rather than from the original print. In the old Schneider Collection at Paris there was a pen and ink drawing by Lucas (reproduced in the *Gazette des*

Beaux Arts, 1876, tome I, p. 525) which obviously was based upon the Weiditz woodcut, although Lucas did away with the framework, substituting for it an architectural background and adding to the bust both arms and hands, which rest on a balustrade covered by brocade. This drawing, the authenticity of which seems not to be questioned, was undoubtedly the study for our print, as it is almost identically like it except for the fact that in it the Emperor looks to the right, just as he does in the woodcuts, instead of to the left, as he does in the print by Lucas.

Van Mander says that the print was made by Lucas "at the time the Emperor came to Leyden to be proclaimed"; but unfortunately the print is dated 1520, that is, at least a year after the Emperor's death. Moreover, it is probable that Lucas never saw him; so that, much as one would like to think the portrait a direct transcript from life, it must be considered rather as a very fine and free portrait made up at second-hand from other men's data. Certainly, whatever it is, it is undoubtedly the finest portrait on copper produced in the Netherlands, and one of the finest produced north of the Alps, during the northern Renaissance. At any rate, it does not seem to have affected the relations between the two masters, since we know that early in June, 1521, Dürer dined with Lucas, and later not only took his portrait but purchased a collection of his prints.

The date of this print, 1520, is extremely interesting also from a totally different point of view. In that year Lucas produced a little group of etchings, which are apparently the first that he made, although if Van Mander is to be trusted he had "learned to handle the burin from an engraver who decorated armour by means of etch-

ing." These prints are the earliest dated etchings by a Dutch or Flemish artist, so that it is to them we must turn would we see the very beginnings of the great Dutch school of etching. More than this, they were undoubtedly done on copper, a material, so far as known, that had never previously been utilized for this purpose, all the German etchings of earlier date having been made on plates of iron or steel. Being on copper, it was possible to utilize both the etching needle and the graver on the same plate, and this was done by Lucas in this print, who thus inaugurated the mixture of the two methods which has prevailed until to-day. In this Lucas was followed by Dirck Vellert, who made a number of mixed etchings and engravings in 1522, and years later, in 1544, produced his masterpiece, "The Flood."

The Museum has now a small but important group of primitive etchings which illustrate the early history of the art sufficiently to show the more noteworthy steps in its technical progress. The etchings on iron are represented by work of various members of the Hopfer family (including one of the two very rare prints which in technique resemble aquatints, and a beautifully decorative portrait of Charles V), and by several of the Dürers. There are also the "Flood" by Dirck Vellert, and several of his smaller pieces; the exceedingly rare "Bagpiper" of Lucas; several little prints by Elzheimer, among them the well-known "Dancing Nymphs"; and now, thanks to Mr. Schiff, the most important of all primitive etchings on copper, the portrait of the Emperor Maximilian by Lucas of Leyden.

SOME ACCESSIONS

THE Museum has received from Felix M. Warburg its first gift of an etching by Rembrandt. This is a remarkably fine impression of the first state of the "Descent from the Cross by Torchlight" (B. 83). The print is in beautiful condition, with good margins, and unlike most impressions from the plate, is full of burr. The etched signature of Rembrandt is followed by the date 1654, a fact which makes possible the approximate dating of the "Dark Presentation in the Temple" (B. 50) and the "Entombment" (B. 86), two plates which much resemble the "Descent from the Cross" in their technique. All three are night scenes depending for their rich effect upon the beautifully balanced broad masses of black and white in which they are conceived. They stand out in Rembrandt's work for the vigorous way in which the problem of light and shade is handled, and may justly be considered among his most successful plates. For sheer power of presentment, and especially for the use of light and shade in broad masses, nothing has since been done on copper that is comparable to them, except some of the "Caprices" and the "Miseries of War" by Goya, which, lacking the religious background, will doubtless never be considered so fine, although from the point of view of draughtsmanship and design a spirited and intelligent plea might be made for them.

Mortimer L. Schiff has presented two scrap-books put together, apparently toward the middle of the last century, by some unknown English admirer of Thomas Bewick. Their contents are most unusual, for in addition to many good impressions of the celebrated wood-

cuts for the *Land and Water Birds*, the *Quadrupeds*, and the *Fables*, there is a long line of the almost unknown engravings on copper done by the firm of Beilby and Bewick, and of the little prints made for commercial purposes by Bewick after the dissolution of the firm. Perhaps the most charming things in the collection are the impressions of the woodcut bookplates and etiquettes, in which Bewick in a minor field struck a note of delightful artistry which has never been surpassed. The most important thing in the books is a series of proofs of tailpieces from the *Land and Water Birds*, which luckily have not been pasted down and have thus been preserved in all their original freshness of impression. It is doubtful whether there are anywhere in existence more beautiful impressions from Bewick's blocks than these. Never having been pressed, they still have the deep impression, almost like embossing, which comes from the fact that the blocks were elaborately and in places quite deeply "lowered," and were printed on wet paper under a blanket. The physical prominence thus given to the high lights imparts to the proofs a brilliance that is quite remarkable, and enables even the casual observer to understand why it was that Ruskin ranked Bewick after Hans Holbein the Younger as the greatest of all makers of woodcuts. The interest of the volumes is further enhanced by the presence in them of very good impressions from blocks by a number of Bewick's pupils, especially a series of touched India proofs of cuts by or after William Harvey, together with some original sketches by him for his well-known illustrations to the *Arabian Nights*, one of the most important books in the history of the revival of the woodcut in the nineteenth century.

Edward Bement has presented to the Museum for the

Department of Prints sets of proofs of the illustrations by Turner and Stothard for Samuel Rogers's *Italy*, and of William Blake's *Book of Job*. The illustrations to Rogers are among the best-known and most beautiful engravings after Turner. Engraved by Finden and others, in the minute manner that he brought to its highest perfection, after water-color drawings especially made to be reproduced by this method, these little prints have always been greatly prized by the book-collectors, who have long been admirers of the volumes in which they appeared. As they are not original engravings and are known for practical purposes only as book illustrations, the print-collectors as a rule seem to have passed them by. They are, however, of very considerable importance as prints, not only from the historical point of view but absolutely and in themselves as works of art. Subject only to the handicap of their small size, they deserve as much consideration as the plates in the *Liber Studiorum* which Turner did not himself engrave. Their appearance in Rogers's rather uninspired volumes was the occasion for the celebrated *bon mot* to the effect that the poems would have been dished were it not for the plates.

The series of engraved plates for the *Book of Job* undoubtedly includes the best-known engravings that Blake produced, and has done more for his reputation as an artist engraver than any of his other works, as, unlike the *Songs of Innocence* and the various poetical books, the plates passed into the hands of a benevolent publisher, who printed and distributed them in fairly large quantities. A number of the designs are among the finest that Blake made and must always be considered among the most beautiful engravings of the nineteenth

century, as well as among the comparatively small number of very great original prints produced in England. With the exception of a few of Blake's own relief etchings, the plates in the *Book of Job* are probably the most ideally expressive prints of the last century, and possibly the most poetical attempts to illustrate Bible themes made since the time of Rembrandt. In this connection it is interesting to note that Blake in his *Public Address* pointed out clearly the intellectual gulf that separated him from his predecessor, for he there speaks of "that vulgar epigram in art, Rembrandt's 'Hundred Guelders.'"

The Museum has recently acquired by purchase one of the best-known and certainly one of the most beautifully and elaborately colored copies of William Blake's *Songs of Innocence and of Experience*. Made by Blake in the last years of his life for his friend and pupil Edward Calvert, this copy appears to have had but four owners before coming into the possession of the Museum. It is thus unusual in its authenticity.

The plates for the *Songs of Innocence* were made in 1789, and those for the *Songs of Experience* in 1793, and were printed from as orders for them were received by Blake. According to John Sampson, the well-known English bibliographer, who has made a census and collation of the copies printed by Blake himself, only about twenty-two copies were printed during Blake's lifetime.[1] Pages 15, 20, 47, and 48 of the Calvert copy are watermarked 1825, so that it must have been made between the end of 1824 and Blake's death in 1827, in this respect resembling the two very well-known and beautiful copies in the possession, respectively, of C. Fairfax

[1] Sampson, *Blake's Poetical Works*, p. 77.

Murray of London and of the Print Room of the British Museum. The order of the plates differs in the several copies of the book, but the pagination in the Calvert copy agrees with that of Mr. Murray's, which has been accepted and followed by Blake's editors as the standard.

The Calvert copy contains fifty-four sheets consecutively numbered, each printed on one side only, which many years ago were unstitched, and mounted as prints in sunk mats. They are printed in golden-brown ink, painted with water-colors and heightened with gold, and differ from all other recorded impressions in that they are surrounded by delicate decorative borders of vines, trees, drapery, etc. The brilliancy and beauty of the coloring of this set were shown at the time of The Grolier Club's exhibition of Blake's works in 1905, when all these plates were exhibited and could be compared with those of several other copies which were contained in the exhibition.

In addition to the value of these fifty-four plates as works of art, they also have the great literary interest of showing the way in which Blake first presented his lyrics to the world, as this is one of the great first editions in English literature. Among the many famous poems contained in it are such familiar things as the "Piping down the Valleys Wild," "The Lamb," "The Little Black Boy," and "The Tiger," which are included in so many anthologies. Well known as the verses are, comparatively few people are familiar with them in the dress in which Blake put them forth, for they may quite probably be unique among the more famous poems in that they are quite as much pictures as poems.

Blake had written the drafts of the lines in 1788, but

was unable to find anyone to publish them, and was too poor to do it himself. The problem seems to have preyed upon his mind until he began dreaming about it in his sleep. Gilchrist in his *Life of Blake* [1] tells the story:

"In a vision of the night, the form of Robert [a dearly loved brother who had died some time previously] stood before him, and revealed the wished-for secret, directing him to the technical mode by which could be produced a facsimile of song and design. On his rising in the morning, Mrs. Blake went out with half-a-crown, all the money they had in the world, and of that laid out 1*s.* 10*d.* on the simple materials necessary for setting in practice the new revelation. Upon that investment of 1*s.* 10*d.* he started what was to prove a principal means of support through his future life — the series of poems and writings illustrated by coloured plates, often highly finished afterwards by hand — which became the most efficient and durable means of revealing Blake's genius to the world. This method, to which Blake henceforth consistently adhered for multiplying his works, was quite an original one. It consisted in a species of engraving in relief both words and designs. The verse was written and the designs and marginal embellishments outlined on the copper with an impervious liquid, probably the ordinary stopping-out varnish of engravers. Then all the white parts or lights, the remainder of the plate, that is, were eaten away with aquafortis or other acid, so that the outline of letter and design was left prominent, as in stereotype. From these plates he printed off in any tint, yellow, brown, blue, required to be the prevailing or ground colour in his facsimiles; red he used for the letter press. The page was then coloured

[1] Pp. 71, 72.

up by hand in imitation of the original drawing, with more or less variety of detail in the local hues.

"He ground and mixed his water-colours himself on a piece of statuary marble, after a method of his own, with common carpenter's glue diluted, which he had found out, as the early Italians had done before him, to be a good binder. Joseph, the sacred carpenter, had appeared in vision and revealed *that* secret to him. The colours he used were few and simple: indigo, cobalt, gamboge, vermilion, Frankfort-black freely, ultramarine rarely, chrome not at all. These he applied with a camel's-hair brush, not with a sable, which he disliked.

"He taught Mrs. Blake to take off the impressions with care and delicacy, which such plates signally needed, and also to help in tinting them from his drawings with right artistic feeling; in all which tasks she, to her honour, much delighted. The size of the plates was small, for the sake of economising copper; something under five inches by three. The number of engraved pages in the *Songs of Innocence* alone was twenty-seven. They were done up in board by Mrs. Blake's hand, forming a small octavo; so that the poet and his wife did everything in making the book — writing, designing, printing, engraving — everything except manufacturing the paper: the very ink, or colour rather, they did make. Never before surely was a man so literally the author of his own book."

The Museum, which already owned the very beautiful and important color print of "Elijah and the Fiery Chariot," has thus come into possession of the two most famous series of engravings made by Blake.

A very fine copy in a contemporary binding of Stapfer's translation into French of Goethe's *Faust*, published

by Motte in Paris in 1828, has come into the possession of the Museum. The interest of the volume — for the translation is stupid enough — lies entirely in the splendid series of eighteen original lithographs by Delacroix with which it is illustrated. These illustrations are of the greatest importance in the history of art in France during the last century, for, while too adolescent to be among the finest things that Delacroix did on the lithographic stone, they constituted his profession of artistic faith and that of the young school which formed about him. Because of this they are somewhat forced and strident, and exhibit their revolutionary tendencies in rather exaggerated form. In addition to their great and positive artistic value, they have the added interest of being the prints which are most typical of the young Romantic School, the prints which illustrate better than any others the movement which is usually associated in literature with Victor Hugo's red waistcoat. They have been said to be as important in their way as the preface to Hugo's *Cromwell*, the text in which the aims and theories of the new school of writers were first brought forcibly to the attention of the world.

In the present copy these lithographs are all in the earliest published states, two of them in the earliest state described, and nine of them in the second state described. The seventh illustration, that of Mephistopheles receiving the scholar, is an impression of the second state of Delacroix's own stone, which broke after very little usage and was replaced by another by some other artist. In most sets of the illustrations it is this other lithograph that is found. It is quite unusual to find these lithographs bound up with the text as they were originally issued, as in most instances the volumes have been broken up and the prints abstracted.

FRENCH PRINTS AND DRAWINGS OF THE LAST HUNDRED YEARS

ON Tuesday, May 17, 1921, there was opened in the Print Galleries an exhibition of prints and drawings made by French artists during the last hundred years. Most of the items shown come from the collections of the Museum, but a great many have been lent by various private collectors.

As it is doubtful whether any other country has ever within an equally short period produced such a volume of printed pictures, marked by such decided changes in temper and so freely punctuated by masterpieces, as has France during the century last past, the difficulties of selection for exhibition have in large measure been solved by choosing examples which typify the general movement of the art of the period as seen with the eyes of to-day. This method of choice has resulted in the omission of many prints which, in themselves interesting and often beautiful, seem to represent modes of thought which have passed, rather than the growth of the dominant naturalistic idea.

For convenience both in hanging and in consideration the work of the period has been divided into three groups which, while overlapping in time, are fairly definite in demarcation, respectively, of the romantic period, the middle years, and that represented by men still living or but recently deceased. The tempers and interests of these three groups are, generally speaking, quite distinct one from another, those of the first two capable of comparatively easy definition, those of the last still too close to us to be clearly seen in perspective. The men of the

first two groups, like those of the last two, to a large extent worked simultaneously, and it thus happens that changes and "new departures" seemingly of the brusquest kind are, when looked at in perspective, seen to have been slow and deliberate in their fruition.

Violent as may seem the difference between some of the work now being produced and that put forth at earlier times in the century, it is believed that the whole is related with quite extraordinary closeness and that each of the movements upon examination will be found to have its roots firm set in the past. Hot debates and wild differences of opinion, the older generation holding up its hands in horror at the "wildness" and "uncouthness" of the younger, and this in irritated self-defense jeering and poking unmitigated fun at its elders, have been the order of the day from the very beginning of the period. Delacroix and his group were the despair of their immediate seniors; the history of the so famous "Salon des refusés" of 1863 of which Courbet, Manet, and among others the American Whistler, were the heroes, is still fresh in men's memories; and that the resources of vituperation and scorn were not used up in those earlier encounters is evident to any man who cares to listen to the gossip of the studios or the conversation of collectors. As late as 1846 the official critics of the old guard said in print that the work of Delacroix made them "sick at the stomach," and that the jury which accepted his "Romeo and Juliet" had "insulted the modesty of our young girls." Guardians had to be put before a painting by Manet to prevent its destruction by the "outraged" public, and the representatives of the older order actually descried "impiety" in a painting by him which has now for many years hung calmly in the

galleries of this Museum. Walter Crane is on record as having said that the work of Degas was "degenerate," while a certain Richmond, of the Royal Academy, wrote roundly that he did not know how to draw. The comment about the contemporary men, exaggerated as much of it is, has yet to reach in print anything so grossly violent or indecent as the phrases that were applied with freedom and gusto to the work of the men of the thirties, the sixties, and the eighties.

The fact is quite patent to anyone who can "listen in" as an unprejudiced observer that all of this heat and dust and disturbance is neither more nor less than the result of a most extraordinarily sincere attempt upon the part of an unusually large number of men to think their way through the problems of art as complicated by their own personalities. The abuse has always been started by the upholders of the older order, usually of a mode which ceased to be vital at least two generations earlier, and it will be found on examination that the younger men have rarely if ever used such strong language as seems to have been habitual with their elders. The vehemence of the discussion and its failure to come to any conclusion, other than the eventual acceptance of the artists who have been most decried, are as open proofs as anyone could desire of the thought and energy and intelligence that have been put into the century's effort.

While on this subject, it is worth mentioning that of all the men produced by the century who have been finally accepted and later enthroned among the *dii majores* there is hardly one of whom it can be said that the preceding generation accepted him with either tolerance or complaisance. Either they deliberately ignored him or they fought him vigorously — and the ones who

The Sister of Duguesclin
Lithograph by Delacroix

were lucky enough to have the older generation most against them have been more tenderly treated by posthumous fame than those who were received with a chorus of approving good-will by the elders; for almost without exception these latter have been swallowed up in the *néant de la peinture de l'école*.

While prints and paintings are generally collected by different groups of persons, neither of which, as a rule, is familiar with the material fancied by the other, the fact remains that it is quite impossible to segregate the two in any proper historic consideration of picture-making. With very few exceptions the original print of the last century was the work of a man who, if not primarily a painter, had at least been trained in the painters' studios, and who found it impossible to change either his point of view or his tricks of hand when he laid down the brush and picked up the needle or the crayon. An article in the last *Bulletin* and the introduction to the catalogue of the current exhibition of impressionist and post-impressionist paintings have traced the general tendency of the painting of the century in France, and therefore this article will be confined to a short consideration of a few of the more particular black and white aspects of the modern movement; because it must be remembered that, while paint and canvas stay the same no matter what may be done with them, in the graphic arts the draughtsman has his choice of several quite different media.

On surveying the subdivisions of the period the first thing to be noticed is that, where the men of the first group as a general rule fancied the lithograph, and those of the second found their chosen medium in the etching, the recent workers have utilized more or less impartially

all the various means of producing printed pictures. The reasons for this demand attention, as they exemplify not so much mere predilection as the working of what may almost be considered a general law of evolution.

During the eighteenth century and the early years of the nineteenth, but very little original graphic work was done in France, the typical print having been a mixed engraving and etching after a drawing or painting, carried out in a highly developed and most artificial manner. Shortly after 1800, lithography was introduced from Bavaria, and by 1820 it had become the fashionable rage, everybody from school-boys to princesses of the blood royal dabbling at it. The younger generation of artists also tried their hands at it as a means of eking out too slender incomes. So far as the draughtsman was concerned it was the easiest of all things to make, since he had only to draw with his crayon on the prepared surface in his accustomed manner. There was no com plicated biting to worry over, there was no iron-bound tradition governing the laying of lines, and the printing was of necessity done by some journeyman. Nothing so simple had ever been known. The early work was of the kind exemplified by the earliest of the prints by Géricault that is shown. It was not long, however, before the possibilities of the medium began to be explored, and it was found that, in addition to producing rather gray open-line pencil drawings, it made possible the richest and juiciest blacks and each most tender gradation down to the blank white of the paper. Géricault and Delacroix carried the art forward by great strides, while at the hands of such lesser men as Isabey and Huet its technical capacities were still further elaborated. The caricaturists, led by Daumier and Gavarni, gave it its great-

est extension and popularity, for their work became a regular part of the daily life of the Parisian citizen and was spread broadcast to the world in the pages of the cheap journals. Simultaneously with these original artists, who always kept their work bold and free, there came up a group of secondary men who had tried and failed at original design, but who, being competent academic draughtsmen and seeking a living, betook themselves to reproducing upon the lithographic stone, with every conceivable refinement of technique, the paintings of their more successful contemporaries. The flood of these reproductive prints and their soft sugariness of facture resulted in the lithograph's soon losing its savor and becoming merely extraordinarily skilful work at so much per diem. It became so deadly smooth, so *léché*, in all its manifestations, aside from the rather tumultuous caricatures which few folk took seriously as art, that by the middle of the century "artistic" people could stand it no longer. The very "softness" and "sweetness" which in the beginning had been among its charms ended by sickening its consumers. It lasted through the middle period only at the hands of some of the older caricaturists, who continued to use it in their own rough-and-ready journalistic way.

The newer generation of artists for the most part would have none of the lithograph. If they made prints at all they wanted something that had more tang and bite, something less associated with the soggier aspects of romanticism, something in which they would not be hampered by any hard tradition of technique, and, above all, something akin to their struggles toward an ever hardier and plainer naturalism. And so, etching being a process that had been unused by them for many

generations, they took it up again, finding that in their inexperimented hands it offered just the excitement that was so painfully lacking in the sugary technique of the stone they were so disgustedly familiar with. The copper also had another advantage, and a very practical one, in that it was portable where the stone was not, and could be carried in the streets and through the fields and woods by the men who believed in working direct from nature. Some of the older artists had been experimenting with the copper for almost a generation. Huet in the eighteen-thirties made timid landscapes; Daubigny and Jacque in the early forties turned out hard, dry, engraver-like work as illustrations for the publishers Delloye and Curmer; Hervier had made some charming small plates; but all told there had been little enough of it done, the only really noteworthy examples being the few experimental plates, the best of them in aquatint, by Delacroix, who turned technical defeat into artistic victory by the sheer genius of his personality.

And so we find that in the fifties all the world suddenly took to etching. Daubigny and Jacque lasted almost to our own time, and changed their manner to agree with the requirements of the *marchands d'estampes* as best they could; but in spite of great industry and long life they remained until the end of their days strayed junior romantics. Bracquemond, Méryon, Legros, Haden the Englishman, and Whistler the American, as well as others, took it up. There was a tremendous to-do about it. Philippe Burty collected and wrote panegyrics upon *la belle épreuve* and incidentally prevailed upon Jean François Millet to try his hand at the game. Dear Théophile Gautier unchained all the marvels of his vocabulary on the etching. "Il vaut mieux la rayure d'un

ongle de lion sur le vernis noir d'une planche qu'un travail insignifiant et précieux, qu'une de ces moires sur acier où brille seule la patience du graveur." "Celui-ci raie brutalement son cuivre à coups de sabre et se contente de quelques traits rudes et sommaires, n'écrivant sa pensée que pour les yeux qui savent lire; celui-là pousse à l'effet . . . un quatrième risque les brusques oppositions de noir et de blanc; il n'importe, tout est bien qui signifie quelque chose et qui montre dans un coin la griffe du lion."

Much noise as was made about it, Méryon went insane from hardship and starvation, twelve or fifteen great plates alone to his credit along with fourscore lesser things. Whistler and Legros emigrated to England. Millet, all told, did but twenty etchings, of which half are but mere scribblings on the plate. The lesser men alone held on, and the great revival of etching in France, of which so much had been written, faded away with no new personalities to carry on the so quickly grown tradition. However, everybody etched; the etching, which had come in as something acidly fresh after the sickly stewed fruit of the commercialized lithograph, in its own turn became part of the compote. Every publisher of *de luxe* books had to have them for illustrations; all the art magazines competed with one another to see which could issue the most elaborate etchings after paintings. Jacquemart very nearly achieved a permanent place by his marvelous etched reproductions of pottery, glass, and crystal. People began to think of Rajon, Le Rat, and Chauvel, who so skilfully worked after other men. But etching took the same course that the lithograph had before it, and was killed by being overdone. Before 1880 it was all over.

During the later platitudes of the "revival" the photographic reproductive processes sprang up. In the eighteen-sixties Amand Durand had begun to make his heliogravure facsimiles of drawings and old prints; and a little later, Gillot perfected the ancestor of our own familiar "commercial zinc etching." By means of the camera the woodcut became the great medium for the cheap reproduction of paintings and wash drawings. In the early nineties the "half-tone" process had begun to oust the reproductive woodcut, the heliogravure, and the line-cut from the pages of books and magazines. This meant that first the lithograph, then the etching, and finally the woodcut could again be used as artistic media, not because at the hand of a creative artist they were any different from what they had ever been, but because they no longer had to face the deadening competition of the reproductive print with its fatal facility for "slickness" on the part of men who made days' wages at it.

From the point where photography definitely broke down the barriers of stupid technique that the reproductive print had formed about the several graphic media, the story becomes extremely difficult to disentangle. Not only are the data not available, but it has all happened in the lives of men still so young that it cannot be seen in perspective.

Leaving aside the many who still made prints for a livelihood, and confining ourselves to the few who made them as expression, a little group of older men is seen, who, unpractised in the special techniques, drew on stone and copper as they drew on paper or on board, Degas, Manet, and Pissarro at their head. Much of their work from the point of view of the professional

etchers and lithographers was technically deficient, but that did not intimidate them; they plunged gaily ahead, making drawings rather than etchings or lithographs. And as they really drew well they are now seen to have produced more of "quality" than was ever done by all the horde of good fellows who were learned in morsure and tints and grains. But at the time most of the world stood by and jeered and lost its temper and talked "eternal verities" to these men of the seventies and eighties.

They were followed by a group most of whom were professional draughtsmen and caricaturists. They drew for process reproduction in the daily and weekly press, they etched and lithographed, and made posters which, flaunting on the walls of Paris, made life gay. This group of the nineties may be typified by Forain, Toulouse-Lautrec, Willette, Cheret, and Léandre, not only in their very great accomplishment but in their attitude toward life. They shocked their public just as their predecessors did, and called down upon their heads the same abuse — but the publishers found that when they made posters or book covers all Paris was aware of what had happened. Their very shocking had its advertising value.

With these last two groups must be placed in time such men as Fantin-Latour, Odilon Redon, Auguste Lepère, and Paul Gauguin, who fit into no particular cubby-holes and are as little like one another as it is possible for four men to be. All of them great technicians and, on occasion, etchers, the first two owe their reputations as makers of prints to their lithographs, while it seems most probable that the latter two will owe their fame as graphic artists to their woodcuts.

The present generation is represented by many men who appear to have gone through more various phases than any of their predecessors. Like the impressionists of their fathers' generation, Matisse, Picasso, and their followers have mixed theory with their lines. They have experimented ceaselessly and have run about the world worshipping at strange and forgotten shrines. They have put their minds at work, and just because of that they have excited criticism, the battle that is still raging over their work being but the last in the old century's long campaign, and the first in that of the new.

Were one to seek for a period and a country in which to make a philosophical examination of the whys and wherefores of black and white, none better than the nineteenth century in France could be desired. There have been several distinct technical strata, and each of the techniques has gone through its cycle and disappeared, and in each case but the last, the development and the death have been due to the same reasons. There have been several more or less distinct groups of men working, each of which not only has introduced new points of view but has associated itself more or less definitely with some particular technical process or attitude. From the Mameluke of Géricault to the plate of apples by Matisse every attempt to do something new either in technique or in thought has been greeted with scorn and vituperation by the older generation, the only things to escape it being what the studios, as expressively as irreverently, call "old hat."

Of it all perhaps the most humanly interesting aspect of the story is that last mentioned, as it would seem that, short of politics and religion, nothing can excite such rancor and ill-will as a picture in a new mode, no matter

what it represents. As the years have so shortly and so swiftly gone by, and man after man who in his time was a scandal has been tolerated and then put among the gods and demi-gods, it would seem that the world might have learned to take things calmly. But perhaps it merely means that a show of anger is the world's most favorite way of showing startled interest; for otherwise how explain the unleashing of tempers over what are after all but pictures which one does not have to stop and look at. Certainly there has been much cause for humor on the part of the unprejudiced observer, and even, in all honesty, not a little of it cynical.

FRENCH BLACK AND WHITE IN THE LAST HALF-CENTURY

IN the last number of the *Bulletin* an attempt was made to outline the history of the changes in the several graphic media which were successively fashionable in France during the nineteenth century, and, incidentally, to point out the fact that each of the groups of artists which has made a real contribution to the development of art during that time has had to fight its way to acceptance through a "barrage" of hostile criticism. In that note, however, nothing was said about the endeavor or the accomplishment of the several groups, or about the general trend of the work of the century.

Well known in this country as is the black and white of the more celebrated etchers of the middle years of the century, what came after is but little known, and when seen is apt to be misunderstood, especially by those who have not followed more or less closely the development of French painting during the period. The comprehension of work by living or but recently deceased Frenchmen seems to be peculiarly difficult, not only on account of its comparative rarity in this country but even more because there is little so thankless or so difficult to think one's way through as the work of one's contemporaries. Were it possible to get a view of it in perspective it would be different; but as it is, one is caught and jostled in a crowd so thick and so quickly moving that one can get only occasional glimpses of faces as they squeeze past, let alone seeing whole figures or becoming familiar with expressions and gaits. One knows that in the crowd there are organizers, the men who determine the direction in

which it is ultimately to move; but to pick them out of the crowd, where leader and mere henchman look so much alike, is almost impossible. Moreover, since one can never see any of them whole, it is inevitable that each new glimpse, each new aspect will call for a revision of opinion, and that it is impossible to come to any more than tentative conclusions. The serious observer knows that at any moment the turn of the kaleidoscope may bring before him something which will immediately upset his entire calculation and require the laborious construction of a new formula. Thus until a movement has stopped and been succeeded by another in a new direction, it is impossible to tell either what it is or how far it will go, because in art at least the only clear vision is that around corners.

In view of all this the following article has been prepared — not as a pedagogical explanation but rather as a sort of thinking out loud, informally, and with many hesitations and reserves.

In the first place, it is necessary to consider the great differences between prints by men who habitually work in some graphic medium and those by men who habitually work in multicolored pigments. The specifically graphic artist has a tendency always to become immersed in the particular mechanical problems of his chosen medium. Moreover, working on a small scale and most often expressing himself through a needle point, he frequently finds himself not only involved in what after all is very largely immaterial detail, but seeing almost exclusively in terms of a more or less traditional black and white. The painter usually works on what is, comparatively speaking, a vast scale; he thinks

in terms of color and light, volumes, masses and weights, while space relationships and decorative quality are of the greatest importance to him. Being controlled by all these things as well as by the shape and size of his tools and the nature of his pigment, all of which lie outside the thought and often the experience of the man who works only with a point, the painter's method of drawing is naturally most different from the other's. He has much more to express just because he is necessarily cognizant of so many more things; and that being so, he is sure, when he happens to work in black and white, to produce things which deviate widely from the accepted canons of professional black and white.

All of this doubtless seems like a sad and verbose truism, but it is most necessary that it should be borne in mind, and simply because of an historic fact which has nothing to do with the work under consideration but has much to do with the American attitude toward it. This fact is that the only French prints of the last hundred years with which the American audience has ever become familiar are those by a group of artists who, with one exception, were primarily etchers rather than painters; the result of which is that in this country the amateur of prints has come to think of their work as the norm to which prints should conform. The group may be typified by such names as those of Méryon, Jacque, Bracquemond, Daubigny, Lalanne, Legros, Lepère, and Millet. Millet's task was a painter's, his prints but the slightest episode in his career. The other men were frankly professional makers of prints, an occupation which consumed the greater part of their time as it did of their thought. Reference back to their work for standards or criteria, therefore, inevitably results in

misconception and failure to understand the work of men who thought along other lines and whose preoccupations were unknown to them.

Taking it for granted, therefore, that there is no difficulty in understanding the work of the group which has been indicated, no further reference to it will be made in this article, which will be directed to the performance in black and white of the more noteworthy painters of the second half of the century last past. For purposes of clarity they will be spoken of separately, although to do so will of necessity result in giving a somewhat false view of the situation; for they all greatly influenced each other and had many traits in common which cannot be dwelt upon in an attempt to point out their specific idiosyncrasies.

Manet, who was rather a single-minded person and not particularly afflicted with either curiosity or inquisitiveness, displayed a detachment which accorded delightfully with his quite carefully booted and gloved dandyism of dress. He saw everything broadly and simply, as befitted a temperament that habitually found ease in splotches of tone, and as often as possible evaded the discomfort and concentration required to focus attention upon a line. Although in his later years an "impressionist," that formula, so far as he was concerned, was merely a pleasant technical method, his adherence to it being that of a man who was loyal to his friends rather than of one who himself felt any particular conviction about it. From much work in paint he learned that for many purposes correct placing was equally as important as minute or finikin drawing of shapes — that a spot of the right tone in the right place told just as keenly, though in another way, as patient

delineation of detail. Thus in such a print as the well-known and not uncommon "La Convalescente" the figure is drawn in the most sketchy manner, the head slightly indicated, the arm and hand counting as but little more than the notation of a gesture, the picture being bound together and made into a whole by the broad opposition of the black and white surfaces. Tidy laying of lines was the last thing that Manet was thinking about; for either that or minute rendering of detail would inevitably have destroyed the broad luminosity for which he was striving. Each of the crucial lines, however, is drawn with a freedom and assurance and, even more, with a rightness, which, had he not named the plate, would have prevented it from receiving any name other than that which it bears. The pallor of the sick woman, the weight of her body propped up in the pillows, and the tired gentleness of her dainty gesture could not have been more perfectly realized. Everything which makes a Manet painting worth while is to be found in this little print, since for even his color he has succeeded in finding the precise black and white analogue. What such another as Degas, with his cruel inquisitiveness, would have made of the subject is apparent, and somehow when we think of it we are extremely grateful to Manet for the instinctive gentlemanliness and reserve which are responsible for its actual charm.

Degas, whose name is so often in loose conversation joined with that of Manet, is another similar case of a painter who made prints. He was well-to-do, and he collected. In his youth he made marvelous copies of drawings by the primitives. In his middle years he bought Japanese color prints and the lithographs of Daumier and Gavarni. After his death his heirs sold his collection

of drawings and paintings, among them notable things by such diverse men as Ingres and Gauguin. He was absorbed in the study of composition, especially that of line, and of color, to which he added an uncanny and often caustically witty interest in the delineation of character. Such a portrait as the early etching of his friend Tourny is comparable in its simplicity of attack to those etched by van Dyck, but is marked by an uncompromising directness of thought that lay far beyond the mental capacity of the seventeenth-century artist. His drawings of Manet and Duranty show this same highly trained athletic vision, as cold and incisive as the traditional surgeon's knife — in the one case expressing its results through sharp, delicate lead-pencil lines, in the other through the use of chalk boldly applied with the utter directness which comes only from drastic and highly intellectual elimination of all non-essentials. In such a print as the etched "Sortie du Bain" we again find this acid and ruthless dispensing with everything that did not tend immediately to the end in view, complicated, however, by the fact that the artist was placing the moving figure in an envelope of light. The mass and movement of the body are given, and much of its character, but beyond that, little of its definite form is discernible; had it been drawn as was any of the portraits, the effect of the light would have been destroyed.

As typical a work by the mature Degas as any of his largest paintings is the marvelous lithograph of "Mlle. Bécat aux Ambassadeurs." It is night at the well-known open-air theatre in the Bois. The light from the globes and the *becs de gaz* is absorbed by the background of foliage and sky except where it falls upon the long upright mouldings and the so curiously alive figure of the little

songstress. Overhead a chandelier, stretching to the right across the blackness of the night a row of globes, at the right a group of them partly hidden by the hanging branches of a tree, and above it a large round globe on a high standard. Against the brightly illuminated skirt of the *diseuse* a bullet head is sharply and blackly indicated. As a composition, an arrangement of ordinary things in a fine design, it can hold its own with anything that ever came out of Japan; but the wonder of this is entirely eclipsed by the marvel of the little woman. Head cocked saucily forward, her arms outstretched in gaiety, each finger counting in the gesture, the slender figure is alive and nervous as only that of the café singer in May along the Avenue du Bois. Nowhere can one say definitely what the form is, because the form is revealed only through shifting light; but it has an individualization of character, a solidity and weight, and especially a movement, that have never been equalled in the black and white work of any other artist of modern times, and a gaiety which is infectious and all its own. Above all, it is the scene from every-day city life, and to one who stops to think what it means to extract fresh, keen pictorial excitement from the normal round of the citizen's day little more need be said.

As neither Manet nor Degas can be strictly placed with the Impressionists, and as Monet for practical purposes did no black and white, their only representative in the exhibition is Pissarro. Born in Martinique of Jewish parents, and endowed with a gentle and pensive temperament, he brought to the practice of his art a certain quiet, intellectual curiosity and a scientific interest in some of its problems which led to his becoming the originator of *pointillisme*, although the particular theory

Mlle. Bécat aux Ambassadeurs
Lithograph by Degas

of practice upon which it was based was principally developed by such men as Seurat and Signac. It is obviously impossible here to attempt any explanation of the theories of light and color that lay at the bottom of the revolutions in practice brought about by either the Impressionists or the Neo-Impressionists; nor is it necessary, since they had little or no effect upon black and white. In the course of Pissarro's observations, however, he became deeply impressed with the fact that the eye was rarely if ever sharply focussed, and that when it was, it was only on some small minute point, the rest of the field of vision being in a more or less blurred state. This discovery, — which doubtless had been made by many other men before him, — unlike the special physical laws of color, did have an immediate effect upon Pissarro's work both as etcher and as lithographer. After the prints of such men as Méryon or Millet, in which the record was that of an eye which travels slowly and with sharp focus over every detail of the field of vision, a record, that is, of patient exploration involving long expenditure of time and study on the part of the beholder as well as of the creator of the work of art, the etchings of Pissarro are odd in their blurriness, in their lack of sharp definition of the kind obtainable only by stopping and sharply focussing. But as against this there is to be set the fact that the picture presented by one of them is that actually seen by anyone surveying a real landscape without fixing his eyes. Here again a great triumph was achieved in black and white, for Pissarro succeeded in finding an adequate monochromatic rendering of things which off-hand one would think possible only in full color. A comparison of his painting of a Market Place in the exhibition of Impressionist paint-

ings, with his etching of a somewhat similar subject in the print galleries, shows the identical qualities throughout; and in passing from one to the other the visitor is hardly aware of the fact that one of them is in monochrome and the other in full color. His little print of the "Goose Girl" is another example. When looked at myopically, it is scrawny and discomforting; but when seen from the proper distance, it is remarkable for the intangible sense of light and movement with which it is suffused. Were one to seek for a specifically "impressionist" piece of black and white, this would doubtless serve as well as any other.

Oddly enough, Seurat, the most famous of the Neo-Impressionists, who is usually and principally associated with the *pointillisme* which from one point of view was the logical outcome of the impressionist theory of color, was also one of the first of the younger men in whose work may be seen the reaction of feeling against impressionism. This aspect of his work, while clearly visible in his canvas of "La Grande Jatte" in the exhibition of paintings, is possibly more clearly to be seen in his two black and white drawings in the print galleries, because it is there dissociated from his manner of applying color. The principal failure of the Impressionists had been a certain snap-shot attitude toward nature; for they were so absorbed in their grappling with color, light, and atmospheric effect that they somewhat neglected some other things which go into picture-making and which are just as important. Seurat, who unfortunately died young, leaving very little work behind him, approached his picture-making in anything but this snap-shot manner. His pictures are planned and worked out from the point of view of design in the most careful and painstak-

ing manner; and, in addition to his care for design, he was keen to render the volumes and the masses of the objects he delineated. There is an architectonic quality in his work which is wholly lacking in that of the Impressionists, so that in comparison the latter appears muscularly wanting.

It is perhaps proper at this point to refer to the work of two men who were singularly little thought of during their lifetimes, but whose work has exercised great influence over the younger generation. These are Paul Cézanne and Odilon Redon. Cézanne is to-day so much talked of and written about that he appears by many to be regarded as the major prophet of one wing of the contemporary movement. He seems to have done very little black and white, and is represented in the exhibition of prints and drawings by several lovely water-colors and three impressive colored lithographs, which to all intents and purposes are reproductions of water-colors. Any discussion of his work in this article, which is especially directed to the black and white in the exhibition, would therefore be out of place.

Redon was a musician, who in the beginning drew only for his own pleasure, and turned to lithography on the suggestion of Fantin-Latour. Born in 1840, he was thus distinctly a member of the older group of men, although most often referred to with the younger contemporaries. A dreamer of strange dreams, — on occasion, of haunting loveliness, — he succeeded in getting more from the lithographic medium than anyone since the men of the romantic period. He rarely drew anything in a reportorial manner, although the two peculiarly fine lithographs of trees show his acute power of observation and draughtsmanship. A number of his prints from the

two series known under the respective titles of "La Maison Hantée" and "Songes" are more typical of his work and his attitude toward life. One shows the bottom of a stair-well, part of the moulding of a door, a stair-rail, and several steps, illuminated by some flickering lamp. The beautiful play of the lights and deep shadows and the unaffected simplicity of the setting, which is almost bald in its bareness, combine to give an effect which is literally that of the haunted house — as one looks at it, one has the sense of having experienced something odd and not easily to be explained, and there is just a little of the shiver in one's reaction. Another portrays a window, through the crossed sashes of which may be seen the exquisitely traced branches of a tree. It is twilight, not strong enough to illuminate the room in which one is, and nothing moves save several bubbles which float silently, iridescently, against the deep impenetrable shadows of the wall and floor. No living being is to be seen and all is quiet, still. There is no parade of learning, no problem of naturalistic draughtsmanship, none of the things, in fact, which have played the most prominent part in the nineteenth-century development. The picture stands apart from the whole busy current — its message one to that so precious twilight period of consciousness when feeling takes the place of thought, and mind and body seem momentarily to be as one. Poetry has driven out science, and realities are tawdry.

In getting some of his effects Redon resorted to distortion — a subject which will have to be taken up a little later.

With Gauguin we come to a different type of mind. Born in Valparaiso, with a strong admixture of Spanish-American blood in his veins, he had been educated in

France, where he spent a great part of his life in a stock-broker's office from which he carried with him to the end of his days the peculiarly neat handwriting typical of the French clerk. He began painting at night and in his off hours, and after a while broke away entirely. At one place and another in France he painted and starved and was intimate with poor demented Vincent van Gogh. Finally, in desperation he sold all his pictures at auction and took himself to the South Seas with a supply of paints and canvas. It was as if there had been some nostalgia for the barbaric — some atavism come down from his conquistador ancestors; and though he found neither peace nor happiness out there, he did find colors and shapes which worked him up into what was frequently a far too febrile excitement. It is to the work he did in Tahiti and the Marquesas that he owes most of his popular celebrity, but in reality it differed remarkably little from what he had done in France. The hand, the eye, and the brain remained exactly the same; simply, the public has been willing to accept his patterns of things it did not know, where it had been unwilling to take an interest in his statements concerning things it was familiar with. The simple fact is that he was primarily a decorator and that the public, habituated to naturalistic versions, was unable to follow him.

In literature seemingly a man may be as fantastic as he pleases and may let his mind run loose without having people cry out about his falsity. From childhood we have been educated to the beauty of

> Full fathom five thy father lies,
> Of his bones are coral made,

and all the rest of it; and anyone who should say that it was untrue, or out of drawing, or that its color was false,

would be laughed out of face immediately by the assembled crowd as a poor kind of person, possibly all right as a human calculating machine but utterly devoid of all sensibility and imagination. Yet the same people who would most quickly laugh at one who should say, "But, you know, bones can't change into coral, and they are white not red," are seemingly the very first to raise the cry against a painter who exercises the same liberty that the poet constantly and with universal approval indulges in.

In all probability, when the dust and the shouting shall have subsided, Gauguin will be seen to have been rather a frank and simple-minded person who knit serious patterns and had neither a conscious theory nor any particular intellectual background. Every generation has its Gauguins, and however much fuss is made about them, time has its inevitable revenges; for whatever their contemporaries may think of them, their successors, looking at them in perspective, rarely if ever are able to discern that they were particularly queer or even that they were so very different from the other men of their period.

Gauguin thus was a decorator, a man who, letting his mind run, wove patterns, some of them as patterns foolish, some most magnificent. It is possible even that in the South Seas he may have drawn and colored most accurately, but of that we in the heart of a modern white civilization and living in the temperate zone are unable to judge — and so whether true or false we have to approach his Tahitian pictures as fairy tales. From this point of view, then, his work must be seen, and once the fact has been admitted it is possible to become aware of his performance in its true light.

His prints are exactly like his paintings, essentially the work of a decorator and colorist, and marvelously his woodcuts, although in black and white, seem to have even more of color than his paintings. His woodcuts, at least those with which the writer is familiar, are planned as great mural paintings might be planned, their spaces are so important. This is something that has almost vanished from the modern print, and to find it in the old prints one must needs go back to the Italian chiaroscuros of the second quarter of the sixteenth century. The treatment of forms and the broad ignoring of minor and decoratively unessential detail is something which a world habitually accustomed to the fine and gossamer play of the etching needle finds unusual and vaguely disquieting; but after all, why should one ask that a woodcut look like an etching, or even, for that matter, like the wood engravings done under a microscope and over a photographic basis? Broad spaces of black, solid heavy blacks of a kind so difficult to print on an ordinary press that it has rarely been essayed, are relieved by flashes of white, flame-like in their effect, and both are welded together by half-tints, sometimes scratched in in lines made with a point or an abrasive, at others obtained by simply lowering the flat surface of the block. In the making of these blocks "sculpsit" meant literally what it says, and not the mere digging of lines in a flat plane. Of all the woodcuts ever made none are more natural, none have more simply grown out of the nature of the medium and the tool, and none have had more of that curious richness of color which seems possible only in black and white.

Leaving the men who are no longer living, we now come to the several groups who typify more accurately

the specifically contemporary movement. First, it will be best to refer to several men who may be classed as illustrators — Steinlen, Willette, Léandre, Vallotton, Forain, and Toulouse-Lautrec, the last of whom died prematurely. Wit and great cleverness mark them all, and all of them, with the exception of poor crippled Lautrec, rejoice in exuberant vitality. Their work has long been familiar through their many posters and the countless illustrations and political cartoons which they have contributed to the Paris press. In great part social caricature, their work is immediately understood and so needs little comment. Seen as a group, they have been story-tellers, commentators on modern life, and their usefulness would have suffered had they in any way departed from the making of their points.

Possibly, of them all the two outstanding figures are those of Lautrec and Forain, whose acid vision has given them a place apart among modern caricaturists. Forain unlike the others has strayed on occasion from the contemporary scene and given us a series of plates representing incidents from New Testament history. It is quite possible that no one since Rembrandt has so hardily attacked such subjects as the Prodigal Son, or succeeded in producing such unaffectedly pathetic and moving versions of them. A master of comedy and irony, he has here turned his histrionic gift to nobler purposes and given us a profession of fighting faith in the old beliefs which is almost shocking in its intensity. During the late war he turned his attention to fighting the Germans on the Paris front, and in so doing brought forth a series of scathing cartoons which may come in time to be considered the most impressive of their kind and period.

Quite distinct from the illustrators appear the several groups of artists about whose work has raged most of the critical discussion of the last fifteen years. None of them has displayed any interest in contemporary life; nor have they told stories. They have taken for granted the discoveries of the students of optics and meteorology just as they have the incidence of taxation, and while

La Fille-Mère
Etching by Forain

doubtless admitting that they are both interesting, have seen that one no more than the other was necessarily a matter of importance to the artist, who after all makes pictures and not human beings, or grass, or atmosphere. They represent the full-fledged reaction against impressionism and all its doings, which was bound to come with different modes of thought and philosophies of life.

It is curious how prevailing general theories correspond in the worlds of art and of abstract or scientific

thought. In all probability the thinker and the artist have but the slightest touch with one another, and certainly they give little conscious thought to what each other is doing. But at the same time reference from one to the other frequently shows most startling coincidences. Thus the whole impressionist movement, with its peculiar preoccupations and its quasi-scientific self-justification, will be found to correspond most precisely with the unalloyed interest in external nature and a certain rationalizing, analyzing mode of thought which was the most marked characteristic of the men whose impressionable youths were spent in the palmy days of Darwin and Herbert Spencer. Since then, just as civilized life itself has been completely revolutionized in its mechanical aspects, so have new modes of philosophic thought come in. The outstanding popular names in philosophy at the time the immediately contemporary painters were forming their theories of life were those of James, who discarded the faculty psychology and later approached philosophy from the point of view of the modern experimental psychologist, and Bergson, who talked mystically about the *élan* and brought everything back to the human being. At the present time the name of Freud is bandied about, and "complex" has actually begun to be used as a slang phrase, while the popular æsthetic is that of Croce, with its emphasis upon "intuition" and "expression."

Just like other people, these painters, then young, walked about the museums of art, ethnology, and archæology, and they saw that many of the most beautiful things in them, many of the most impressive, had no story, were marvelously incorrect from the naturalist's point of view, and quite patently had been made by per-

sons who had never even heard of optics or the weather man. Obviously, even though quite possibly unconsciously, they became aware of a new field of investigation, since each of the so dogmatic theories of the older men, no matter how much it may have expanded experience or how much beauty may have been created in its pursuit, was seen, in the light of the museums and their contents, not to have afforded the answer to the eternal question, which remained just as inscrutable as it had ever been. All the impressionist and Darwinian "analysis" had got nowhere — it was time to try "synthesis," that is, something in which man did not explore nature and make reportorial records of external fact, but explored himself and made a record of his attempts to understand himself.

If there be any truth in such a theory of unconscious mass action on the part of the young painters as this, then possibly it explains the vast influence of such an older man as Cézanne. Cézanne never found himself and never learned how to paint, at least so the Impressionists said — certainly he never learned how in the way they did, for he was physically and mentally incapable of either agility or "slickness." But not being a highly intellectual person of the kind that could wrestle with ideas, and being rather slow-witted and perfectly honest and seeing only with the eyes that he was born with, he wrestled with himself, because without going through any elaborately involved mental processes, and possibly almost without knowing it, he realized, what it always takes clever men infinitely long to discover, that a painter makes pictures and not merely more or less accurate representations of external nature; that the beauty of a beautiful woman, for instance, plays an al-

most negligible part in making her portrait beautiful, howsoever truthful it may be. Thus, finding that he could not paint fast enough to do a bunch of cut flowers before they wilted, he quite calmly and naturally painted artificial flowers instead, or did a healthy stupid geranium in its stupid earthern pot. And, somehow, wrestling with himself in this manner and being perfectly honest about it, he got certain qualities which were also discernible in the things in the ethnological and archæological collections, and which the world was busily and rather noisily discovering were very much worth while.

At any rate, whether the foregoing theory of unconscious mass action be true or false, the three outstanding figures of contemporary French art would appear from the American distance to be Matisse, Picasso, and Derain, all of whom have been experimenting in the workings of their own minds rather than attempting to record the workings of exterior nature. Matisse and Picasso are doubtless the best known in this country; but as has happened in other cases, their work does not seem always to have been clearly differentiated by the American public. They are, however, quite distinct in their methods and their points of view. Matisse, from the north of France, was a pupil of Gustave Moreau; Picasso, a Spaniard, got his early training in Spain; and the only thing they have in common is remarkable skill of hand. Each from his different angle has sought to approach reality — not the old-fashioned mechanical reality that consisted in a simple taking of inventories and striking of balances, putting down two and carrying one, but a kind of super-reality in which psychology was mixed up. While Matisse has on occasion pushed his

research for "expression" to the uttermost limits of caricature, he has apparently never deviated from representation, and any child has always been able to tell what it was that he was drawing.

Picasso, to the contrary, at one stage in his career, almost if not completely abandoned representation in his pursuit of the method which became famous under the title of "cubism." It was little more than the logical following to its necessary end of the depreciation of the "story-telling" picture so marked in the writing and conversation of such an older artist as Whistler, because it needs no demonstration that, so long as there is representation at all, "story" is potential. The requirement of representation from this logical point of view thus became merely an axiom or definition and incapable of proof one way or another, in itself having no validity beyond that of convenience, and always subject to change or denial. Therefore in denying representation, Picasso, like some Lobatchewsky of painting, seems to have said in his own way, "Just let 's see what results we can get if we postulate that an infinite number of parallel lines can run through the same point." That stage in Picasso's development appears now to have passed, his more recent drawings in general appearance being quite in the traditional manner — as if he had come back to Euclid and were now proceeding on the theory that two parallel lines can never meet. As compared with Matisse's singularly direct and straightforward development, Picasso's many-sided activity, his willingness to try anything that occurs to his quick and fertile brain, bespeaks a quite different temperament. Both immersed in the new current of thought, Matisse, to use an analogy, has expressed himself in the racy and simple

French of his day, where the other, in addition to showing a trace of foreign accent and idiom, displays the joyfully distended and rather erudite vocabulary and syntax often observable in linguistically gifted foreigners.

Each of these men has been a great experimenter — just as were the Impressionists and Neo-Impressionists before them. But where their immediate predecessors were post-Darwinian in their more or less mechanistic outlook on life and art and their idolatry of the "fact," their experiments and innovations being in large measure little more than those of technique and the application of pigment, — mechanical or optical, in a word, — this newer investigation was apparently undertaken, though quite possibly without any too great amount of abstruse thought, in an endeavor to find out what it was that made things interesting to the eye rather than to knowledge of scientific fact or sentiment. In other words, it was a species of psychological exploration. Naturally many of the essays were abortive, and many were so abstract as to appeal only to the most limited and highly trained audience; but at the same time much was of great interest to the mere casual onlooker, and on occasion very real beauty was produced. In its most abstract forms this laboratory practice brought down upon itself the jeers and anger of those who were unwilling to make the sacrifice of time and thought necessary to try to understand what was being attempted. Doubtless the followers, at least, of the leaders themselves did not always understand, and in their efforts to imitate, produced results like those of children trying to count, who know the names but not the order of the numerals. But because balderdash is uttered by the child it does not mean that counting is necessarily foolish. It is well to

remember also that even great mathematicians themselves have been known to get tangled in their thought.

Discarding therefore the purely laboratory experiments, the work of both Matisse and Picasso is marked by its distortion of form — a distortion which is in most instances patently wilful. And it is this that is most usually and most bitterly held up against these men — that they have deliberately distorted. In the Middle Ages and the early Renaissance many artists were keenly alive to the æsthetic possibilities of distortion, which after all is merely a means to a pattern, or of emphasis upon some particular aspect or quality which the draughtsman desires to bring out. Our present-day eyes, however, are obsessed by the pictures produced by the camera; most of our knowledge of the shapes of things we get through the study of photographs rather than of the things themselves; and in consequence most of us habitually see things in terms of the lens, to which, being mechanical and impersonal, we have given our implicit faith. This has reached such a stage that we are no longer conscious of photographic distortion, which is just as great as any other and much less humanly true, for being purely mechanical, it is thoroughly stupid. But the minute we meet any other kind of distortion, no matter how intelligent, we are on the jump to denounce it. We have forgotten through familiarity how all the greatest of the masters distorted, or, if conscious of it, we are awed by their names and let it pass in silence. It is not necessary to go back to mediæval times for examples, for two names as great and as unquestioningly accepted as any of the last century are those of Daumier and Delacroix. Yet if one goes from the work of the contemporary men back into the other galleries

and looks honestly at Daumier's "Mlle. Etienne-Joconde-Cunégonde-Bécassine," or at Delacroix's illustrations to *Faust*, he will find distortions as great and as wilful as any upon the contemporary wall. As a matter of fact, distortion is an unescapable element of the attempt to record anything that has been keenly felt or imagined; and it may be taken almost as axiomatic that any drawing in which distortion cannot be seen is a drawing of something neither really felt nor imagined, but which has merely been compiled and then controlled from "general experience."

It is perhaps very elementary, but it will not suffer from repetition, to reiterate that drawing may be of many kinds, all of them equally valid. Several men will trace on paper the outlines of the same model, and each, while using outlines only, will draw a different thing. One will draw a flat silhouette, another will draw the directions of stresses and strains, a third will in some way indicate that on one side of a line there is air and on the other a series of complicated forms and surfaces, while a fourth will create a linear pattern, and a fifth will present us with a portrait. Most nineteenth-century draughtsmen have contented themselves with inventory or portrait-making. Some complicated the problem by adding pattern to it. But very few did more. The modern men, however, seem to have abandoned the making of the inventory portrait and to be trying to indicate some of the things which their immediate predecessors ignored. Among other things, such men as Matisse have discovered that certain qualities can be achieved only with speed, and that even great sacrifices must be made to it. Hesitation to ponder or to correct in this kind of work, so far from removing error in detail, simply de-

stroys the whole because it interrupts the necessarily unhesitating course of both hand and eye. It is much like jumping the brook — it can't be done in more than one jump. One can try it again and again, but each time it has got to be carried through in one movement.

To what extent these modern men have by their research made any new contribution or to what extent it will have any permanent effect, it is obviously impossible to say until after the event. We may believe or hope one way or another — but two things surely can be said: that they have given people more seriously to think about some of the recondite problems of art than any other group of men in a great many years, and that in their work is to be seen more definitely than anywhere else at the present time the effect of the vast archæological and ethnographical collections which, gathered together in the great public museums during the last hundred years, have introduced into European life and experience elements previously unknown to western life.

MASTERPIECES OF LITHOGRAPHY

ON February first there was opened in the Print Galleries an exhibition of masterpieces of lithography, which will remain on view until the middle of May. The first and the third galleries are devoted respectively to work of the first and second halves of the nineteenth century, and the middle gallery is given over to Daumier, whose lithographs are supplemented and explained by a group of works in other media. A few kind friends have generously lent precious items from their collections, but the greater part of the items shown are the property of the Museum. Among these lenders may be mentioned Howard Mansfield, S. V. Steiner, and Frank Weitenkampf.

The exhibition begins with a little group of primitives, typical of the earliest work done in Germany, England, and France, and comes down to the end of the century with representative groups of prints by such different artists as Whistler and Toulouse-Lautrec. Instead of showing a very few prints by each of a great many men, the development is typified by the work of comparatively few artists, each of whom is represented by a sufficient number of items.

As compared with an exhibition of etchings or engravings, the galleries full of lithographs present a remarkably variegated and unhomogeneous group of works, differing from each other in size, in color, and in their multiform methods of treatment. To one accustomed to the other forms of the graphic arts, it is a riot and without any logic or reason running through it as a draw-string; and as the cause of this is surely the thing which most differentiates the lithograph from any of those other

graphic methods, it will perhaps be worth while attempting to explain it — a thing that can be done within available space, while any detailed enumeration or mention of the treasures exhibited could not be.

Lithography was discovered in the years just preceding 1800, as the result of the efforts of Aloys Senefelder, a Bavarian who wrote verses and music in an amateurish sort of way, to find some means of printing his scores in a manner less expensive than any then available to him. Had he hit upon the idea for any of the duplicating machines now in use in our offices for getting out circular letters and memoranda, he probably would never have gone on to the discovery that has made him famous. Beginning with relief etching on stone, a thing that had been known apparently in the Renaissance, he gradually evolved the process of lithography as it is now known and practised, before his death in 1834 having made most of the improvements which the process has undergone. According to his friend Ferchl, the first lithograph — chemical printing he called it — was made in 1798, and it was followed the next year by the first crayon drawing on the stone. Some time before the English edition of his book was printed in 1819, Senefelder had also invented transfer paper, thereby enabling artists to work with much more comfort and ease. A man of unstable character and flighty mind, poor Senefelder travelled about seeking for fortune; but having little or no business sense, he was doomed to die in poverty, ignored and forgotten by all the busy horde of men who were reaping fortunes from his invention.

His process spread rapidly over Europe, and by 1802 or 1803 had been used in both England and France, in the latter of which countries alone it was destined even-

tually to take root as an original graphic medium as distinct from a mere means of reproducing pictures, the rôle to which it was all but universally relegated in Germany and England. The consequence of this is that the history of the artistic side of lithography is almost entirely a matter of French work, while that of the pure technique, and of the mechanical devices for increasing output, is international.

As a matter of fact, however, from the artistic point of view the process can hardly be said to have had a history, having sprung full-fledged into existence, just as, for example, did charcoal or silver point. In this respect it is quite different from etching, which underwent a long and arduous development. Because of its peculiar nature, being pen drawing, crayon drawing, wash drawing, or, through scraping and scratching, a method of working from solid color to white, and being also further complicated by the fact that any or all of these may be used at the same time and in one or many colors, lithography may almost be said to have no specific character of its own; for the only way in which the print differs from the drawing on the stone is in the odd pulling together and getting rid of the traces of working which are natural to any well-made print, no matter by what process it is made. Such little technique as there is, moreover, is confined to the printer, the artists having complete freedom to work as they will, without any necessity for going through a course of technical instruction or training. The result of all this is that, while lithography has no isolated history of its own, as has etching or engraving, it has achieved a much more notable thing in that it has taken (at least in France) its place immediately and indistinguishably in the arsenal of the draughtsman, so

that its products can be truly seen only as part of the general current of drawing and design.

Of course, as is natural with anything, there was a short period when some lithographs, because of their mere elaboration, were considered to be lithographs *per se*, and not merely drawings in pen, or crayon, or whatever it might have been. It was due to the fact that while making only one drawing, the artist was producing many duplicates of it, each of which sold, and that he was therefore perhaps economically justified in devoting to it an amount of labor and time which would have been silly were there but one to sell. Elaboration of this kind, however, was not in any sense, other than the possible economic one, a thing which might not or could not have happened with any common pencil or brush drawings, and really was in no way inherent in or caused by any specific lithographic technique of draughtsmanship. To-day and recently in this country the same development of elaboration may be seen in many of our illustrations and advertising designs, and for the same reason — that it pays; but no one thinks of saying that this mere elaboration has resulted in the evolution of a new tecnique, to be praised and relished for its specific qualities.

Lithographs, therefore, would one understand them, must be regarded merely as some drawings selected and set aside from the great mass of drawings solely because of the accident that they were printed — a reason artistically of no more moment than would be the selection and setting aside of groups of drawings made respectively with "B B" pencils, or "congress" stub pens, or which happen to have been reproduced in photogravure. So long as "prints," for easily understood reasons, both economic and administrative, are segregated from

"drawings," this kind of selection is inevitable, but it should not be permitted to affect understanding or judgment of what they really are. Looking at lithographs, thus, simply as drawings, the thing that more than anything else stands out from such an exhibition as this is the fact that they very imperfectly, or, rather, fragmentarily, represent the general course and development of draughtsmanship during the last century, however much more closely they represent it than do etchings or engravings. Thus, for example, Jean François Millet, whose great and many drawings are among the landmarks of the century, is represented by but one lithograph that is in any way typical of the things he stands for; Puvis de Chavannes by but three or four all told, none of which could with fairness be called representative; and of the elder men, Ingres by only a bare handful, among them but one of the figure, his "Odalisque" — which, fine as it is, is not really representative of that magisterial drawing which has placed him among the very great draughtsmen of all time.

Admitting all this, however, an exhibition which contains, among other things too many to mention, portraits by Ingres, Isabey, Manet, and Toulouse-Lautrec, bull fights by Goya, soldiers and horses by Géricault and Raffet, landscapes by Dupré and Corot, every kind of thing by Daumier, the masterpieces of Delacroix, an astounding theatrical scene by Degas, the most charming of Whistler's sketches, and a great composition by Cézanne, is an exhibition which touches an astonishingly large number of the highest spots of the draughtsmanship of the last century.

At our American distance from the life and politics which gave birth to so many of these prints, especially

those made before 1870, it is perhaps possible for us to take a more dispassionate attitude toward them than has ever been possible for men in whose national and social history they have played a great and influential part. For most Frenchmen, especially, it is still almost impossible to regard them except through a haze of political and social prejudice which warps and destroys disinterested judgment.

Of the very well-known lithographers of the first half of the century, Gavarni alone seems to have escaped the rancors of party feeling. Really a minor man, he, happily for himself, played the rôle of a social commentator, devoting his attention to wit, the depiction of costumes, and the manners of the students, the midinettes, and the vagabonds, — his work in large part merely a charming pictorial gloss on the *Scènes de la vie de Bohême*, — and he thus absolutely escaped the subject-matters which contained cause for anger or party feeling. Delacroix, the leader of the romantic forces, stood or fell in popular estimation as the romantic movement happened for the time-being to be in good odor or not. Raffet, following in the path laid out by Vernet, Géricault, and Charlet, became the chief pictorial protagonist of the Napoleonic legend in that crucial period during the July Monarchy when it was being so recast and remade that it was eventually enabled to bring Napoleon III back to power. His work is often most extravagantly praised, but almost always by someone who either was an avowed Bonapartist or took his point of view from someone who was. Daumier, who resumed in himself a very large part of the steady republican fight against both Monarchy and Empire, was in consequence almost utterly ignored by "good society" until after the Republic came into effec-

tive being in 1872. During the Second Empire his bitter personal caricatures of Louis Philippe and his ministers met with some slight approval among the dominant social group; but it was only because in this particular instance they disliked the same people that he did, and his other work, especially that artistically finest part of all which was produced in the eighteen-sixties has had to wait until quite recently for any appreciable number of people to take it seriously. It is very rare that such a series of examples of artistic reputations made or unmade by considerations in which artistry played absolutely no part can be found; and just because of this it is particularly inviting to any person who is interested in the correlation of facts and opinions.

As a great many of the prints now upon the walls have been shown within comparatively recent years in exhibitions at the Museum and elsewhere, it is necessary only to call particular attention to some of the items which are more unfamiliar to frequenters of the galleries. Among these, perhaps the most interesting in order of time are the portraits by the Duc de Montpensier, that of the Lord and Lady Glenbervie by Ingres, several astonishing impressions from stones by Delacroix, especially those of the Macbeth and the "Wild Horse Thrown by a Lioness," several late prints by Gavarni which throw a sweet and unexpected light upon little-known aspects of his thought and work, the group of lithographs by Manet, and, most important of all, the long and representative series of works by Daumier, which cover his career from its first crude beginnings to that final and most wonderful print of the "Conseil de Guerre," of which what is apparently the only known impression is here shown.

L'Embuscade
Lithograph by Gavarni

FRENCH LITHOGRAPHS

DURING the last summer (1922) the Museum acquired for its Print Room a group of French lithographs of the nineteenth century, a subject in which its collections had hitherto been notably deficient. While the new accessions are not many, considering the vast body of lithographs made in France during that time, they contain a fair number of those which have, by more or less common consent, come to be regarded as among the most important from the artistic and historical points of view.

One of the commonplaces of the history of collecting is the way in which in different countries at various times one or more of the graphic processes have been considered as beneath the dignity of reputable artists. Engraving and etching at almost all times have been accepted as among the means that one might avail oneself of without losing caste; but the woodcut and the lithograph frequently have been among the things that "are not done." Thus, leaving the woodcut aside for the time being, it is impossible to point to any English or American artist of the first rank (save Bonington and Whistler, each of whom lived long portions of his life in France) who produced any number of lithographs, or to any well-known collectors in those countries who have ever specialized in them as have so many in France and Germany. One has only to refer to such collectors' books as Hoe's edition of Maberly, which was published in the early eighteen-eighties, or Wedmore's *Fine Prints*, of the nineties, to realize in what poor esteem the lithograph was held. And yet, as the nineteenth century recedes from us so that we are able to look at it a little in per-

spective, to see its heights and depths and vistas as well as its more luxuriant foreground, it begins to appear as if possibly one who were to maintain that its lithographs were the most important prints it produced might not be so awfully and comically wrong as it would have seemed thirty years ago in either London or New York.

From Ingres to Matisse there was hardly a prominent French painter who did not experiment with the lithographic process. And while it is not necessary to rank individual artists as greatest or next greatest, to claim that any one of the modern men is as great as Dürer or Rembrandt, it is not at all improbable that on examination no other period of equal length will be found to have produced such a body of fine prints as the lithographs which came out of the French ateliers during the years that lay between Waterloo and the Marne. Ingres used the process for portraits and his "Odalisque"; Prud'hon and Gros experimented; Géricault and Delacroix habitually resorted to the stone; Chassériau did his "Venus" and his "Apollo and Daphne"; Dupré made charming landscapes; Daumier — well, he was Daumier; Gavarni set fashions and was witty; Millet did his "Sower," Corot his landscapes, and Manet his portraits and "Race Course"; Degas turned to lithography to make some of his most astounding drawings; Courbet depicted his friend Journet as Barye did his wild animals; Puvis contributed to *L'Estampe originale*, as did Pissarro; Redon and Fantin-Latour displayed their so differently poetical temperaments; Carrière had a plan to immortalize the faces of his celebrated contemporaries; Sisley, Renoir, and Cézanne played a part in the making of some astonishing color prints; while among the many later men who drew with the crayon may be

mentioned Signac, Dénis, Bonnard, Vuillard, Gauguin, Toulouse-Lautrec, Forain, and Matisse. There were foreigners also who made lithographs in France — Goya while in exile at Bordeaux published his so magnificent "Bull Fights," Bonington rendered the architecture of Normandy, and Whistler made portraits of his French friends and of the friendly streets of old Paris. Just as a list of names it is distinguished, but as the index to a specific group of prints there has never been anything to compare to it, not even in the woodcuts of the German Renaissance.

One of the most interesting things about the list just given is that it contains the names of so few men who were not painters, of so few men who in the narrow sense of the word could be called professional lithographers. It explains to a marvelous degree the great variety of the prints produced, the general carelessness about the little technical things by which the professional engravers, woodcutters, and lithographers set such great store in their work, and to which they have a tendency to sacrifice everything. There was, of course, a large group of these professionals, Mouilleron, Le Roux, Français, and Anastasi at their head, and they served a most useful purpose in the days that preceded the general development of the so-called photo-mechanical processes, as they produced wonderfully good and very cheap reproductions of paintings. But when seen in any quantity, it is distressingly tiresome; for it is the product of formulæ — everything had its formula, trees, foliage, water, clothes, flesh, skies, bricks, and mortar, and all the formulæ were horribly much alike. The only artist who achieved a great reputation and also indulged in these formulæ was the German Menzel — and that he

did it is alone sufficient reason to make one wonder about several things. It certainly helps to explain why there are so few Menzels outside Germany.

A great deal has been said about etching as a "personal" art — that it is one, being frequently cited as a great and especial merit. The only thing to be remembered is that any art based on draughtsmanship is personal, and that the quality is one generally to be found in all the graphic arts and not only in etching. For there is no such thing as a personal medium, there are merely a few men with character which comes out in whatever they do, and a great many who resemble each other like so many dumplings stewing in a pan. And this is proved beyond any doubt by the lithographs, since, while nothing could conceivably be more personal than one by Delacroix or Daumier or Degas, to mention only a little group whose names all begin with the same letter, nothing could be imagined with less personality than one of the Mouillerons or Anastasis. In fact, the etchings of the nineteenth century do not begin to show the same wide variations, to exhibit the same number of intensely personal reactions to the world and what is in it, that the lithographs do. Anyone who uses his eyes knows how few decided personalities the nineteenth century produced among the etchers, and that it is possible to group almost all of the better-known ones under a very small number of type headings named after the so few outstanding artists. But, the professionals apart, almost every one of the lithographers who was mentioned above has some strong personal peculiarity which prevents his being classified under any heading other than his own name — and thus, while undoubtedly merely an historical accident, it is lithography rather than etching

which should be considered the particularly "personal" medium.

As there is a reason underlying this, it should be mentioned, in spite of its great obviousness. Etching has rather a complicated technique, and is baffling to the beginner in that he can tell little or nothing about what he has done on a plate until he actually holds an impression from it in his hand. The plate he works on is black, the lines he draws on it are copper-colored, and he makes them delicate or strong, not when he draws them, but later on when he bites them and leaves the acid on for a shorter or longer time. It is always a negative process, and so much of it is done in the dark that awful slip-ups are to be expected, even by the most experienced. Lithography, in contrast to all this, is a positive process: the artist can see what he is doing all the time, just as in pencil drawing; if he wants a line broader or blacker, he makes it so; if he wants it lighter, he erases it a little; and, greatest commodity of all, he can hold and use his crayon just as he has been accustomed to use his pencil or chalk or charcoal. Where no one who has not done it before can casually make an etching, there is no reason why any man should not make a lithograph, or why, if he can draw well enough, it should not be a masterpiece.

One of the things which may seem most odd about these French lithographs is that a very large portion of them were originally made to be sold in bookshops and on newstands — for many were in the beginning neither more nor less than illustrations in books and magazines and daily papers. Were some supernatural power at a blow to destroy this portion and leave in existence only such as were made as prints to be bought and sold in print-shops, the history of French lithogra-

phy would have to be completely rewritten — and when it had been, it would not be nearly so important or so interesting a one. Somehow it makes one think a bit wistfully about past and present and future — will our great-grandchildren garner so carefully the illustrations of the present day? And will anyone think it worth while to catalogue the caricatures and illustrations of any contemporary man as Messrs. Hazard and Delteil and Rumann have done for those of Daumier, even though they reach almost five thousand in number?

DAUMIER AS A LITHOGRAPHER

EACH period in the history of the graphic arts is dominated by the work of some one school or group of men who in some mysterious manner managed to produce a body of original work which is always immediately thought of when that period is mentioned; and, prints being a sort of international literature, the dominant group is rarely found twice in the same country. The sixteenth century's important original prints in retrospect seem overwhelmingly German, the seventeenth's Dutch, and the eighteenth's Italian. In the early years of the nineteenth century the one great outstanding figure was a Spaniard, but from about 1830 until 1880 there would seem to be little doubt that the great body of important original prints was produced by Frenchmen. Of all the many who made prints in Paris during these fifty years, Daumier is probably the least known outside of France, but it would seem nevertheless that there is reason for believing him to have been one of the most significant of them all. The reasons for his comparative lack of renown among collectors are many and too complicated to be unravelled in the columns of the *Bulletin;* but in so far as they throw light upon a number of things in general, it is worth while to advert shortly to several of them.

Daumier was a comic draughtsman and political caricaturist whose work appeared in the daily and weekly papers. The ordinary impressions in the papers were too common for collectors to take seriously, and their price was too small for collectors to treat them with respect. For practical purposes there were no proofs — at most but the number necessary for the editorial rooms

and the censor's office; and these, having been treated as only editors and censors know how to treat proofs, are rarely in a condition to produce anything but tears. The stones were also, sometimes, printed upon thick white paper; and the prints on this, always pulled after the legends and titles and numbers had been added, and sometimes after they were changed, were issued in albums, many of which were grossly colored by hand, and all of which were sold at small prices. As the only Daumiers that anybody could have could be had by everybody, at the same time and practically for the asking, there was no particular *kudos* in anybody having any of them. It was always said that the "quality" of the available impressions was not good enough to warrant properly careful collectors having them in their portfolios, although as matter of fact this was not quite true, many of the impressions being extraordinarily fine, the poor quality being merely a matter of comparison of paper, of "newsprint" *versus* "Whatman," "japan," or "china." In any event, it worked, and the foreign collector ignored Daumier.

Then, so far as the French themselves were concerned, Daumier's work had to face an ordeal of another kind. Being a political cartoonist and a social caricaturist who devoted his talents to making fun of the Government and to depicting the bourgeois scene, the upper classes never could abide his work — either it was an attack upon them or it dealt with "vulgar people," and in either case it was not in good form to exhibit any interest in it. As time has gone by and politics and manners and costumes have lost their immediacy of interest, the people who make opinion have been free to change their opinions. In the eighteen-thirties Daumier was the most de-

Le Ventre Legislatif
Lithograph by Daumier

termined antagonist the Royalist party had, and naturally they disliked his work. In the forties he had his little say about the Napoleonic group, and so, naturally, under the Empire nice people did not think his work polite, though they admitted merit in his attack upon Louis Philippe. In the early seventies he was a bit of a Communard, and the Conservatives thought him dreadful. And so when Manet and Couture quarrelled, and the younger man went out into the world, through with any further teaching, the final insult that Couture hurled at him as he disappeared was that, unless he was careful, he would be the Daumier of his time. It was a horrible accusation, a sort of damning to the nethermost of the artistic hells.

This state of opinion under the pressure of social and political interests has been most wonderfully exemplified in the history of the criticisms which learned authors have devoted to him since his death. In 1882 M. Arsène Alexandre wrote a life which was bulky and contained many illustrations — but of the three prints reproduced which Daumier made after 1860, two had to do with the War of 1870 and were madly patriotic. In the early nineties there was a great retrospective exhibition of lithographs in Paris, and because of it M. Henri Bouchot wrote what is as yet the standard French history of lithography. He dismisses Daumier after 1840, that is, after he ceased to attack the Orléans government, and lays all his emphasis upon the greatness of Raffet, the man who was the principal pictorial propagandist for the Napoleonic legend. Both M. Alexandre and M. Bouchot passed the formative years of their lives under the Empire. In 1904 M. Hazard and M. Delteil produced their great and invaluable catalogue of Daumier's

lithographs, and in their introduction they say that although his work after 1850 was never "banal," it was marked by "lassitude" and showed a failing interest in lithography, its quality no longer being good. In this judgment there was more than a trace of Second Empire thought, and a great deal more of the tradition that a lithograph to be a good lithograph must be elaborately worked over and full of jet glossy blacks — as a scandalous friend in Paris once said, it must contain "des beaux noirs pour les bourgeoirs." But after all, the blacks were not necessary, as Whistler in his turn had to prove years after Daumier stopped work. And now, just recently, comes the learned and acute Emil Fuchs, the great German historian of caricature, with four volumes of text and facsimiles of Daumier's work, published in Munich since the late war. He gives 216 facsimiles of lithographs: 72 of the period down to 1851, 72 between 1852 and 1860, and 72 between 1861 and 1872; that is to say, the foreigner who has no French political tradition and no French notions about what constitutes a good lithograph, but a very keen and intelligent eye for drawings and pictures, throws the emphasis precisely upon the part of Daumier's work that the French have always neglected because of preconceived ideas that have nothing to do with art. It is even more amusing than these figures show, because precisely in the heart of what the French have always considered the poorest part of Daumier, the two years 1864 and 1865, Fuchs finds the material for no less than 36 of his facsimiles.

When it is considered that Daumier's last lithograph was made in the autumn of 1872, so that more than fifty years have gone by since it was printed, and that his active career spread over a period beginning just prior to

1830, so that his work has been before the public for more than ninety years, such differences in opinion about its merit are matter for serious cogitation by anyone who is interested in the development of artistic reputations. When he died in 1879, Daumier was regarded by all but a little group of painters and personal friends as merely a journalistic draughtsman who had long outlived his vogue. To-day there are many volumes devoted to his work, and more than one acute critic considers him to have been not only one of the greatest artists of his time in any medium but one of the great outstanding graphic artists of all time. The best survey that has yet appeared of nineteenth-century prints — and it is written by a man unusually familiar with the prints of past time — says bluntly that "what Dürer was to engraving and the woodcut, and Rembrandt and Goya to etching, Daumier was to lithography."

Even were it not for his lithographs Daumier would still be one of the most important of modern graphic artists, because, although they are very little known, he produced almost one thousand woodcuts, among which are to be found some of the most astonishing designs produced in the medium since the middle of the sixteenth century. The only men who, until quite recent times, can be compared to him among the moderns are Menzel and Keene, but the dry crackling virtuosity of the one and the good fellowship of the other never permitted either of them to achieve the complete and notable seriousness of artistry that is visible in many of the little cuts which Daumier so casually contributed to the *Charivari* and *Le Monde Illustré*.

It is interesting to notice that many of the so-called woodcuts of Daumier's earliest period, and many of the

"lithographs" which he made in the eighteen-sixties, are neither one nor the other. The full-page "woodcut" cartoons which came out in *Charivari* in 1834 are primitive "chalk plates" — a process still or recently in use in some of our provincial newspaper offices. The "lithographs" are Gillotypes, a species of early, but quite autographic, "process" in which as yet the camera was not used. A number of these prints are among the finest designs that Daumier produced, but as yet they have failed to get the recognition that is their due, people scoring them as being unsuccessful "woodcuts" or "lithographs," when they should rather applaud them for what they are. At the very end of his career Daumier made several drawings for reproduction by the "photo-mechanical process," and were it not for the unreasonable and unreasoning disdain that people have for "process" in any of its forms, these would rank among his most notable works of art.

But to return to Daumier's lithographs, which after all are the things with which we are busied for the moment, it must be remembered by anybody looking at them for the first time that his profession was that of journalist-draughtsman, and that he was forced by the conditions of his work to produce such a number of prints as no other artist of more than mediocre ability has ever put forth. When it is said that he made approximately four thousand lithographs in less than forty years, an average of one lithograph every third day, some idea of the stress under which he worked may be gained. Naturally, under such circumstances, it would be demanding too much to require that all his work should be important, or even good; that it should have satisfied the purpose for which it was made is marvel

enough. The average, however, was high, and the occasional item quite wonderful enough for even the most determined and relentless hunter of beautiful drawings — for that is what they were. They were not drawings of beautiful subjects, they were not in any way charming in the sense that that word has had thrust upon it by collectors of other and less masculine things; but the drawing in them was beautiful in itself, in a way that is extraordinarily rare, and for parallels to which one must go back into the seventeenth century. Loose and easy, Daumier's hand was not in the least interested in the minute reporting of details. Unlike many men who, metaphorically, arrange figures in columns and then seek to add them up, Daumier arranged his figures in space and as themselves a part of space — a thing that can never be accomplished by the bookkeeping methods in vogue in drawing schools. He could not have stippled in the left foot of Laocoön if he knew that he were to be shot for his contumacy. In the beginning, as most young men do, he drew form, and there was even a period in his life when his work was almost pedantic; but as time wore on and he gained control over what he wanted to do, he ceased to draw form in any sense that is received in the academies. He drew movement and light and masses, and ever he increased his power to make lines reveal all three, in his final development producing masterpieces of the purest water. A lot has been said and written about etching as a peculiarly linear medium, but few etchings of modern times can be shown in which the line is so intelligently a moving thing as in Daumier's lithographs of the eighteen-sixties.

By dint of long keeping at it, Daumier at length achieved such an absolute mastery over his process that

he was able to do unconsciously things that most men are able to achieve only by deliberate concentration. His stumpy lithographic crayon had become so much a part of him that he gave it no more thought than men give to their tongues in ordinary conversation. It thus came about that by the time he was fifty he was able to devote his entire attention to the things that lie over and beyond any question of medium, during the last ten years of his active life devoting himself as no other man of modern times, except possibly Ingres, to the problems of pure draughtsmanship. It is to this, probably, as much as anything, that in the final analysis he owes the neglect that has always been meted out to his later work by collectors and graphic artists and the extraordinary respect in which it has been held by painters and students of design. The etchers and lithographers, and in their wake the collectors, have always approached prints from the technical side, asking themselves not so much whether a print was a great drawing or design as whether it was a fine etching or a fine lithograph. They have revelled in complexities and minor details, compared impressions, talked of biting and printing and all the other things that make print-collecting such a fascinating and utterly harmless indoor sport — like the audience coming out of Carnegie Hall, discussing the million and one things that audiences always discuss, and also, like those audiences, rarely or never cutting through to the core of the matter and discussing the art of the composer. The very fact that Daumier forgot all about the little beginner's difficulties and never wrestled with them any more has meant that the people who are still absorbed in those difficulties find his work uninteresting. Even more, having forgotten all about them and

with his mind on other things, Daumier no longer observed the tidy rules of the technicians and grammarians — just as the great author no longer finds it necessary always to have a subject, a verb, and a predicate between his initial capital and his period, and really does n't care anything at all about the rules which require the use of the subjunctive. In the event, Daumier was much like Humpty Dumpty in his wonderful conversation with Alice, except that he was never contemptuous or scornful about it. You remember how it goes:

"There 's glory for you!"

"I don't know what you mean by 'glory,'" Alice said.

Humpty Dumpty smiled contemptuously. "Of course you don't — till I tell you. I meant 'there 's a nice knock-down argument for you!'"

"But 'glory' does n't mean 'a nice knock-down argument,'" Alice objected.

"When *I* use a word," Humpty Dumpty said in rather a scornful tone, "it means just what I choose it to mean — neither more nor less."

"The question is," said Alice, "whether you *can* make words mean so many different things."

"The question is," said Humpty Dumpty, "which is to be master — that 's all."

And at that Alice was too much puzzled to say anything.

DAUMIER—THE MAN OF HIS TIME

THE part played by printing and prints in the history of painting and design is generally ignored, but it is of the very greatest importance. There are two kinds of great artists, those who only produce great works of art and those who profoundly influence the thought and work of their contemporaries and of their successors; and, although it is never mentioned, the artists who have most directly influenced the world since 1500 have almost invariably been those who have resorted to the printing press for the reduplication and the dissemination of their designs. Sometimes these influential men, like Dürer and Rembrandt, made prints themselves, and sometimes, like Raphael and Rubens, they had engravers who made prints for them — a difference to which the world at large paid very little attention, because from its point of view the design was the thing, the vast difference which we see between "original" and "reproductive" prints not having been discovered until after the pervasion of photography.

During the last century there were a number of great designers who either made prints or had them made after their work, and who thus had a far greater influence upon the world in general than some other possibly equally gifted men whose work, so to speak, was never put in common circulation. At the beginning of the century Goya made four sets of etchings which have frequently been reprinted and have thus carried his thought and knowledge of his design into many places where neither his drawings nor his paintings have ever penetrated. Had the world's acquaintance with his work been confined to his paintings, he would never have had

the tremendous influence that he so patently had. In the middle of the century Honoré Daumier two or three times a week made a lithograph or a woodcut, and these were printed in enormous quantities as illustrations in daily and weekly papers, and he thus achieved a circulation such as no other modern and very few older artists have ever accomplished. In Paris a whole generation of painters, foreigners as well as Frenchmen, — two generations, in fact, because his productivity lasted for more than forty years, — grew up with Daumier's work always before them. They could not get away from it except by retiring to the country and never seeing anyone. Delacroix copied Goya and Daumier, Manet did the same thing, and Degas knew his Daumier by heart. Thus, whether or not Daumier was the greatest artist of his period is aside from the point; from the historian's point of view he exerted an influence upon both contemporaries and successors as great as that of any man of his time, and one may query whether, after all, that is not merely another way of saying that he was one of the most important artists of his time. One cannot claim much more than that for an artist, and so one can let it go at that. In one of the print galleries of the Metropolitan Museum there is now on exhibition a large group of his prints chronologically arranged so as to illustrate his development from 1830 to 1872, when he stopped work.

On the human, biographic side, there is so little to be learned about Daumier from the books, that the best we can do for his wife is to call her Madame Daumier — because, although they were married and lived together for a matter of thirty years, her name is not given by a single writer. There are foolish anecdotes about what

Balzac said, and Daubigny, and Michael Angelo gets dragged in. It is recorded that in Daumier's youth he went to jail for lese-majesty and, weighty and untoward circumstance, that he actually wrote a letter while there, the only one of which there is any mention in the books. When he was old and blind, Corot gave him a little cottage in the country and helped get him a small pension from the government.

There is a dispute as to whether he was born in 1808 or in 1810 at Marseilles, but it is certain that he died at Valmondois in 1879. As a lad he was an errand boy for a lawyer, and it is said that he sometimes went to the Louvre to look at the paintings. The only thing he ever said to anyone, he wrote — on the fly-leaf of Champfleury's book: *il faut être de son temps* (one must be of one's time). Like everybody else, he painted — for what else should an artist do on Sundays and holidays when there was nothing else to do? And he modelled a few portrait busts, a relief, and a figure or two in clay. He several times sent paintings to exhibitions, and at least once he competed unsuccessfully for a prize. His father was a glazier and wrote bad verse — but, as compared with his son, he has a full biography, although all that he ever did was to be his son's father, which was doubtless enough.

Thus it is known quite definitely that Honoré Daumier was born, that he had a wife, and that he died; but none of these things seems to have counted for much in his life as compared with his meeting with Charles Philipon, the editor and proprietor of *La Caricature* and *Charivari*, who took him on his staff in 1832 and for forty years provided him with legends to illustrate. And so we are justified in saying that the man Daumier had no

life: that he was merely an artist, spending his time as he might, and incidentally turning out the vastest graphic work that has ever been catalogued. In consequence, there has rarely been so much written about a man that told so little about him, the books and essays being for the most part but mere dithyrambs to the refrain of "*Ah! quel grand artiste!*" with occasional interludes in which the authors talk about French politics and manners and, especially interesting to the Germans, Parisian morals — which is amusing, because, as few men have ever left a cleaner work, it goes merely to show once again that men find in the works of an artist only that which they themselves bring to them.

In any consideration of Daumier's work it is most necessary to bear always in mind that there are at least three Daumiers, — two who are collected by collectors, and another who is studied by painters and draughtsmen, — and that although these three lived under the same hat, they are most astoundingly different in the things which make them interesting.

The collector of "fine prints" has very little use for the Daumiers made after about 1850, the period at which they say he ceased to make good lithographs, because it was just about that time that he ceased to make the traditional very black and very white lithographs, and began to put his emphasis upon line and composition and light and atmosphere. But this is not the place to go into what the collectors think of Daumier; for, interesting as is the collector's mind, it really is hardly of importance in a discussion of art. Men collect postage-stamps and first editions of contemporary English novelists, and so collecting, as such, does not prove anything except about the fellows who do it.

The collector of social caricatures and documents who is not interested in "fine prints," and finds his pleasure in looking at pictures of the generations that have gone before, likes Daumier up to about 1860, because in his work prior to that time is to be seen the most marvelous picture of life in Paris that has ever been drawn. Daumier shows us the bourgeois (that is, the city man) in his nightshirt and cap; how he slept and had nightmares beside his wife, and how he opened the blinds in the morning; he shows us how he pulled on his shirt and trousers and pulled up her corset strings, how he ran downstairs and loafed along the street, peeped in shop windows, read his papers in front of the café, travelled in trams and went on picnics; in short, everything an honest Parisian did, from the time he stopped snoring in the morning until he began again at night. For us of to-day it seems no very important thing, perhaps, to know how the citizens of Paris conducted themselves sixty and ninety years ago; but when one stops to think about it, it is of more consequence than at first appears, because, unless one is all wrong, no one really knows very much about how any earlier people went about their daily affairs.

When all is said, it must be admitted by even the most ardent literary person that the pictures which words can give of life and manners are very partial; the things seen by the authors are by them translated into words, and the words with time changing their meaning, readers of a later generation, when retranslating the words into visual images, get results most remarkably unlike the things the author saw and wrote about. Thackeray's words read without the accompaniment of his drawings do not mean the same things that they do

when so accompanied. Trousers for example are still "trousers," but nowadays they are creased and they taper if ever so slightly to the ankle, whereas in his time they were carefully ironed round and they descended straight, like stove-pipes — which means that a fine figure of a man cut quite a different figure and most unlike anything we see in the advertisements of our friends in Chicago and Rochester, or upon Fifth Avenue. Ladies wore crinolines and sixteen-inch waists, and the way they made their entrance through a narrow door and the fall of their full draperies when they sat down were quite unlike anything that we can imagine in these days of long-exposed shinbones and scantness of materials. The whole visual aspect of life has changed, and with it our understanding of the manners of the past has gone askew. Only in these old caricatures has that life been preserved without change, because only in them was it preserved in casual visual notation of its casual aspects. There was no translation.

When we go back to the Greeks and Romans, peoples we know only through literature and sculpture, we find that they exist for us only as a species of two-dimensional beings — so many Patiences on monuments — always standing or sitting about in classic attitudes. No Roman has entered a room since Rome stopped. The mediæval times we see through the carvings on Romanesque and Gothic portals, the windows of Chartres and Bourges, and the bright enamelled illuminations in the old manuscripts. They glow with color and we know much about their modes of life, for both stone-carvers and illuminators were fond of *genre* scenes; but still they are very far from us, and for the most part locked up in what the Red King called "Anglo-Saxon attitudes,"

charming, fairy-tale folk, with little vitality. In the days of the Renaissance we catch constant little glimpses of ordinary mankind about its ordinary routine of life, but there is as yet no consistent, thorough-going representation.

In the seventeenth century, Rembrandt, Ostade, and Teniers tell us much of life and its occupations, but it is an astonishingly imperfect picture that we get. In the eighteenth century, Hogarth, Moreau, and Chodowiecki portray life as it had never been done before, but through even their delightful pages we get only occasional glimpses of the casual, crowding incidents of urban existence. In Hogarth we feel always the moralizing preacher, making and forcing his points for the sake of the argument. Chodowiecki lived in the Berlin of 1790, a bourgeois *milieu* so tight and tidy that it could never have been just as he tells us it was. Moreau did better than either of the others, for while confining his picture to the rich and the luxurious life of the court, he nevertheless gave it to us in its most charming abandon and casualness. Rowlandson did for the England of his day, but his figures, when not mere paper manikins rustling dryly upon their strings, are too full-blooded and boisterous, and between his two extremes he rarely rings true except in the most Shandean of manners.

And so it happens that it was not until the *Charivari* was started, shortly after 1830, with Daumier as its principal contributor, that we find a civilization truly depicted in its habitual, ordinary, casual, unthinking life, manner, and gesture. None of the earlier men ever depicted the crowd; frequently they drew lots of people in a street or a room, but only with the greatest infrequency the living, swaying, pushing, swirling, many-

armed and legged animal we know as the crowd. But in the pages of Daumier, it appears again and again, hot, close-packed, laughing or angry, hurrying or stagnant, but every time it is the crowd — the jam of urban folk which seems to have first been made toward the beginning of the nineteenth century.

Prior to his time we have seen gods and kings, farmers and soldiers, a few honest bourgeois and many ruffians. It remained for him to discover the dwellers in the great city, the people who live four flights up in back, and he has never been given his due credit for it, because the people he discovered were we ourselves. When Millet discovered the peasant, the world (that is, the city people) was fascinated, and urban gentry pseudo-philosophized and nearly-poetized and read eternal meanings into the unfamiliar drab bovine creatures with hoe and barrow. It was far away and strange, and as it never really came home to him, the city man could survey it at its distance — a distance, moreover, which he was meticulous to preserve. But this other thing, this thing that was himself, was so familiar that he could not take it seriously. Seeing it as a joke he failed to recognize that jokes are just as fundamental, just as primeval, as silent drudgery; that quick movement is as natural as leaden-footed labor; that the nervous gesture of the city man and his fluid emotion are just as elementary as the slow and stolid demeanor of the yokel. The joke was on him, and so he never acknowledged it. He could not do so and at the same time retain his humorless self-respect — for were he to take it seriously as comment, it would have necessitated thought about himself, an examination of his ant-like tumblings and runnings to and fro, and an inevitable headache and sickness of heart.

And thus it happens that snowed under the portentous vocabularies of the art-scientists, covered up in the portfolios of collectors, buried in the cellars and garrets of libraries and museums, the greatest commentary ever made upon the modern man has been allowed to sleep unknown and unappreciated — and all because when it said it, it smiled, and the people did not realize that it was speaking the truth.

But underneath this Daumier of the social commentary and the collectors there lies an even more interesting one, he of the painters and draughtsmen, the artist who during forty years of constant endeavor applied his mind unrelentingly to the problems of draughtsmanship and picture-making, to the things, that is, which stay unchanged through all the fluctuations and changes of subject-matter and which, just as they always have been, always will be, of interest. To understand him it is necessary to think of the times and the ways in which he worked rather than of the subjects he worked at, to forget his legends and to disregard all thought of his wit and humor and political beliefs and desires.

Although he had earlier begun to work, Daumier emerged as a definite personality about 1832, and from that time until the autumn of 1872, when failing eyesight put an end to further labors, his hand was never idle. His working life — and it should be remembered that he was both a political and social caricaturist — stretched through Empire, Restoration, Charte, July Monarchy, Republic, Empire, Commune, and on into the Third Republic. When he began, David, Prud'hon and Goya were the great European painters; he saw the rise and the careers of Géricault, Ingres, and Delacroix;

Millet, Courbet, and Corot were approximately of his own generation; Manet died only four years after he did; and Degas, Cézanne, Renoir, and Monet had already produced much of their best work when he was finally borne from his house at Valmondois. His first lithographs were made at a time when there was no railroad in France and no electric telegraph, and steamships were a great novelty. Paris itself remained architecturally and in many other respects an eighteenth-century city until long after he had reached full maturity. In his youth he must have known men, not much older than he was, who had fought at Leipsic and Waterloo, and he was the principal caricaturist during the dark days of eighteen-seventy and seventy-one.

During the more than forty years of his active career he put forth such a volume of work as it has seldom been given to any other man to produce; for in addition to all his drawings and paintings, and his thousand woodcuts, he is said by Messrs. Hazard and Delteil, the compilers of the standard catalogue of his lithographs, to have made about 4000 lithographs. Without going into any elaborate statements or figures, what this means can be appreciated from the fact that it is more lithographs than were produced by the combined labors of Goya, Ingres, Géricault, Delacroix, Eugène Isabey, Raffet, Corot, Manet, Fantin-Latour, Toulouse-Lautrec, Redon, and Degas, taken all together. Whistler made about 160. Put in this merely statistical way, it means very little unless that he was exceptionally busy, but when it is taken in connection with his one boast that he was a man of his time, and with the fact that he was a very considerable draftsman, it means a great deal, and goes a long way toward explaining some of the most patent defects and merits of his work.

He was a professional caricaturist attached to the staffs of various daily and other papers, for which during forty years he turned out at an average two lithographs a week without allowance for vacations or illness. The grind of such a performance is almost inconceivable and explains why, among his prints, there are so many which are dull or stupid, the work of a man who obviously for the moment was not and could not have been keyed up to first-class work; a task to which no human being could have been constantly attuned. Much is made by his biographers and critics of the fact that he did not draw from life but did everything from memory, a trait about which many cheerful anecdotes are told; but if one thinks it over, it is obvious that there was nothing else the poor man could do — it was one of the essential conditions of his journalistic calling. To this is due the fact that much of his work is lacking in that quality of realistic detail which comes from long and careful study and note-taking of the particular model or subject: his statements are generalized rather than particularized because he, when working, was literally thinking in the general terms of memory rather than in the more specialized ones of immediate and imitative vision. Thus, his early political portraits aside, they having been based upon searching study of the heads, there is to be found in his work little or none of that incisive portraiture which is so marked, for example, in some of the etchings of Rembrandt. Everything, every detail, is apt when looked at to be found lacking in definite particularization. His costumes, especially those of his men, have a most marked family resemblance throughout his long career, the details of fashion counting for comparatively little in his vision.

But to balance these things — defects if one will, or personal idiosyncrasies if one takes a broader attitude — there was one of the most amazing concentrations upon the more fundamental problems of picture construction and draughtsmanship that the modern world has ever witnessed; for by the time that Daumier had finished his work he had become one of the two or three greatest masters of pictorial composition that France has ever produced.

In the beginning, in the eighteen-thirties, he thought little enough of composition or of light or color or atmosphere, his whole attempt being centred upon the plastic realization — forced and caricatured as his calling required — of the ministers of state and their principal parliamentary supporters. From a merely human point of view these portraits, as has been said, were not so much caricatures as calumnies. Artistically, they are studies in planes quite as definitely as any sculptor's drawings, which in fact is what they were, for the preliminary studies underlying them were often not drawings but models in clay which he made in the visitors' galleries of the legislative chambers. His work of this kind is most marvelously resumed in the famous "Ventre Législatif," into which he put everything that he knew about the plastic representation of the human head. Such compositions as he essayed at this time are rarely noteworthy for balance or careful adjustment; and although a number of them are smashing in their contrasts of black and white, even the well-known "Le Fantôme" is somewhat shrill and empty, and the "Ventre Législatif" itself, perhaps his most notorious single print, has somewhat the flavor of a compilation and little enough of the inevitable quality which marks so many of

the little-known, but very much greater, masterpieces of the eighteen-sixties. When one comes right down to it, these early pieces are much more important as political, historical documents than they are as works of art.

Until 1835 Daumier was principally confined to personal political caricature, but in that year a series of statutes known as the September Laws put an end to his work of this kind; for though, later on, for several short periods he was able to return to personal caricature, it never again became his regular daily task. Shut out by law and the fear of fine and imprisonment from continuing the work at which he had made his reputation, he was forced to fall back upon social caricature. This was a field in which he had already made some popularly successful attempts, but from now on it became his principal business in life.

To caricature the man in the street is a very different thing from caricaturing the specific person, if for no other reason than that the man in the street has no highly developed individual personality or idiosyncrasy. Mimicking a crowd and making fun of it is as different from doing the same thing to an individual as the crowd psychology is different from the psychology of the individual man. And it had its immediate effect upon Daumier, who, thrown out of his visual habit, was forced to fall back upon generalities where hitherto he had dealt in particularities, not to say personalities. Crowds and their component individuals have gestures, expressions, movements, all of them generalized or typical of many men and women, and to these things Daumier now bent his strength.

Where previously he had been a serious political caricaturist, whose business it was to express vigorous opin-

ions about individual men, it was now necessary for him, as a professedly comic artist, to raise a general laugh. Naturally enough, he resorted to precedent and took up the type of exaggerated expression and gesture that was the stock in trade of such then popular but now well-nigh forgotten men as Traviès and Grandville, and shortly was known as their master at their own rather foolish game of buffoonery and horse laughter. Traviès had invented a character, Mayeux, who ran through much of his most popular work. Daumier, with the aid of his employer, Philipon, invented two, Robert Macaire and Bertrand, whose adventures delighted the Paris of their day much as do those of Mutt and Jeff now in New York. (It was apropos of the Macaire series that Thackeray wrote the only appreciation of Daumier that was to appear in English until long years after Daumier's death.) He ran series of "Bathers," male and female, of "Perfect Days," and of all sorts of other things, especially of rascally lawyers and brutal judges, a series now famous as the "Gens de Justice," and another in which he burlesqued the gods and goddesses of classical antiquity. Even to-day many of these things are still funny, still delightful in their utter foolishness, and others of them are invaluable documents for the student of manners and customs, for in them, as not even in the immediately contemporary novels of Balzac, are the people of Paris to be found. Most of these things are rarely enough hits from any point of view other than that of their specific subject-matter and its human comic treatment; and if Daumier had ceased to work in 1850, he would have been remembered as a great political cartoonist and the very amusing creator of a valuable commentary for the social historian, but would hardly have

been recognized as a great and dominating figure in the history of modern French art; for all but an astonishingly small part of that work upon which his abiding renown is surely to be based was done after that date.

In the eighteen-forties he lost his way while groping for it, and went through a period of experimentation which was frequently not entirely happy in its results. Whether he was becoming disgusted or tired of the slapstick methods of fun-making which had made him so popular, or whether he merely followed the change in taste that marked the gradual disappearance of the men who survived from the immediately post-Napoleonic times, it is difficult to tell; but in any case his overblown comicality began to quiet down. His humor became gentler and fuller of sympathy, and at the same time he became absorbed in some of the problems of picture-making to which hitherto he had paid little attention. Instead of following any of his hard-worn recipes, he began to experiment. At first his attention was led to a striving for color, for an increased richness of effect, and later to the problem of light or atmosphere; for up to this time both light and color had been conspicuously absent from his work.

His earlier experiments for color involved no difference in the way in which he conceived of his picture, which still for the most part remained a mere depiction of an incident or happening drawn in a vignette or undefined space. As his color problem was more closely attacked and as it became complicated with questions of light and atmosphere, his method of drawing changed, the individual line playing an ever more important part. By the middle of the eighteen-fifties he had forged out for himself a linear formula from which he never after

materially varied — had he been a painter, it might be said of him that he had finally got his palette set and had worked out his methods of application of pigment. But he was still far from having solved the real problems of color and light in his prints, and it was not until the end of the decade that he got on the path which was finally to lead him to complete mastery. Whether or not he was conscious of the problem that he was working at or deliberately thought out the means of its solution, there is no way of knowing, but the probabilities are that it came about without any very great amount of cerebration on his part.

According to tradition, it was just a little before this time that he began seriously to work at painting in oil, a medium in which it was not possible to work in the indeterminate vignette form, and in which pictures not only have four definite sides but a definite space within them that has to be filled. In 1857, the first fruits of this thinking of pictures as things within and organically related to their frames began to be seen in some of the theatrical caricatures, and by 1858 the progress made in the study of composition is quite remarkable, some of the invention shown in such a series as the "Comedians of Society" being of all but the very finest. In 1859 the series that came out in the album entitled *Au Bivouac* shows still further progress in this construction of the picture within its four sides. In 1860 he lost his job on the *Charivari*, publishing we are told but twelve lithographs in that year. In 1861 it seems that only one lithograph by him was published, probably one that had been done the previous year. In 1862 he contributed ten prints to the *Boulevard*. In 1863 there were but four, which came out in December just after he had again

gone on the staff of the *Charivari*. In 1864 he was regularly at work once more, producing no less than 106 prints in the *Charivari*. In 1865 he published 108, and then in 1866 began the series of caricatures on international politics that occupied the greater part of his attention until the end of his life. During the four years 1860–1863 he devoted himself primarily to painting, working definitely for the first time in his life at a thing in which the frame was all-important. It showed immediately in his prints, for nothing that he had ever before done was comparable to several of the drawings that he produced in 1862, or to the great series in the *Charivari* in 1864 and 1865, in which Daumier, the picture-maker, showed his greatest and fullest powers.

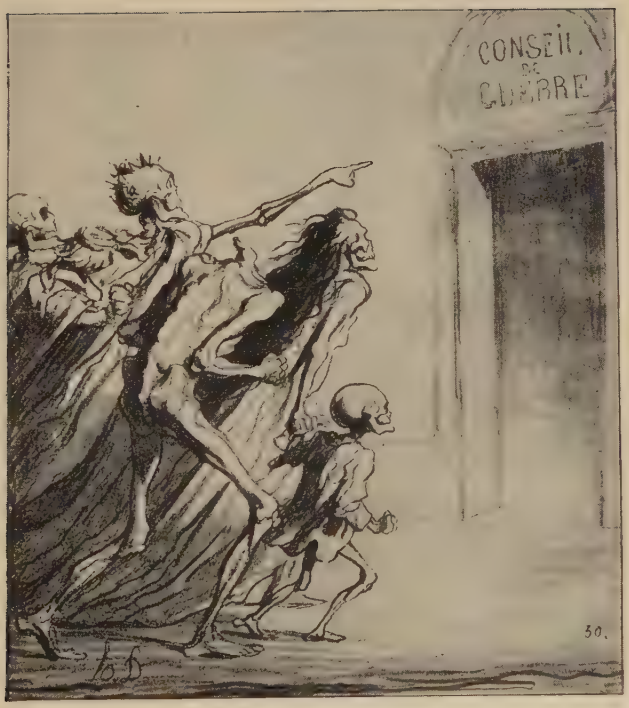
As one looks at the prints of these years from 1862 to 1866, in the first two of which he made but fourteen lithographs, one is immediately impressed by three things: the suffusion of light, the great size of the figures, and the wholly amazing compositions. At last the problem of atmosphere has been solved as by no other maker of prints and by but very few painters. The prints are all gray, there are no violent contrasts of dead black and pure white; all through them light and air have their being, to such an extent that it is very little of an exaggeration to say that by mere tonal relations one can tell how far a figure stands in front of a blank wall behind it. The figures in their turn, these bourgeois Parisians, have become enormous, filling and dominating space, not because they are any bigger in fact than the figures in Daumier's earlier work, not because they are placed in juxtaposition with things smaller in scale (the ineffective trick resorted to by such a minor draughtsman as Gustave Doré), but because, in the slang of the studio, they

were "seen big." The compositions in their turn have also become big, the figures and accessories filling their spaces with an assurance and ease that is completely magisterial, not being in space so much as being themselves a part of space, its integral and component parts. But curiously, as one looks into these pictures, there have been no great changes if any in the draughtsman's formulæ of representation or in his methods of laying lines and tints to represent tones and atmosphere. The only fundamental difference lies in the picture construction, the basing or buttressing of everything upon those four now most definite lines that limit the form and size of his picture. Everything being determined by them, compressed and held together by them, — for without them as fulcra the balance of spaces and figures could not have been achieved,—the composition, the pictorial construction, stands out as the really determining element in all the advance that had been made in other things.

In 1866, when Prussia began to weave the net of armed skirmishes and diplomatic difficulties that was to culminate in the quick and successful raid which is now known as the Franco-Prussian War, Daumier was again turned from his path, just as he had been in 1835 by the September Laws. This time he again became a political caricaturist, but not as he had been in his youth. Then he had fought Louis Philippe and his ministers in the bitterest kind of personal caricature, a caricature in which portraiture with its necessary seizing and development of personality had been all-important. From that he had been turned to the more generalized treatment involved in social caricature, and by dint of thirty years' hard work had finally succeeded in creating great pictures of the bourgeois scene. He was now taken

away from this and plunged into a species of cartoon in which he had to deal, not with such definitely enough visible things as the men and women of the Parisian streets, but with such pictorially pure abstractions as war and peace, the ballot and suffrage, France, Austria, and Prussia. His art had to take a leap from the world of actuality into that of symbolism; he had to deal with the most generalized kinds of ideas that are imaginable. Again he rose to his task, and for a period of six years there came forth in a steady stream a series of masterpieces which may be typified by such well-known prints as "L'Empire c'est la paix," "La paix, Idylle," and "Pauvre France," and which wound up in the late autumn of 1872 with his two last and most powerful political cartoons, both, oddly enough, dealing with death, the "Monarchie" and the "Conseil de Guerre." It is still upon the precedent set by these final years' work that a very large portion of the best contemporary political caricature of to-day, both here and in Europe, is immediately based.

One would like here to dwell upon Daumier the supreme technician: to point out the various and important part that he played in the development of the woodcut in France, — a medium in which some of his most astonishing masterpieces were produced, — and the experiments that he made in other relief mediums, such as the Gillotype and upon "chalk plates." But space is lacking, and it must suffice simply to say that some time when the obloquy under which all modern relief work suffers in the eyes of the collectors shall have disappeared, it will be apparent that a large number of Daumier's most beautiful designs are to be found in these now-despised prints.



Conseil de Guerre
Lithograph by Daumier

By thinking almost entirely of his pictures as wholes, and seldom or never wasting time or effort upon minute delineation or imitation of detail (for, as the French would say, he was n't interested in the *perfection du morceau*), Daumier placed himself outside the range of vision of people who are interested in imitative representation. There were many other men who reported small fact better than he did, many who, having time and the graphic sensuousness, addressed themselves to lithography as an end in itself and considered the "quality" of their impressions as something of importance. But as for Daumier, lithography was so familiar to him, and in itself so immaterial, that he lost consciousness of those aspects of it which loom so large in the minds of artists less thoroughly at home with it and in those of many collectors of fine prints. He was thus able during the last twelve or fifteen years of his career to put his mind immediately upon the expression of his ideas without any hindering selfconsciousness. As nearly as any modern man he achieved draughtsmanship and picture construction pure and unadulterated by the difficulties or prejudices of medium, thus breaking through and away from the barriers of physical technique into a world of thought and expression, in which both logic and values are utterly different from any this side of that barrier. Although it is his greatest and rarest merit, this technical "beyondness" is undoubtedly the principal reason why Daumier's late work remains so entirely foreign to most people — the greater number of whom are still much more interested in watching the wheels go round than in seeing where the car is taking them.

"ORNAMENT" AND THE SOURCES OF DESIGN IN THE DECORATIVE ARTS

TO–DAY in many of the high schools, and particularly in those institutions devoted to the teaching of industrial design, the study of the development and evolution of styles is receiving a constantly increasing amount of attention, while the various architectural schools have of necessity always devoted much time to the study of certain specialized types of ornament and form. The teaching in all such schools has to some extent been based upon the study and analysis of the various objects in which the several styles are exhibited, and to a far greater extent upon photographic or other reproductions of them, as there seems to be a commonly accepted theory that such objects, whatever they may be, are not only the original things, but the only things in which the art of decorative ornament and form may be studied to the best advantage.

So far as the teaching of craftsmanship, as distinct from design, is concerned, this theory is undoubtedly true, but history shows conclusively that it is only partially true of design. For although design is based upon craftsmanship, it is quite another thing, and the study of the two must not be confounded. The situation is exactly analogous to that in music, where, although composition presupposes the possibility of execution, the trainings of the executant and of the composer are widely different, and few musicians are able to play their own tunes, for the simple reason that they cannot write them.

Whatever the case may have been in the earliest times, the fact remains that since the middle of the fifteenth century, when printing was invented and paper first became an ordinary article of commerce, the craftsmen have turned for their designs not so much to the actual pieces of furniture, metal-work, or what not, that have come from other days, or other hands, as to drawings and engravings which have been made and sold in large quantities for their use. Were it otherwise, the rapid and simultaneous development of furniture-making along the lines of a new style in many widely separated localities could not have taken place, because the objects made in these new styles were immediately absorbed into residences and were not available for study by the craftsmen. Even were this simple historic fact not true, they could not have been produced in sufficient quantities, or rapidly enough disseminated, to serve as models for the trade, and in any event the elementary problem of expense would have made such a dissemination impossible, as few great metropolitan dealers or manufacturers, even of to-day, can afford to have their private museums of decorative art. Contemporary dressmakers in the provinces of the *monde des couturières* do purchase models from the great initiators of fashion, but their custom has not spread to the other trades, nor even very far among their own craft, as is proved by the notoriously great sale of printed or cut pattern designs. Comparison of the slowness of alteration in fashion prior to the middle of the fifteenth century and its subsequent increasingly kaleidoscopic speed with the development and spread of printing and engraving, compels the conclusion that the printing press has been mainly responsible for the change in tempo since that time.

Again, the situation may perhaps best be explained by a reference to music. The sounds produced by the performer at the piano correspond to the articles produced by the craftsman, while the musical score, the creation of which demands truest invention and greatest constructive imagination, passes from hand to hand in printed or written form, just as the engraved and drawn designs for craftsmen did prior to the invention of photographic process reproduction. In fact, a photograph of an *objet d'art* is roughly analogous to our modern "canned" music, and the solar print of a Hepplewhite chair in a museum bears somewhat the same relation to the original engraved designs from which that chair was constructed, that the mechanical player's music bears to the lithographed score of a Beethoven sonata. The original basis in either case being a printed score or design, the chair or the music produced by the executant at the bench or at the piano is but a reading or an elaboration of another man's creation, to be considered and recognized as such, in most cases without further or more exalted claim.

Of the designs from which our forefathers immediately produced by far the greater part of the various things to-day loosely classed as examples of decorative art, many were drawings, but most were prints; and from a cultural point of view many of these are of the very greatest importance. Much of this "ornament" (as the drawn and engraved designs for laces, furniture, metalwork, etc., are called in the technical language of the print room) is from the hands of men who have won their greatest popular fame as engravers and etchers of pictorial prints, their ornament being either "original," or variations upon themes found by them in actual objects,

or often mere "copies." In any event, in pure ornament there is little difference between the first two classes; for no one in all probability has ever invented a wholly new and original design; while as for the "copies," they are like two editions of the same musical score, their value not differing materially if the transcriptions be accurate. Moreover, even in the case of a direct copy of the decoration and form of a piece of metal-work, it must be remembered that the craftsman, who works from a piece of paper pinned on the wall over his bench, bases his work upon the eyesight, draughtsmanship, and taste of its draughtsman rather than upon that of the supposititious "original" creator. Large, however, as is the amount of ornament designed by engravers or etchers, most of it has been made by men learned in the several crafts for which they were working, and their designs have been made definitely for the purpose of being engraved by other hands, just as the musical composer intends that the notes in his manuscript shall be stamped into zinc by the music engravers.

As engraving had its origin in the workshops of the gold- and silversmiths, so did few of the great print makers of the Renaissance fail to produce their engraved ornament. Thus, to mention but a few of the more popularly known personalities, Schongauer engraved a series of armorial bearings, a crozier, a censer, and several leaf patterns; Dürer not only made his magnificent coats of arms with the cock and with the skull, but produced bookplates and six woodcut variations of the celebrated engravings of "Knots" by an anonymous Italian engraver of the school of Leonardo da Vinci; while the German Little Masters devoted a large part of their efforts to exercises in design for use by metal-workers and

carvers of wood and stone. To Altdorfer, the Hopfer family, and such later men as Matthias Zundt and Virgil Solis, we are indebted for long series of arabesques and designs for beakers, cups, and other vessels, while Peter Flötner and Paul Flindt specialized in woodcut and etched designs for marquetry, furniture, and metalwork. The situation was much the same in Italy as it was in Germany, possibly the most famous and beautiful of all the Italian primitive engravings being the nielli, and what in English are known as the "Otto Prints" after the name of a former owner, but in German are descriptively known as "Florentinische Zierstücke."

Quite probably the large proportion of ornament to be found in the work of the early engravers is due to the fact that many of them were originally trained as gold- and silversmiths — the earliest engravings having quite curious technical analogies with the plates by such American primitives as Maverick and Paul Jones, who were both silversmiths and engravers on copper. The most influential early ornament, however, was that designed by painters,— the case of Raphael's *loggie* being a prime instance, — as their designs for the decoration of flat surfaces were copied by the engravers and draughtsmen and spread broadcast through the community. After the first quarter of the sixteenth century there rapidly grew up a class of specialized designers for the several crafts, who worked habitually with pen or engraving tool rather than with brush, hammer, or chisel, thus taking over for their respective trades the function previously performed by men primarily known as painters or pictorial engravers. This specialization is noteworthy because, except for the decoration of flat sur-

faces, the designs produced for the various purposes seem early to have formed the ruts in which future development was to take place — the immediate transference of non-pictorial designs from the medium for which they were intended to another being comparatively infrequent. From time to time, as new decorative elements made their appearance, they were utilized and adapted by the designers for the several crafts, important instances being the pervasion of the "Moresque" in the late fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries, and the immediate influence of the discoveries at Pompeii and Herculaneum in the eighteenth century; but their subsequent development seems largely to have been independent.

This condition has lasted well on to the present day, the great succeeding styles in any class of "work of art" being in almost every instance either initiated or disseminated by the specialized designers. Thus the several great styles of the English eighteenth century are known, not after the actual cabinet-makers who made the furniture, but by the names or the manners of the creators of the pattern books. Chambers, who, with Chippendale, was responsible for the "Chinese" furniture, was an architect, as was also Adam — neither of them being a cabinet-maker. Of the three most famous English designers, Hepplewhite, Chippendale, and Sheraton, all were trained as cabinet-makers, but pieces made or actually designed by them are practically unknown — the greater part of their fame and influence having been due to their published pattern books. The Louis XIV style seems to have been due mainly to the popularity of the engraved work of such draughtsmen as Charmeton, Jean le Pautre, and Jean Berain; the styles of the Re-

gency and Louis XV are attributed in large part to the group of designers of pattern books at the head of which stood Oppenort and Meissonier; while Louis XVI is summed up in many respects by the plates of Lalonde and Salembier. Piranesi, who on his coppers always described himself as architect, was probably more than any other man responsible for the initial impulse which brought about the so-called Empire style.

Space forbids mention of the great designers for jewelry, — except perhaps Benvenuto Cellini, one of whose masterpieces has now found its final resting-place in the Metropolitan Museum, — or of the many men who have invented the designs in the countless pattern books for laces, embroideries, metal-work, and generally for schemes of interior decoration; but the same thing is true of them that is true of the furniture designers: they were primarily ornamentists and only secondarily craftsmen.

The decoration of flat surfaces had rather a different history from that of ornament intended for specific materials, as here there were not the same controlling physical limitations. Despite the great beauty and celebrity of such work, for instance, as that of Raphael and Watteau, designs of this type are perhaps to be found in greatest abundance in the decoration of printed pages — from the Florentine arithmetic of 1490, which so obviously inspired the ornament of Hans Sebald Beham and Aldegrever, and the *Hypnerotomachia* printed by Aldus in 1499, through the various editions of the classics and other popular books produced at Venice and Lyons during the sixteenth century, and winding up with the head- and tail-pieces by such very great masters as Eisen and Choffard in the eighteenth-century editions of the

French classics. The reason that the most charming and graceful designs of these non-specialized types so frequently occur as book decoration is that it was possible, as a general rule, to secure the services of much greater and more delicate artists for that purpose than for any other; and it therefore happens that if one would see the greatest abundance of dainty and perfect examples, one must turn to the fine editions of the favorite authors to find them.

The importance of the collection and study of drawings, prints, and book decoration, not only for a proper understanding of the functional growth and development of ornament, but as the source for inspiration of new design, therefore, can hardly be overrated. The most intelligent students of design and the most artistically enterprising master-craftsmen of Europe have been keenly alive to the actuality of the situation for at least a generation; and such very intelligently conducted institutions as the Kunstgewerbe Museum at Berlin, the National Art Library, which is one of the departments of the South Kensington Museum at London, and the Bibliothèque d'Art et d'Archéologie at Paris, have been assiduously forming collections of printed and drawn "ornament" of all times and periods; the impulse in Berlin coming from a group of great merchants under the leadership of Dr. Lippmann, for many years the head of the Royal Print Cabinet, and at Paris being carried on through the generosity and public spirit of one of the greatest living *couturiers*.

In this country there seems as yet to have been no concerted movement for the formation of such a collection in any place, save in so far as books of specialized interest have been gathered at the several architectural

schools. The museums here for a generation have been aware that the whole of art is not to be found in sculpture and painting, and most important and valuable collections of furniture, woodwork, pottery, plate, and textiles have been formed at many places, notably at the Metropolitan Museum, the collections of which have been made extraordinarily rich through the generosity of the late J. Pierpont Morgan and his son. These collections are having a most gratifying effect upon the prevailing standards of craftsmanship in this country, such an exhibition of contemporary American work as was held at the Metropolitan Museum in March of last year showing clearly the inspiration they have afforded. But as yet the current production of the craftsmen throughout the country, however good from the point of view of craftsmanship alone, is disappointing in so far as it still has a decided tendency to fail in design. Much as the collections of decorative art have done and are doing, therefore, it would seem as if the development of design in this country must of necessity fall behind the development of craftsmanship until such time as those collections are supplemented in our public institutions by collections of the drawings, prints, and book decorations made by the great masters of ornament, and the public is taught their use and value. Not only should the *objets d'art* and the ornament upon which they are based be placed in juxtaposition, and their relationship explained and interpreted so that the craftsmen of the country may realize the manner in which their forerunners worked, where and how they obtained and compiled their designs, and how most successfully they may do the same thing for themselves, but the museums should be active to establish great collections of ornament, to

which the craftsmen may turn for inspiration and aid when they have learned the art of its use from the study of the juxtaposed examples.

Unfortunately the fine ornament of past times has to a large extent been worn out in the workshops, just as the other tools were, and to-day it is becoming so rare and expensive that it is quite impossible for any but the wealthiest worker or manufacturer to form a good collection of it. The making and utilization of such collections, therefore, have become matters for collective effort; and like all other collective effort in the field of the fine arts it should find its leaders and its foci in the museums, because from a broad point of view it is perhaps doubtful whether any other extension of present institutional activities could be so valuable to the cause of art in the communities they serve. At the present time the collections of decorative art educate more connoisseurs and collectors than they do craftsmen; and until and unless they are supplemented by "collections of ornament," the education they afford will largely continue to be that which is useful in the acquisition, rather than in the creation, of works of art.

THE OGDEN CODMAN COLLECTION

THE books and prints lent by Ogden Codman have now been arranged in a room adjoining the Print Room in the basement of Wing J, for which Mr. Codman provided bookcases, chairs, tables, a rug, and framed prints, in order that the collection might as nearly as possible be housed as it might have been in an architect's or interior decorator's working library. In consequence, the room has a familiar air that invites to a comfort and an ease, in the consultation of the volumes with which its walls are lined, that are in marked contrast to the severely and too often repellently efficient atmosphere typical of collections housed in public institutions. As the collection is intended only as a reference collection for mature students and practising members of the several professions that use this kind of material, it is proposed to let those persons have free access to the shelves, in the hope that thereby they may be enabled with the greatest ease to avail themselves of its resources, and even that some through sheer comfort will be enticed to "browse."

The collection was made for his own use by a practising architect and interior decorator, who happens also to be a collector and bibliophile, and who therefore took pleasure in adding to his shelves as need and opportunity arose many of the rarer and more noteworthy as well as the more familiar printed documents bearing on his art as practised in France, England, and the United States in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. As is to be expected in the case of any library formed not only

for the charm and interest of the books it contains but also for their immediate usefulness, there are, in addition to the several original and more expensive volumes, a number of facsimiles of items which time and chance did not throw in the collector's way. Principally formed of old books with engraved illustrations, it was further enriched by its owner's clear-sighted utilization of the photograph to procure records of work which seems not to have been engraved in its own time. Thus, for example, to the series of engravings of Georgian ceilings and plaster work contained in the celebrated sets of engravings in the books of Adam, Pergolesi, and Richardson, have been added not only a number of modern books containing reproductions of plastering as actually carried out in the Georgian mansion, but a series of photographs of work that has not been published in book form, as in the case of a certain scrap-book filled with sharp silver prints of little-known and most charming ceilings to be found in old Dublin houses.

The period in France and England running roughly from the second half of the reign of Louis XIV to the end of the first quarter of the nineteenth century, to which the collection is practically confined, happens, in addition to its great favor among those lucky people who have been building and redecorating their houses within the last score of years, to be in many ways the most important period in the history of the dwelling-house. It would be foolish in the extreme to say that from a purely æsthetic point of view the eighteenth-century scheme of interior decoration was finer or better than any one of a number of others which have found their adherents in the welter of "styles" and fashions in which so many of our contemporary architects and decorators specialize.

Opinions of that kind, at best, are mere personal expressions of preference; and it may be noted that the vigor and tenacity with which they are held usually occur in inverse ratio to their propounders' knowledge of styles in general. It is not on the æsthetic side, therefore, that the claims of the profound importance of the eighteenth century are to be rested, but on another infinitely more tangible: that during the eighteenth century (meaning thereby the period above indicated) social conditions first required solution of problems which are now dominant in the planning and proportion of private dwellings. However much the schemes of applied decoration adopted for normal city houses may vary, — we see "Gothic," "Italian Renaissance," "French Renaissance," and other schemes applied everywhere, — the framework of the house is that evolved in Paris and London in the seventeen-hundreds. Our contemporary house as a machine dates from that time. As to its furnishings also, much more is due to that period than to any other, for to-day furniture is chosen fundamentally for comfort — a quality in which that period specialized, evolving the general forms and shapes of chairs, sofas, tables, and so forth, now most in use. The claim for the century rests, therefore, on a simple mechanical basis — the construction of a still-utilized mechanism for living.

Mechanical as this claim is, however, it has very great implications, for it immediately involves "use," which in the long run is the arbiter of what shall continue as an operating thing and what merely as an æsthetic curiosity. Many things can still exist to greatest advantage in the country, where there is space and usually time, but in the city the spacious has long since become something far beyond the reach of all but the very rich. There is a

premium on space, and every inch of it has to be used to greatest practical advantage. And this is where the eighteenth century made its contribution, since it developed not only a plan but a filling which conserved room.

Blondel in his *Maisons de Plaisance* relates that it was Robert de Cotte, in the last half of Louis XIV's reign, who first placed mirrors over fireplaces; and one remembers, though one cannot immediately put one's finger on the citation, a contemporary account of how the oldsters (*les vieux*) grumbled over the innovation. It seems like a minor detail at first sight, but upon examination it is peculiarly suggestive and may possibly be regarded as typical of the thing that the period did. During the times preceding de Cotte, the whole plan of the French house had been predicated upon show and ostentation; life was lived, even to its most intimate details, in the open and with publicity. Privacy was unknown.[1] The apartments were vast and their decoration was correspondingly heavy, the mouldings highly developed and the chimney-piece a dominant architectural feature, large and projecting deeply into the room. The exaggeration of windows, mouldings, and chimneys was necessary to hold down the great spaces.

During Louis XIV's last years and under the Regency the court dried up, people began to live at home rather than at Versailles, and the private *hôtel* entered upon the period of its first great expansion. As a result, what is now known as the parlor or "sitting-room" made its appearance. But as the private *hôtel* meant restricted

[1] "Les princes du sang, à Versailles, s'accommodaient de lits de fortune que l'on installait dans des salons ou cabinets." — De Gallier: *Les Mœurs et la Vie Privée d'autrefois*, p. 219.

spaces, and under the Regency servants seem to have been difficult, when not impossible, to procure, service had to be made allowance for in the lay-out of the building. The rooms therefore were small, there was no space for the great heavy mouldings and hoods, and so far as possible the heating apparatus, instead of projecting into the room, was incorporated in the wall. The hood vanished and its place was taken by the mantel-shelf on which were placed clocks, porcelain, and other small things. Over the mantel-shelf was a flat panel, sometimes filled by a painting or a tapestry, and in the smaller chambers by a mirror inserted for the very purpose of giving an ocular impression of non-existent spaciousness. The function of the space over the fireplace was thus completely changed — where it had been designed to consume superfluous room, it was now designed to give a false impression of additional room. The change can be seen in a moment by comparing the plates of Jean Le Pautre, who typified the first half of Louis XIV's time, with those in such a book as that by d'Aviler, which was first issued at the end of the seventeenth century, and those again with the engravings in Blondel's *Maisons de Plaisance* of 1737 and Mariette's *L'Architecture Françoise* of 1727.

The same thing happened in the design of chairs and tables. They became comfortable and, even more, practical. As the century progressed, they lost their swelling lines, their legs ran up and down, their corners became less cruel to clothes and limbs, and they took up less floor space. Upholstering became almost a fine art. And with all this came, both in France and in England, a steadily increasing degree of skill in sheer craftsmanship and a luxury and refinement of decorative signed

which place the later years of the seventeen-hundreds in a little niche all by themselves; for at no other time was such meticulous care taken in the proper balance and relation between ingenious and comfortable utility and ocular pleasure. It is not for nothing that the period is known in literature as "the age of reason."

Many of the most prominent architects and decorators, furniture- and metal-designers of the period happily turned author, and issued books with plates full of the most charming records of their skill and fancy. And it is of these that the collection is principally formed.

Without degenerating into mere cataloguing it is impossible within the limits imposed on a *Bulletin* article to give any detailed idea of the contents of the Codman Collection, and so it must be sufficient for the time being to say that between it and the books of engraved design in the Museum Library and the Print Room the student may find most of the more important items of the eighteenth century in both France and England.

JEAN PILLEMENT: ORNEMANISTE[1]

ALTHOUGH not one of the recognized philosophers of the eighteenth century, Marcel, the great Parisian dancing-master, sounded one of its most perfect and, artistically, one of its most pregnant notes when he sighed and said: "Ah, que de choses dans un menuet!" since thereby he summed up pointedly, and with as much intention as one cares to grant him, the attitude toward life of a society which found its greatest happiness in pondered and skilful arrangement of the *menus plaisirs* of life. Conversation was not mere talk or interchange of thought, it was a seriously considered game with rules and points, penalties and rewards, to which all the world turned, as during the reign of Henri IV it had turned to the niceties of the fence. But as compared with that more athletic, if not more agile, exercise, it offered an infinitude of strategies and situations, delectable and charming in themselves, not least among which was the fact that this game was suitable to the parlor and was to be played habitually with women, as well as on occasion in their presence. Its devotees, as one of them so frankly said, loathed war because it interfered with conversation.

Taken seriously by an entire community, among which were many of the most intelligent as well as the best-bred people of their time, this game was played not only gravely, but at times with consequences so momentous that it were futile to regard it as mere frivolity. As the greatest of all games known to men is that of con-

[1] There has recently been added to the ornament collection in the Museum Print Room a group of 360 engravings by and after Pillement, of which twoscore are printed in color.

duct, so may one not dismiss as unworthy of consideration the manner and the material with which it was played by this group of exceptionally keen intellects and studiously good manners. Light in its touch, skilful in its phrase, the period believed with one of its most disillusioned writers that the day wherein one did not laugh was wasted, and it contained many who thought as Vauvenargues, in that wisdom which was not only worldly but most generous, that one of the noblest attributes of man was his ability so easily to dispense with greater perfection. One took what the world provided, and being grateful made the best of it. Of course it was artificial, but, however much the moral zealot may dislike another's artificiality, he must know in his heart that without artifice there can be neither manners nor that quality in conduct which is called politeness, and that to its little politenesses life owes its most pleasant savor.

These reflections may seem quite far apart from any consideration of art, and yet as we look back to the eighteenth century, past those periods — romantic, impressionist, and post-haste — which have succeeded it, and remember the loud turbulencies of petty self-assertion which have marked them all, their essential rudeness, their gaucherie, their stridency, and all the other unsocial qualities which they have sought to justify on grounds of naturalness, we can see that it was perhaps the last in which the art of living and its kindred arts of decoration received the thought and care which are their due. In design as in conversation, they believed with that other later moralist, that "la politesse aplanit les rides."

So little self-assertive was the time that there are almost no surviving records of the life and travels of Jean

Pillement of Lyons, who was in many ways one of the most distinguished and delightful of its many draughtsmen. We know that he was born at Lyons in 1727, that he died there in poverty in 1808, that he worked in London, Paris, Vienna, Lisbon, and that he held the appointment of painter both to Queen Marie Antoinette and to Stanislas, King of Poland. Five times between 1760 and 1780 he exhibited in London at the annual shows, and between 1757 and 1764 more than two hundred plates after his designs were engraved and published there at the expense of a fashionable master of dancing and deportment. He appears to have played a not unimportant part in the development of English landscape practice during the second half of the eighteenth century, and to have spent a great part of his life preparing designs for the Lyons looms.

In his own time possibly most famous for his landscapes, which despite their charm were but little more than pastiches of seventeenth-century Dutch painting, he is most valued to-day, by the few who know his work, on account of the many designs which he made for the decoration of walls and of textiles. Of all the many men who specialized in the minor arts of decoration during the eighteenth century, Pillement stands out because of the sheer delight which lies in his completely nonsensical work. Groups of flowers or seed-pods are arranged in marvelous patterns, which are the more entrancing because they have no apparent rhyme or reason. Barques of flowers and leaves pursue their courses in flat defiance of all the rules of physics and experience. Chinamen fish from pagodas perched on ladders rising from most fragile petals. Children play gravely comic games. And everything is beautifully mannered. In its way it is the most

perfect illustration of the fact, full comprehension of which seems to be so difficult for so many people, that nonsense is neither bad sense nor half-sense, but like sense itself has its logic and its close reasoning; and that to achieve success in its pursuit requires talent of most uncommon distinction. There is no subject-matter, there is nothing with which we are familiar; in any other hands the things would be banal and flat; and none the less, as we look at these designs, especially those most charming ones rendered in color by the otherwise unknown English etcher Anne Allen, we are transported to a land and to a realm of thought in which artificiality becomes natural, and nonsense serious and close-linked as logic its very self.

Where Moreau le jeune and Fragonard told their many and delightful tales of expensive costumes and court manners, Pillement put on his wishing-cap and carried himself, and us with him, over the hills and far away to a country beyond the moon, where people were grave because there was no sorrow, where people smiled because of the very solemnity of their farce. Like some inspired clown, impassive of countenance, a little melancholy, and impeccable in pomponed pantaloons, he holds forth to us his magic hoop, bidding us break through into the world of pure enchantment that lies beyond; a world of inversions and topsyturvinesses, where nothing is unexpected because nothing is expected, and where delight involves no moral consequences. An older Frenchman said: "Our follies are our wisdom."

DECORATION FROM LOUIS XV TO OUR DAY

ON April 21 there will be opened in the Print Galleries an exhibition of "ornament," containing both engravings and a few drawings made for the use of craftsmen, which will be illustrated by a number of objects showing the manner in which the motifs and the designs of the draughtsmen were applied in the shops. In view of the fact that the exhibition, while containing many charming and important originals, is educational in intent, it has been thought wise to include a number of facsimiles of prints and drawings which themselves are not available.

As there have been several articles in recent numbers of the *Bulletin* upon this topic, it is doubtless not necessary to repeat the arguments there advanced concerning the great importance of the study of ornament. Perhaps, however, an attempt to find the reasons for at least one of the greatest differences between the seventeenth- and eighteenth-century attitudes toward ornament and the attitude of the present day may be worth while. No claim is made that the theory advanced is more than a theory. The documents in the case are so vast in extent that no one, short of many years' arduous work, can be familiar with them; for a large part of the story, possibly its most important part, no adequate digests of the facts as yet have been made. Admittedly faulty, if the argument, such as it is, can start discussion and thought, it will have fulfilled its purpose.

To-day in common parlance "decoration" and "ornament" in the various styles, Regency or Adam, for in-

stance, are chiefly thought of in connection with "period rooms" and "period furniture," which mean rooms and furniture of any period except our own. The "period room" in the museum or in the house of the collector is a place where genuine objects of a certain period are brought together, in order that, being seen with and among other objects made at the same time and under the same influences, they may have their proper value. But the "period room" in its ordinary condition is something talked of in the magazines devoted to household furnishing, something made to satisfy a timid taste on the part of its possessor, and, so far from being typical of what was meant by "decoration" and "ornament" by the men of the period in question, stands at its very antipodes; for the underlying spirit of the real and that of the modern adaptation are fundamentally different. In view of the great mass of "period furniture" that is being turned out by our manufacturers and its disappearance into our houses, it is important that this difference should be understood.

Until the beginning of the last century, the great palaces and mansions were planned and carried out pursuant to the given style of decoration in vogue at the time of their erection, such period rooms as were to be found in them being but the normal result of the changes that time brought about in the interiors and the exteriors of houses lived in during succeeding generations. When a new wing was erected, it was furnished naturally in the prevailing taste of the day; when a room or a suite was altered or refurnished for any reason, it was done over in the then contemporary style. People believed in themselves and in their styles, — had complete confidence in them, — and did not hesitate to break with

the past, to put a contemporary room in the middle of many old-fashioned ones. This self-confidence brought it about that when rooms and apartments of different periods were found in a great house, a visitor could tell within a few years just when each of them had last been done over.

But to-day all this is changed. A house so new that the plaster is still damp in its walls will have its period rooms, either all in the fashion of some one long-dead time, or in the fashion of several wholly distinct, not to say antagonistic, styles. When rooms or apartments are done over, the chances are more than even that the new work done will be in the style of some period at least a century earlier than that in which the rest of the house is conceived. Where the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries looked forward, we look backward, and somehow, but quite logically nevertheless, the effect is not the same.

In England in the later years of the eighteenth century two new departures were attempted in decoration, one Gothic and the other antique, the latter of which will be talked of in its place. A few rich men, Horatio Walpoles and "Vathek" Beckfords, out of sheer perversity built themselves what they called "Gothic" houses. But they were not Gothic, not even imitations of it, only fantastical nonsense, Beckford's tower at Fonthill, so flimsy in construction that, unless memory plays false, it tumbled down one day when the wind blew. Some of the furniture designers, Manwaring and Chippendale, produced patterns for "Gothic" furniture, but they were just as far from Gothic as Fonthill — nothing more than amusing attempts at originality in an age of keen competition — and they had little influence. England

went on its way, copying current continental design, keeping just as closely *à la mode* as it could from across the Channel.

On the Continent, however, something real did happen shortly after the middle of the eighteenth century. Between 1710 and 1750 Herculaneum and Pompeii were disinterred, and for the first time the world knew how the interiors of antiquity had been arranged and decorated. People took a very keen interest in these discoveries, and the architects and the designers were not slow to show their influence, Gabriel, beginning in 1751, designing the École militaire, the Gardemeuble (better known to travelling Americans as the Hotel Crillon), and the Place de la Concorde. In 1757 de Neufforge, directly inspired by the antique, published the first of his books of designs and, twenty years ahead of time, struck out into what is now known as the Louis XVI style. About the same time were issued the color prints after the drawings of Bartoli, reproducing most of the known antique paintings. "Rome devenait à la mode," but its influence was not strong enough to do more than strongly color the traditional French scheme of things, to stiffen up from the extravagances to which the Regency under the leadership of Meissonnier had given itself. As said by Cochin in one of his attacks on the Regency men which appeared in the old *Mercure:* "It had become necessary to find a new architectural style . . . but also it was necessary not too rudely to shock received prejudices by too suddenly producing novelties too far removed from the prevailing taste, or to risk being whistled off the stage without chance of return." There was no violent break with the past, merely a natural evolution, which, however, paved the way for what was to follow.

In Rome, while the discoveries near Naples were being made, there came into being a group of ardent archæologists, the great Winckelmann at their head, one of the most vigorous members of which was the astonishing Venetian etcher Piranesi, who, devoting his life to depicting the ruins of the grandeurs and insolences of Rome, was a great friend of Count Caylus, of Hubert Robert, and doubtless known to such another as Fragonard. Of them all he was the most headstrong, the most violent in his beliefs and actions, for he was an eighteenth-century Venetian, trained in the period in which Venice was messing with astrologers and fortune-telling (the period so graphically described by Casanova in his frank revelations of the chicanery that he practised upon the senator), and he clothed all his ruins in mystery, summoning them like shadows from some vasty deep, and giving to everything that he touched an atmosphere of incantation. Much work and almost as much controversy over his beloved ruins — for he was constrained, or, better, unrestrained, to defend them against the claims of the Grecians — finally produced in Piranesi the desire to create a decorative art which should owe nothing to the moderns, which in all its details should be a resurrection of Roman art; and this obsession resulted in 1769 in the publication of his book of plates, *Divers Manners of Ornamenting Chimneys and all other Parts of Houses taken from the Egyptian, Tuscan, and Grecian Architecture, with an Apologetical Essay in Defence of the Egyptian and Tuscan Architecture.*

Early in his essay he says: "What I pretend by the present designs is to shew what use an able architect may make of the ancient monuments by properly adapting them to our own manners and customs. . . . The

study of Architecture, having been carried by our ancestors to the highest pitch of perfection, seems now on the decline, and returning again to barbarism. What irregularities in columns, in architraves, in pediments, in cupolas; and above all, what extravagance in ornaments! one would think that ornaments are used in works of architecture, not to embellish them, but to render them ugly." Finally, after a long discussion of antique architecture, Piranesi bursts out with his challenge: "The Roman school, founded upon these monuments, will continue to be the mother of good taste, and perfect design, which are the distinctive marks of her superiority over all others, and which bring such a number of hopeful youths from different nations into her bosom, there to learn the perfection of design."

This book was in many respects the culminating point in Piranesi's career; he made his proposal to sweep aside the accumulated tradition and to sit exclusively at the feet of Antiquity. In the Rome of the day, full as it was of ardently archæologizing sojourners from everywhere, the idea took root. Piranesi's friend Clérisseau, the architect, transformed the "cellule" of Father Lesueur according to the new theory, — as comic in its inception as it was ever to be, — his bed the basin of a fountain, his desk a sarcophagus, his table an entablature, and capitals for his chairs; while Hubert Robert with greater restraint did some work in the new style for de Breteuil, the ambassador to Rome from Malta. The new style reached France in 1789 — the very year of the Convention — when Belanger, who had succeeded to the papers of Lhuillier, a pupil of Clérisseau's, decorated the hotel of Mlle. Dervieux in the rue Chante-reine in the most thoroughgoing Piranesi. England it reached

somewhat earlier, primarily through Piranesi's friendship with Clérisseau, who introduced to him Sir William Chambers and Robert Adam, whose great book, published in 1772, actually contains several plates etched by Piranesi. In both countries the antique style had a great and an immediate vogue. In England the fashion set by Adam and the amateurs of Greece and Rome had a tendency to slip back into the normal course of things English, for the tradition and the practice of the crafts remained as before, and the direction of their accumulated momentum (or was it perhaps their inertia?) was not much deflected by the impact of the new ideas. But in France political events took a hand in the history of design and craftsmanship with the most momentous and unforeseeable results.

The organization of the French trades had received a most severe blow in 1776 when Louis XVI, at the behest of Turgot, but so much against the will of the Parlement that he had to resort to a *lit de justice* to effect it, completely reorganized the trade guilds, their powers and personnel. In 1791 they were finally abolished, and the old traditional system was thrown to the winds; the trades and professions became free for all to practise who would. Doubtless a wise economic measure, it had the result of disrupting the organization, the training, the education, of the designers and the craftsmen, and, in so doing, of beginning the destruction of the tradition, running back to the Middle Ages, which by its very intensive effect had brought about such remarkable things.

Then in 1793 came the *débacle* — the King was beheaded and France became a republic, and with the republic came a complete change in life and fashion. The political troubles had begun in 1789, the same year in

which Mlle. Dervieux had her house done over in Piranesi's style; and from that time until 1796, there was little building or artistic work done in France. During those seven years the craftsmen were effectively disorganized, while the architects wandered over Europe, to Portugal and to Russia and the smaller German principalities, where their efforts were lost so far as concerned the future in England or France. There were two minor styles developed prior to the Empire, known as the Revolution and Messidor (this in vogue during the Directory and the Consulate), but they were little more than short transitions between Louis XVI and Empire. They amounted to little because men's minds were intent upon political and economic events, the subject of the competition for the architectural prize in 1793 being "une caserne devant contenir six cents hommes de cavalerie." People from sentiment and from fear discarded what they could of the old traditional forms, and the antique, being representative of nothing resembling the old monarchical things, was adopted wholesale, so that when David, who had been trained at Rome in the time of Piranesi, came into power, he was able to promulgate as by edict the Empire style. This lasted until the end of the Napoleonic régime so far as concerned building and furnishing undertaken officially and by the newly rich, for the older generation had lapsed into quietude, glad to be allowed to live, let alone to embark upon new ventures.

The period from 1789 until 1815 was so long that, when it ended, a whole generation had grown up under the tyranny of Percier and Fontaine, the fashionable Empire designers and architects, and there were left practically none of the craftsmen trained under the old traditional corporate scheme. The Empire style lasted

for a while after Waterloo, but, by mere impetus, dying away in the stuffy comfort of what are known to-day as Restoration and Louis Philippe. The Græco-Roman had weighed upon men's minds until they were tired of its grandiosity, and, even more important, were sick of its oppressive heaviness and uniformity of style. Much as the restored monarchy would have liked, the old tradition could not be recaptured. The people wanted freedom — not only the freedom from the old corporate restrictions which they had already achieved, but freedom to do as they wished in their own work. Moreover, they, or at least a very large and influential part of them, hated the artificiality of the old régime, its smartness, its trigness, its good manners, and they argued that it was not really French anyway, that it was a development out of Italianate sources forced upon the public from above, by the School of Fontainebleau under Francis I, by the work of LeBrun and Bernini under Louis XIV, and by the archæologists under the Empire. They wanted to find something really French, and, as luck would have it, it was ready to hand. The spoils of all the old châteaux, of the monasteries and the churches, were cluttering the shops and the storage places; the neo-catholic movement combined with the advent of a group of powerful scholars and students who were busy disinterring the antiquities of French literature and art to bring about a great interest in the early glories of France. As early as 1800, Berchoux, a poor-enough poet, had written:

> Qui me délivrera des Grecs et des Romains? . . .
> O vous qui gouvernez notre triste patrie,
> Qu'il ne soit plus parlé des Grecs je vous supplie!
> Ils ne peuvent prétendre à de plus longs succès,
> Vous serait-il égal de nous parler français.

The Romantic movement was in full swing before anyone realized it — French art, the truly national expression, unspoiled by foreign influence, the art of freedom, of expression, was seen in the Gothic. And all of France that counted for the future plunged. Chateaubriand had written of the Génie du Christianisme; Count MacCarthy and van Praet collected and collated the books printed upon vellum; Baron Taylor, aided by the invention of lithography, started his series of *Voyages Pittoresques en France*, and called to his aid Bonington, Isabey, and many others, for the purpose of illustrating the monuments of past time. Shakespeare and Goethe came into sudden and violent vogue, and Delacroix illustrated them with equally sudden and violent pseudo-Gothic lithographs; while Victor Hugo epitomized the movement in one sentence of his preface to Notre Dame: "Inspirons, s'il est possible, à la nation l'amour de l'architecture nationale." With it all came "moyen-âge" chairs, tables, ceilings, windows, bindings, everything. For the first time in Europe was seen the sight of a people trying at one and the same time to turn their faces back four hundred years and to keep up with modern invention, to live and think in the *quinzième–dix-neuvième siècle*, to be *moyenâgeux* and to travel in steamboats and railway cars. It really was very, very funny—an episode that had its great furies, its violent controversies, its vivid personalities, and a great deal of charm. It tried to straddle two periods utterly and fundamentally different; it had available all the loot from the great houses, and it was, thanks to the lithographic stone, for the first time in history, a people drowned in pictures, pictures of everything that the hands of Frenchmen had ever made. Such part of France as

was not sodden in bourgeois comfort turned and twisted under the strain of trying to do the impossible; it built new buildings in "Gothic"—mantelpiece-clock Gothic, I fear, for the most part; old buildings it restored; in ones not quite so old it inserted false floorbeams, put up struts and mullions which had no functional purpose, painted its walls blue and spattered them with gold stars, sat upon beastly uncomfortable chairs with rose-windows for splats — and generally made a charming ass of itself.

Naturally the thing could not be done; valiantly as the Romantics tried, it was too much like lifting one's self by one's boot-straps — the steamboat, the railroad, the daily paper were too strong, too interesting, and too essentially of the here and the now. And of course it ended in a deep-dyed pessimism: the truly French thing, the *moyen-âge*, did not work, and with that discovery the people really interested in such things lost faith in themselves. New things in decoration were dangerous, and there was so much lovely old stuff, either real or to be imitated, so many charming objects and motifs that were perfectly good, which had stood the test of time, about which there could be no argument. It was Louis quince, or whatever; even, in the eighteen-seventies, Japanese rooms; but in any case something with a name that disarmed criticism, that saved the necessity for thought, and above all the necessity for that frequently uncomfortably bracing exercise of having faith in one's self and doing one's own thing. The "period room," the eccentric room, the emblem of lost faith, had come to stay. Architects and decorators, instead of being artists, became "savants."

Somewhere Henri Havard sums up the situation:

"Curious contradiction, the furnishings of the Middle Ages and of the Renaissance were generally preferred for the dining- and smoking-rooms — rooms which, for good reason, those periods did not know. Louis XIV and Louis XV were reserved for the two drawing-rooms, and Louis XVI for the bedroom and the boudoir. A kind of pot-pourri of various pasts, curious mixture of contradictory traditions and aspirations, and because of that, the sufficiently faithful image of our political and social condition."

England for a time went on its own way, more insular than ever: after the decision at Waterloo holding its head aloft from the rest of the world, content and proud of things as they were, intent now for a little while on being as British as British could be — only, still, with a curious Wedgwood-Flaxman reflection of Piranesi-Adam-Empire. But sooner or later Yorick Britain always recognizes that in matters of style "they order these things better in France." Many of the young artists and writers went to the Continent to finish their education, and they were in France while that country was having its distemper. They came back infected with Gothic. Prout, Turner, Nash, Pugin, Ruskin drew it, built it, preached it. But it had to wait its turn, for there was no devastating revolution in England. Finally, in the seventies the teaching of the group came to a head in Sir Charles Eastlake's *Hints on Household Taste*, a book that had a tremendous vogue; and out of the frame of mind that it typified came Morris and his satellites, valiantly preaching economics, honesty, sincerity, and art, all Gothic, with the result that this time Gothic came into its own in the houses of the æsthetic and the newly rich, sweeping them from typography to

window curtains, and having as its principal result the endowment of the English-speaking world with the "Morris chair," fitting emblem of the peculiar attitude in and toward life that engendered it.

In the meantime the good old English fashion of copying French fashions came to life again; the early-Victorian was impossible, the middle, if anything, worse; Punch had been a bit hard on the æsthetic school, and with the example of Hertford House and South Kensington before them, the "period room" came into its own in England — as in France earlier in the century, the result of a fear of both present and future and the certainty that the old was both tried and good, even in not-too-intelligent reproductions.

May we of to-day in our own turn not go back and read Piranesi's *Apologetical Essay*, with profit, forgetting if need be his particular examples, and concentrating our thought on some of his general principles, as expressed, for instance, in a passage such as this:

"An artist, who would do himself honour, and acquire a name, must not content himself with copying faithfully the ancients, but, studying their works, he ought to shew himself of an inventive, and, I had almost said, of a creating Genius. And . . . he ought to open himself a road to the finding out of new ornaments and new manners. The human understanding is not so short and limited as to be unable to add new graces, and embellishments to the works of architecture."

The question that is before American designers and manufacturers to-day is: are we going to keep up the aping of the past, or have we enough vitality, enough belief in ourselves and in each other, to forge ahead and, fortified by the study of the evolution of styles, create a style of the here and the now?

NOTES ON AN EXHIBITION OF ORNAMENT

INVENTION in ornamental design, like invention in other fields, such as those of engineering and mechanics, is not so much a question of making something new as of adapting and using existing, well-known things in some combination peculiarly apt to the requirements of the special circumstances. The problem of design really consists of little more than the decorative breaking up of accurately defined surfaces, and it is therefore primarily a question of space distribution. Beautiful handling of spaces rather than discovery of new motifs or development of novel form is what most distinguishes the real, great ornamentalists from the ruck. The old half-truth that artistry consists not in what is said but in how it is said is more nearly true in ornament than in any of the other arts, for the most trivial, the most banal, and the farthest-fetched motifs have been those most frequently combined into the greatest masterpieces.

It is common enough to hear a painter say that he cannot work successfully unless he is given free play, that the limitations or rather the specifications of a "job" always hamper his individuality and his artistry. But, however true or logical such a feeling may be in the case of the painter, the ornamentalists have always been supported and aided by the very specific spatial limitations within which, and conditioned on which, they have had to work; so that the greatest of them have been those who, far from breaking down the limitations imposed upon them, have most freely and easily moved within them.

It thus follows, both *a priori* and as matter of fact, that the truest differentiation of the various styles and the several masters within them, certainly from the point of view of the student of the history of ornament, and not improbably from that of the "practical" student of design, lies not so much in motifs as in spatial disposition. The unknown niellist, Zoan Andrea, Aldegrever, de Neufforge, Piranesi, Percier, and Adam, all used the same motifs, — a lingua franca of all times and conditions, — and what differentiates them is solely their sense of scale and their ease of movement. Each style has its typical space within which to move, and without complete assimilation, complete comfort within that space and its correct scale, it has always been impossible to produce good work in that style. Now these spaces have never been twice the same in any succeeding periods because of the simple fact that they are based upon different social and economic facts and conventions. Comfort in sitting depends upon such things as military accoutrements, skirts, stays, and many other things, none of which are ever the same for any consecutive score of years; and comfort in sitting is what determines fundamentally the shapes, that is, the spaces, of chairs, which after all are neither more nor less than contrivances for the support of fully clad human bodies. The same thing is true in a more complicated and bigger way of rooms, hallways, and whole buildings, and everything that goes into their furnishing and decoration; for in every case they have been designed to meet certain demands which will never again occur in the same combination.

We all know how unlike and untrue are the figures of the participants in a fancy-dress party when seen from a

coign of vantage: the men's bodies do not swing properly from their hips, the women's backs and the poise of their heads, the gait of both men and women, belie the most careful archæological research on the part of their costumers. We can't be anything other than what we are. And it is just this that underlies the failure of our present-day five-finger exercises in the "styles" of past times. It is a truism that a man of to-day cannot write like Johnson or like Sterne, and it is just as obvious that a man of to-day cannot design or live in a house as the contemporaries of those men did. I am informed by one of our closest students of the history of house-planning and decoration, himself a most eminent architect, that if two well-to-do families of the same number and ages, one of the period of Louis XVI and the other of to-day in New York, were to demand the same amount of space and the same degree of accessibility for their parlors, libraries, living-rooms, and bedrooms, and were each to insist upon having the latest and most modern conveniences installed, the house of the family of to-day would require at least twice the cubic volume that the other did. Twice the cubic volume cannot often be afforded, and, naturally, as between "conveniences" and space, we elect conveniences, with the result that, if both houses are to be decorated in the same style, the spaces of to-day are diminished, and our scale inevitably thrown out. And this is merely one of many typical cases.

The same thing is true even in borrowing contemporary foreign styles, for it too has all the impossibility of re-creation — has not someone said that archæology begins at the frontier? The exhibition contains at least two prime examples of this fact, each showing English borrowing of contemporary or nearly contemporary

French work. The first "deadly parallel" is that between two doorways, one designed by Marot and the other by Batty Langley, the difference negligible so far as "design" goes, at most but slight simplifications in detail. The second case shows Sheraton playing the most sedulous ape to Salembier, copying as slavishly as he could every slightest incident in his band of ornament. The only difference in either case is one of scale — detail, shape, everything the same, but somehow in each case the French design has a swing, a power, an ease of movement that is native, as of some tongue spoken confidently, idiomatically, and without trace of foreign or provincial accent, while the English designs speak both with ungainly effort and with decided foreign burr. The most amusing incident of the kind, possibly, in the present exhibition of ornament, is that shown in the first floor-case at the left of the stairs entering the print galleries, where there are shown side by side the outline engraving of a desk taken from Percier and Fontaine's *Recueil de Décorations Intérieures*, published at Paris in 1812, and the color-print of a similar desk contained in an anonymous book of *Fashionable Furniture*, published by Ackermann at London in 1823. Where Percier's design has all the earmarks of style, uncomfortable, ungainly, if one will, yet somehow distinguished and rather fine, the English version, like Gentle Alice Brown's mamma, is a "foolish, weak, but amiable old thing" — and this in spite of the fact that the pair are as alike as two peas.

The exhibition of ornament affords many instances in which this difference in racial and time scale can be felt; and for this alone, if for nothing else, it should be of interest to the casual visitor. The most hurried compari-

son, for instance, of the prints of interior decoration and objects by French artists from Le Pautre to Percier, all of whom worked within a period of little more than a hundred years, shows how important scale is; for in the work of no two men is it the same. It makes little difference whether the designs compared are as disparate as a Le Pautre ceiling, a Berain gunlock, a Blondel mantel and mirror, a Meissonnier snuff-box, a Germain candlestick, a Lalonde barometer, and a Percier desk, or a series of wall decorations, the same thing is true in each case — the space proportion of each master, of each period, is unique. Further proof of this can be found, if desired, in the series of big plates by Meissonnier, illustrating such divers things as snuff-boxes, needle- and scissors-cases, a sofa, a ceiling, a doorway with chairs at either side and a view of the next room, an overmantel, a sled, and the side of a gala reception room — all run true to type and, more important, to scale, even in spite of the fact that the snuff-boxes in one print are full size, and the chairs in the next are no larger than the snuff-boxes.

The exhibition contains a few objects showing how the engraved designs were used by the craftsmen of the time, but only enough to point the way to the craftsmen of to-day. It would be impossible to find anything drawn in more desperate perspective than most of the English furniture plates, or anything less capable of being turned into wood and upholstery without much planning and plotting; and for that reason our contemporary manufacturers look at them with more or less indifference. What they ask for is measured drawings showing mortises and tenons and accurate profiles, so that they can be turned into the shop without digestion. The

plates in Chippendale display a violent tendency to have at least three different kinds of legs, and two different kinds of backs — and all wildly out of drawing. Yet under two of these plates is shown a chair, the legs of which come from one side of a chair in one plate, the top and splat from a chair in the other, and the sides of the back from another chair in the same plate; the result a perfect Chippendale chair, owing its individuality to the intelligence and the correlating power of the maker.

Among other examples of this kind, there is one in the exhibition which shows how useful, possibly how disquieting, the old engraved design may be to the connoisseur as well as to the student of ornament. In a case containing several pieces of Portuguese eighteenth-century silver, there are shown engravings taken from Germain's *Éléments d'Orfévrerie*, published in Paris in 1748. Doubtless the silver may have been made in Portugal,— the writer has no knowledge or competency to discuss the subject, — but the engravings, when the objects are confronted with them, prove that the silversmith who made them was most intimately acquainted with contemporary French design, and that he was able so perfectly and so convincingly to render French design and feeling, that if not a Frenchman, he must have spent long years of study in France. Further running down of the problems presented by these cups and candlesticks and these engravings, carried on from an iconographical and documentary point of view alone, without examination or handling of the objects, shows that there was a large family of Germain in Paris in the first half of the eighteenth century, which for several generations carried on a profitable business as designers and makers of silverware — and, even more interesting, that for many

years their principal client was the court of Portugal. Whether the pieces exhibited are hallmarked, or whether they have any peculiarities of metal or minor marking to indicate their Portuguese origin, I do not know; only that I am told they were purchased in Portugal as Portuguese silver. But simply on the facts as stated and upon a comparison of design with object, the doubt must be strong in anyone's mind whether these pieces of plate are not really French.

The exhibition also contains several objects and prints which, taken together, are interesting from yet another point of view. In most instances objects were made from prints produced specifically as designs for use in the arts and crafts, but on occasion the craftsman turned to his account material which he found in prints made for purely pictorial purposes. Thus in the gallery containing the early prints are shown a Gubbio plate, lent to the Museum by V. Everit Macy, and Marc Antonio's engraving of Dido, which has been copied by the maker of the plate as faithfully as he might. A large German wood-carving, in which Elizabeth and Mary and two of the other figures had been copied directly from the woodcut of the "Visitation" by Dürer, is hung alongside the much smaller print.

One of the principal differences between the groups of material shown in the three galleries is that, whereas the English engravings are without exception designs of things, the French prints are in many cases not so much designs of things as the elaboration of motifs suitable, with modifications, for application to many uses. As a natural result, utterly unlike the English designs which are interesting only *qua* the furniture, etc., which they represent, many of the French ones are delightful and

charming works of art in themselves, with a swing and grace and frequently a boldness of intention which are quite surprising. In the gallery devoted to the early prints a very large proportion of the frames contain engravings which, in the course of time, have come to be collected and valued simply as engravings without any reference to their possible utilitarian use. To show the way in which they were used in their time, several frames contain reproductions of prints placed alongside photographs of objects made from them, one instance being that of an Aldegrever, of which the original is included in the exhibition, accompanied by a stone pilaster, a stove-tile, and a stoneware mug, each of which carries the design of the print in whole or in part. One should note also the facsimiles of leaf patterns by primitive German engravers which, by their marvelous linear accomplishment, their *élan* and simple surety of feeling and touch, take very high place in the hierarchy of beautiful ornament, and, in the present exhibition at least, are met in their own field only by some of the spirited designs for ormolu by Peyrotte.

Among the Italian Renaissance ornament prints and drawings has been placed the "Battle of the Sea Gods" by Mantegna, in its own time used by workers in terra-cotta as a model for friezes, and subsequently so adapted and stolen from by such masters as Zoan Andrea, Beham, Aldegrever, and the Master of the Horse's Head, that it may be considered the fountain-head of the stream of ornament distinguished by its use of the merman, fishes, and skulls of horses.

Finally, one aspect of the exhibition should not be overlooked, and that is the way in which many of the artists were able out of pure foolishness to create the

most dignified, the most charming, and the most alluring design. The most delightful of all the fancies possibly is that represented in the prints after Pillement for printed and embroidered fabrics. Surely nothing could be more impossible than those Chinese garden houses sitting on the tops of flights of rustic stairs which spring from flowers and are supported by charm alone. Yet who would not climb to them, sure at last to meet his *heure exquise?* And then that bellows-bark, the faster to travel so calmly puffing wind into its own sail! No pea-green boat, however well endowed with lots of money and plenty of honey, could to it compare. Might it not be taken as the symbol of all good ornament?

> C'est l'instant, Messieurs, ou jamais
> D'être audacieux. . . .

A FURTHER NOTE ON ORNAMENT

ONE of the most interesting aspects of the Exhibition of Ornament now being shown in the print galleries is the way in which the various styles of design seem in great part to come from the imaginative efforts of a comparatively restricted number of great designers and inventors of ornament. Today in all our newspapers we read of the great desire, the necessity, of bringing the ultimate consumer into more immediate touch with the producer; it is one of the burning economic questions of the day, and every housewife is familiar with it. Many efforts are being made to solve the problem, and coöperative stores and farmers' and consumers' leagues are battling for it. The same situation is to be found in design — since there, for one contemporary designer who is in touch with the work of the real producers of the styles and motifs on which he depends, hundreds get their acquaintance with them only at second- and third-hand. And it is noticeable that those contemporary designers who produce the best work are those who have come into closest touch with the work of their greatest predecessors.

Without going back to Renaissance times and tracing the development of the pilaster from Mantegna and Zoan Andrea to the beginning of the nineteenth century, or delving into the results of the profusion of ideas that sprang from the teeming brain of Le Pautre, it will be interesting, perhaps, for a moment to look at the work of Piranesi and to consider the way in which the middleman of design passed his work on to the ultimate consumer.

If we look at the prints hung about the most northerly of the three galleries in which the ornament prints are displayed, we shall notice that the west wall is supported by a series of large and overworked designs by Piranesi for mantels, overmantles, tables, tabourets, sedan chairs, and various objects that go to make up the furnishing of a room. Almost without exception they are so rich and fanciful, and particularly so overladen with ornament, that they could not be executed in wood or stone, and must therefore be regarded as abstract. Piranesi was the great original producer of a style that was to sweep Europe, but his work, like clotted cream or condensed milk, was capable of use only after being diluted to the consumption point.

A large part of this "richness" of his designs can be traced to one simple psychological fact which showed itself in two different ways simultaneously, each of them contributing to the thickening of his plot. He was an over-enthusiastic person, who knew no moderation, who never took a middle ground, and who, overemphasizing everything, from his title-pages to the linear structure of his plates, never knew when to stop. He was, in short, an all-over kind of individual. And this came out in the fact that, just as nature abhors a vacuum, so did he, being very natural and exuberant, abhor any vacant space — wherever he saw one he had to put something into it, with the result that he filled his plates so full of material that they became like overgrown apple trees, full of fruit but very difficult to climb, and quite useless from a profitable point of view until well pruned.

In addition to this, his exuberance created another difficulty for the unskilled — he overstated his own too-

great complication. It was perhaps merely a question of rendering, but his overemphasis deterred those who were accustomed only to watered milk. If he had a flower-and-leaf design on a flat surface, let us say, instead of treating it in delicate line with little shading, so that it would appear in keeping with the object it decorated, he bit his etching vigorously, made every line strong, heavy, and black, and had the flowers and leaves cast shadows of such size and density, that so far from appearing like a flat or nearly flat design, they stood out boldly in the full round, away from the surface they were intended to be a part of. His combination of too much and too strong made it necessary that he should be diluted before using.

He rapidly found middlemen to water his product so that the craftsmen and designers could use it; in England, Robert and James Adam, Pergolesi, Richardson, Sheraton, and Hepplewhite — the two latter of whom took much of Piranesi at second- and third-hand, and a great deal of it by way of France — served this function of the middleman for the classic revival. Compare, for instance, in the gallery which contains the English work, the highly colored, hot emphasis of the Piranesi plates with the still rich, but much simpler and quite cold, Adam engravings — for the Adam plates without exception were made from buildings and objects which had actually been constructed, and were not pure exercises of decorative imagination, as were those of the great Italian.

Then with the Adam ceiling, for instance, which is shown in one of the prints in the exhibition, compare the still greater simplification, the complete absence of shad-

ing and relief in the Pergolesi patterns for ceilings displayed in one of the floor-cases in the same room. And finally, shown in the same case as the Pergolesis, is a plate of a ceiling by the Englishman Richardson, as it happens, tinted with water-color, but notwithstanding that fact, still simpler and less robust, and certainly with less emphasis. Richardson was what the builders and plasterers actually used — it was so thin that they could digest and understand it as compared with the other richer things; in their time they undoubtedly referred to them as nice, workmanlike drawings.

This process of dilution, which always follows the copying of a copyist, is bound to continue so long as the designer, who makes the actual pattern used by the workman, goes to secondary and tertiary sources for his inspiration; and it should be remembered that the "actual objects themselves," to which so many contemporary designers confine themselves in their study of the design of past epochs, certainly in so far as made during the last two hundred years, are never better than secondary, and rarely better than tertiary sources. It is doubtless much easier to look at old furniture, or to look at photographs of it, — which are one step further removed from the source, — than to go back to the designs of the great creators, or to the middlemen who come nearest to them; for most of the hard thinking necessary to transform the master's more or less "abstract" design into terms of wood, metal, or plaster, is thus done for one; but in the long run, might it not be better worth while to return as closely as possible to the primary sources, and, in the light of one's own ability and the particular problem in hand, work out the solution anew? Certainly it would seem to promise greater

scope for originality, and even better results so far as practice goes.

The Exhibition of Ornament now on view contains a number of examples showing this degradation due to the use of other people's predigested thought, and it also contains a great deal of the unadulterated pure gold of ornament. Especially it points the way to the location and utilization of the real thing.

CHARACTER IN ORNAMENT

DURING the last six months the Print Room has acquired a number of ornament prints and books, some of them of more than ordinary interest. In this note, only the prints made to serve as patterns for workers in the precious metals will be referred to.

Largely pure design, ornament of this type is notoriously one of the most difficult things in the world to describe, since any attempt to do so properly and competently would require, as a condition precedent, the creation of a large and highly artificial technical vocabulary. Such a vocabulary would require for its creation such an amount of study and keen analytical thought as seems never yet to have been brought to bear on the problem; and even if some person possessed of the time and erudition necessary for the task were to undertake it, the comprehension of the vocabulary, once it was worked out, would demand so much special knowledge, that but the very smallest number of professional print cataloguers — and one can think of no others — would be tempted to acquire it.

It is, therefore, obviously impossible to describe it in words in such a way that anyone, even if he were familiar with the material, would be able to understand what was being said. But, nevertheless, it may not be out of place, with the aid of some reproductions, to try one's hand at casting a little side-light on some aspects of the material.

The prints are all designs for workers in the precious metals and, representing the solutions of similar problems offered by German, French, and Dutch artists, afford the curious a chance for an excursion in comparative psychology.

The earliest in date, and certainly among the most important, is a design for spoons by Heinrich Aldegrever, who, though generally classed among the German Little Masters, is really not of their number. With the possible exception of Dürer, he seems to have been possessed of a finer sense of style than any other German ornamentist of the sixteenth century, his plates rank-

Ornament by Virgil Solis

ing high among the most excellent things of their kind that Europe has produced. His designs are marked by a distinction which seems almost foreign to Germany in its beautiful poise and easy grace, qualities largely attributable to his close observation and most intelligent appreciation of the accomplishment of the Italian Renaissance, for rarely has there been a more lovely result produced than by the grafting of Italian motives on a German base which his skill made possible. Perhaps a trifle too easy and free in its elegance, it is

quite the best and truest that Renaissance Germany produced.

About a generation after Aldegrever came Virgil Solis, busy and prosperous manufacturer of prints of all sorts and descriptions in republican Frankfort. Bartsch's list of his prints runs to no less than 568 numbers, several of which are mere notations of whole books full of illustrations, one of them containing no less than 216 pieces, and another 178. The difficulty of describing the ornament made by Solis was so great that finally the great Bartsch himself, the Littré of prints, got so weary that at the end of his section devoted to ornament we find the following rather spiteful note, evidently written by a man who had labored until exasperation at his intractable material caused him to throw up his hands: "There still exists a considerable number of plates containing designs for plate and jewelry, which possibly belong to the two foregoing series, though they differ in size. But as we do not know how many of them there are, and they are the least estimable of Virgil Solis's works and in consequence little collected, we have thought ourselves justified in foregoing their description, especially as their detailed enumeration would have been infinitely tedious, and in any event would not have sufficed to enable anyone to distinguish them." Where Bartsch, who had a greater and more intimate knowledge of prints and cataloguing than any other man who ever lived, felt himself unequal to the task, other and less experienced people surely may be forgiven for confessing their incompetence.

Among the pieces by Solis in the collection are a number of "samplers" of arabesques, evidently intended for the use of workers not only in the precious metals but in iron and steel as well. A typical example is reproduced

in these pages and will have to serve in lieu of description. It is evidently a fusion of German precedent and Italianate and Eastern design, adapted to the use and requirements of Solis's constituency — the wealthy, comfortable, middle class of the German trading cities. There is plenty enough personality here, a very real identity — but how far removed from that of Aldegrever! The hand that did these plates made samplers, put together on the one print snippets of motives to be cut up and used by other men as occasion might require; and he did not bother his head to combine them as finished works of art — with the result that he appears to have given merely a vocabulary of design, but no syntax. It is for all its charm just a bit inchoate, in its unordered richness resembling the German prose of the time.

Another and slightly later aspect of German design is afforded by the nine prints by Bernhard Zan which are among the rarities in the collection. Of Zan nothing seems to be known beyond his name, and the fact that some of his prints are dated in the fifteen-eighties and bear the name Nuremberg. Like the Solis pattern, they are interesting because carried out in exactly the technique which would be used by the metal-worker in applying their design to the beakers and other objects for which they were intended; thus standing at the opposite pole from the Aldegrever, in which we see not so much a pattern for a thing as its highly finished representation from the hand of a great and most skilful master of the technique of engraving. The probabilities are that Zan knew little or nothing about the engraving of copperplates, as distinct from the ornamental engraving of silver vessels; and in fact, if one were to be strictly accurate, one would have to say that his plates were not en-

graved at all, but chased. However, they are typical of the best silversmiths' design which the end of the sixteenth century produced in Germany, the vessels decorated in their manner being among the most ardently collected pieces of metal-work known to the collector and connoisseur. Here again we meet the people for whose delectation they were made — a richer and more opulent group than those whom Solis typified; quite *haute cuisine* as compared with his *cuisine bourgeoise*. Very human in their make-up, purse-proud, extravagant, ostentatious, doubtless somewhat *protzig*, they were very little given to dreaming or to any very nice consideration of the details of their daily life. They liked what they liked, and they liked to have it around; and being the solid men of affairs of their day, they were apt to have what they wanted, and therefore on one of these plates we find flowers and fruit and good luscious vegetables all mixed together, pea-pods and radishes, apples and pomegranates, roses and lilies, in one beautiful combination which could not but reflect pride in the garden and the generous purses and appetites that dictated its contents.

About the same time as Zan, though possibly a little later, we find Daniel Mignot, who, despite his French name and his obvious study of French precedent, worked at Augsburg. His designs seem to have been intended for jewelers and others working upon small and restricted surfaces, and are interesting not only for the elegance of their forms but for the little niello designs by which the corners of his plates are often occupied. This type of ornament, in which pure design was utilized in white upon black, was very popular about this time in France, and its use by Mignot indicates that even in his time the

"Paris model" was highly regarded in the provinces of the *monde des modes*. His plates speak of a society in which "Little Mary" was not so constant a preoccupation as that for which Zan worked, and in which womankind played a more important rôle.

Ornament (Goldsmith's Design)
by "A. D."

Further development of the type of niello design with which Mignot's name is associated is to be found in the prints by the anonymous Master A. D., one of whose plates is dated 1608. There seems to be some question about his nationality, but it is most probable that he was a Frenchman, as his designs have a logical and trenchant quality which is very rarely found in the work of the

German schools. He carried this style of work to a quite extraordinary degree of elaboration and finish, his designs being uncommonly brilliant and resonant, if one may be pardoned the word.

The highest development which this type of work

Ornament (Goldsmith's Design)
by Jacques Hurtu

reached may not inconceivably be found in the prints by Jacques Hurtu, one of whose plates is dated 1619, and who certainly was French. Many other designers of this kind of thing display great skill and ability, but, to the writer at least, Hurtu's achievement is quite the most delightful and charming of all, because, while losing little if any of the logic and brilliance which mark the

work of such an artist as A. D., they are informed with a pretty fancy in the use of flowers and leaves that is not wholly unrelated to that of such a later and different person, for example, as Pillement. The swirl pattern which is here reproduced is quite extraordinary, a very

Ornament (Goldsmith's Design)
by Jacques Hurtu

real masterpiece, and as lovely an example as one may hope to see of the beauty which on occasion finds its way into this kind of work; for not only are the flower-and-leaf forms keenly seen and boldly conventionalized, but they are imbued with a sense of movement which, to say the least, is most unusual. There are few enough paintings in which there is more movement than we see here

— and it is accomplished not by draughtsmanship but by design. Then there is a star-and-circle pattern which is also among the delectable things. Full of plants and flowers and little furry living things as a child's paradise, it too observes its laws of placing and of movement, if not so trenchant, certainly more charming than the swirl. Hurtu's work is rare, and as it lacks completely that *glaenzend* engraving quality which fascinates so many amateurs, it has attained to little celebrity. His name is absent from all but very few dictionaries of artists. And yet, if performance is what we look for rather than labels and endorsements, he must certainly be classed, if not with the greatest, at least with the choicest of the ornamentalists.

In the collection there is also a handful of odd designs, for the greater part anonymous. Most of these are niello patterns resembling on a smaller scale the work of A. D., but among them is at least one example of the work of Pierre Marchant, which is here reproduced as a typical example of the charming jewelry design of the early seventeenth century in France. Even in its black and white it has an ordered richness and beauty which make it singularly attractive, and make one desire to see a piece made from it.

A group of little designs for finger rings, anonymous and presumably made at Lyons about the middle of the sixteenth century, represents an aspect of French design of the period, with which students appear to be not so familiar as with its architecture, furniture, and general interior decoration. Doubt of their authenticity has been expressed to the writer, but so far his opinion with regard to them remains unshaken, for they have to a marked degree certain stylistic qualities which the ar-

chaizing designer rarely if ever succeeds in catching. They speak loudly of the France of the middle sixteenth century, exhibiting, in addition to forms and lines, the peculiar and elusive something which sets the work of that school apart from that of the rest of the world. Various attempts have been made to express this in words: terse, logical, trenchant, clean-cut, the French *tranchê*, all occur to one, but none of them reaches the point. Somehow it reminds one a little bit of Euclid, who, as one remembers, time after time, in the logical progression of his theorems, "proves" that certain things cannot be because they are "absurd," forgetting or omitting to say that in fact they are not really absurd but only contrary to one or another of his definitions, — which after all are merely a series of assumptions which he adopted as rules of his particular game; for there are a number of perfectly logical non-Euclidean geometries according to which some of Euclid's most glaring absurdities are perfectly normal and true.

The French have always played their game of the arts and crafts with the most touching respect for definitions, a sort of subconscious inhibition guarding them against that casual and quite careless disregard of postulates which the rest of the world continually displays in the face of facts, and in consequence the French designer has always had style and frequently has produced amazing results; but invariably, if one looks close, one can see that both style and invention have been the result of tight thinking in a closed system of postulates and "absurdities," evidencing not so much imagination as carefully calculated solution of definite and narrowly limited problems.

On turning from these French designs to a group of

Dutch seventeenth-century silversmiths' patterns, one is immediately aware of a different attitude toward life, in which to be humanly pleasant rather than intellectually logical is the aim. Somehow, in looking at these engravings for the tops of beakers, one does not feel that the man who made them was fenced about by an impenetrable hedge of "it is n't done's." Naturally his work is not so "well bred," but it has a most distinct and very charming character, and a definite even if somewhat amorphous personality. His shoulder-blades have a tendency to sink backward in his chair; he does not sit bolt upright as the French designer did, heels touching and knees together. Altogether he was a more comfortable sort of person, as if he might be a comrade and not merely a beautiful demonstration of a theorem. His mind was not ordered and laid out like a flowerless formal garden, with gravel paths and close-cropped borders on which no leaf dared fall, but had plenty of bright-colored blossoms, and lush grass, and berries and currants, and well-kept fruit trees. The Dutch designs speak of a tidier housekeeping than the French, one in which elbow grease and cheerful human intercourse played a larger part, and in which logic was never allowed to interfere with cleanly comfort. It would be a bold man who should say that it is poorer than the other kind of thing, intellectual as that was. Certainly it was different, and in its working more akin to the mental processes of the English-speaking world; for however much we may tug at the straps of our fashionable French boots, all that we do thereby is to prove the more conclusively that the processes of certain logical types are alien to us.

OSTAUS'S *VERA PERFETTIONE*

TO the collection of ornament in the Print Room has been added the *Vera Perfettione del Disegno*, published by Ostaus at Venice in 1567. Possibly best known as a needlework pattern-book, from its occurrence in the bibliographies of that subject, it is really a good deal more than that, since it contains designs suited for the decoration of all sorts of flat surfaces, and doubtless was as much used by woodworkers as by the lace-makers and embroiderers. Among its illustrations a number of pictures hardly suited to the use of pattern designers rank with the most successful Venetian woodcuts of the middle of the sixteenth century, and give the book a distinct place in the history of both illustration and woodcutting entirely aside from its importance in the history of design. So many of its patterns were taken from other sources that it may be regarded as the work of a compiler, quite in the modern sense, rather than of an original designer. The Print Room is lucky enough to possess a number of the original copper engravings by Aldegrever from which several of the designs were taken by Ostaus's draughtsmen, and comparison of them with his woodcuts is not only instructive, but extremely interesting, as throwing light on the life-history of designs and their component motifs.

Many of Aldegrever's pieces, including several of those here adapted, having been based on earlier Italian work of about 1500, the *Vera Perfettione* shows the return to Italy of designs which, originating there, passed through intermediate German stages of development. The most successful of the designs in the book, however, are some which appear not to have travelled so exten-

Woodcut from Ostaus's "La Vera Perfettione del Disegno," Venice, 1657

sively as those which have just been mentioned, as in them there is to be seen a snap and sparkle of draughtsmanship which puts them in a class by themselves and has ensured them a high place among typographic ornaments — the frequency with which they have been "lifted" by modern draughtsmen speaking more than any words of the deep appreciation in which they are held.

ETCHINGS

IT is proposed in this and the coming numbers of the *Bulletin* to give some short account of the historical exhibition of engravings, etchings, and woodcuts that has been arranged in the print galleries.[1] The exhibition, for which important loans have been made, contains 86 engravings, 127 etchings, and 148 relief prints (many of small size), and 84 books illustrated by these processes. The selection has been made with a view to illustrating by typical masterpieces a number of the more important episodes in the history of the relief and intaglio processes of making printed pictures. Space limitations have required that very few "reproductive" prints be shown and that emphasis be laid upon those that are "original" in character.

As, of the three arts represented in the print galleries, etching to-day shows the greatest vitality and commands the largest following among both artists and collectors, it may be taken up first. All the prints referred to are in the exhibition.

Long before the etching process was employed for making plates from which to print pictures, it was used by the metal-workers for the decoration of arms and armor. Some time about 1500 it was first used in printing by some member of the Hopfer family at Augsburg, the earliest etching which can be dated being the portrait of Kunz von der Rosen by Daniel Hopfer, which, while obviously not a first attempt, is known from outside evidence to have been made prior to 1507. This, like all the other primitive etchings, was made on iron,

[1] The Fiftieth Anniversary Exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, in the summer of 1920.

a metal which gave some remarkable results, the etchings by Dürer, such as the "Great Cannon" and his "Agony in the Garden," ranking among the most celebrated achievements of the etcher.

The earliest etchings on copper were not true etchings but dry-points, the first very important ones from a purely artistic point of view being Dürer's magnificent "Saint Jerome by the Willow Tree" of 1512 and his "Holy Family." The first true etchings on copper, the metal ever since currently used for the purpose, did not appear until about 1520, when Lucas of Leyden made a little group of them, the most important of which doubtless is the portrait of the Emperor Maximilian, as it has the added interest of being the first print in the making of which both etching and engraving were used. It is difficult to say when the first pure landscape etchings were made, but, while certainly not the earliest of all, those of Augustin Hirschvogel are typical of the work of the first half of the sixteenth century. Until toward the end of the sixteenth century, etching everywhere was decidedly calligraphic in character, the first important break toward the loss of the individual line in masses of shadow being found in prints like the "Dancing Nymphs" of Adam Elzheimer, the strong influence of which is seen in such work as the "Judah and Thamar," by Pieter Lastman, the master of Rembrandt.

The calligraphic manner persisted longer in Flanders than in Holland, the best of all the Flemish seventeenth-century work being done in it, as for example in the "Saint Catherine," by Reubens, and the portraits of Johannes Snellinx and Jan Breughel, by Van Dyck. Van Dyck's portraits are especially worthy of notice, for while they have not the psychological value of some later

portraits, such, for example, as those by Rembrandt, they have never been surpassed in their easy simplicity of statement of the more important outward aspects of men's features.

The next, and most important, personality to appear in etching is Rembrandt, who by common consent was not only one of the most skilful technical etchers that ever lived, but the creator of the most renowned etched pictures that have ever been made. His work is so many-sided that it is impossible to do more than call attention, without comment, to landscapes such as the "Landscape with Three Gabled Cottages," the "View of Amsterdam," the "Landscape with Cottage and Hay Barn," and "Cottages beside a Canal"; to portraits like those of Jan Six, Jan Lutma, Old Haaring, and Clement de Jonghe; and the marvelous series of Bible subjects of which the exhibition contains thirteen, among them such important items as the "Christ Presented to the People," the large "Three Crosses," and the "Hundred Guilder Plate." It is to these renderings of the biblical story that one must turn, would one see what imagination can do in etching; for they are among the most emotionally powerful works of art that have ever been made in any medium. It is worth while noting in this connection that, whatever "importance" size may give, many of the prints which from an artistic point of view are most important are among the smallest; such things for instance as the "Little Burial of Christ," the "Presentation in the Dark Manner," and the "Descent from the Cross by Torchlight" being among the most noteworthy Rembrandts.

Rembrandt had many contemporaries who etched interestingly, the best known of the Dutchmen being pos-

sibly Ostade, whose wonderful control over atmosphere is represented by the "Hay Barn" and the "Feasting Peasants"; Ruysdael, of whose quiet landscape art "Les Voyageurs" is typical; and Berghem, possibly the best of the etchers of animal life, who is represented by the print known among collectors as "The Diamond" because of its brilliancy.

In France at this time there was a curious but perfectly natural attempt made to etch in imitation of engraving, a method much used by Jacques Callot of Nancy, whose tiny figures have remained inimitable in their vitality, and whose few landscapes are among the most beautiful of their very great time. Wenzel Hollar, originally from Prague but long attached to the English court, represents the simplest and most straightforward etching of the time, his portraits and his architectural plates, such as that of Antwerp Cathedral, having an unaffected honesty of purpose and cleanliness of technique that have long endeared them to the collector. Claude Lorraine, the famous French painter who worked in Italy, made a few plates of complicated technique and even greater celebrity, the most important of them being the well-known "Le Bouvier," which has been said by some enthusiasts to be the greatest of all landscape etchings.

Etching in Italy at this time, however, was more typically represented by Benedetto Castiglione, who came much under Rembrandt's influence in so far as regards technique, but whose subject-matter, especially in his mythological scenes, was all his own. Many prints of satyrs and centaurs have been made, but Castiglione alone was able to present them in such a way that one might believe in their existence.

In the eighteenth century the most notable painter-etchings were made in Italy, where the influence of the linear method adopted by Callot in his landscapes and architectural prints is clearly to be seen in the prints of Canaletto, who, about the middle of the century, achieved a quietly beautiful command over space, light, and air such as few other etchers have exhibited. Castiglione's linear method, which, as we have seen, was based on Rembrandt's, strongly influenced Giovanni Battista Tiepolo and his son, Giovanni Domenico, who in the second half of the century produced a series of plates which faithfully reflected the *brio* of their painted work. Piranesi, a contemporary of the elder Tiepolo's, has been called the Rembrandt of architecture, and the magnificent plates from his series of imaginary views of Prisons amply justify the appellation. For certain fundamental qualities of draughtsmanship he stands head and shoulders above all other makers of architectural prints, especially in his ability to give a sense of the weight and mass and grandeur of great piles of stone.

During the eighteenth century, original etching was but little practised in France, but the two plates by Gabriel de St. Aubin, "Le Spectacle des Tuileries" and "L'Arrosoir," in their sprightly daintiness and skill in the delineation of the movement of a shifting crowd, make one regret that more was not done. In England also, except as social caricature, there was little original etching during this period. The work of Hogarth, however, while coarse in texture, deserves much more credit than it usually receives to-day, especially for its strong grasp of character, a quality excellently shown in his portrait of Simon, Lord Lovat.

At the end of the eighteenth century came the Spaniard, Goya, who worked until well into the third decade of the last century, and who shows clearly the influence of his contact with the work of the two Tiepolos. Macabre and violent in spirit, he is the only etcher to have produced any number of important plates in which aquatint, usually regarded as rather a lady-like medium, played a part. No etcher since Rembrandt has displayed such command over the human figure or such inventiveness in composition as Goya, who is generally regarded in Europe as the greatest etcher of the nineteenth century. Whatever one may think of his frequently gruesome subject-matter, there is no denying his tremendous power and strength, or his mastery of design and draughtsmanship.

In 1802 Thomas Girtin, who in his youth had copied Canaletto and Piranesi, produced a series of soft-ground etchings of Paris and its environs, which may be regarded as among the greatest triumphs of the English school of topographical draughtsmanship. Simple, straightforward, and learned, such a plate as his "Tuileries and Bridge" from the Quai d'Orsay is surely among the most skilful and spacious views of urban scenery that have ever been made. Shortly after Girtin's death his boyhood friend and companion, Turner, projected a series of prints made in emulation of Caude's "Liber Veritatis" at Chatsworth. Intended for subsequent mezzotinting by other hands, the plates were heavily and even coarsely etched by Turner, who nevertheless showed in such prints as "The Castle above the Meadows" his great skill in landscape composition and his summary but penmanlike draughtsmanship. The years about 1800 in England were marked by the popu-

larity of the colored aquatint, an unusually amusing example of which may be seen in Pugin and Rowlandson's "Bartholomew Fair" from the *Microcosm of London.*

The so-called "revival" of etching, which as it happens had never been either a dormant or a lost art, took place in France and England shortly after the middle of the last century, and in general is noteworthy for the falling off in knowledge of the "cuisine" of etching that accompanied the sudden popularity of the medium among artists. The outstanding figures of the movement are so close to us in time that it is impossible to say what the judgment of the future will be concerning their performance, although at the present time a number of them are generally placed with the greatest etchers. Doubtless the most familiar of them, as having enjoyed the greatest favor with collectors and writers about prints, are Méryon, Millet, Haden, and Whistler, each of whom is represented by a small group of well-known etchings, among which may be more especially noted Méryon's "Stryge" and "Abside," Millet's "Going to Work" and the "Big Shepherdess," Haden's "Sunset in Ireland" and the "Breaking up of the Agamemnon," and Whistler's "Annie Haden," "Nocturne Palaces," and "Kitchen." The men of a slightly younger generation are represented by the portrait of Joseph Tourny by Degas and that of Victor Hugo by Rodin.

ENGRAVINGS

THE engravings contained in the Museum's Fiftieth Anniversary Exhibition are arranged about the walls of the south print gallery, one side of which is devoted to German and Dutch work and the other to Italian and French. Because of the limited space available, it was necessary to exercise a most rigid selection, and consequently to omit much that is of great interest from both the artistic and the archæological points of view.

The tendency toward the linear schematization that is so marked a characteristic of engraving is already apparent in the work of the anonymous "Master E. S. of 1466," who may conveniently be considered the earliest burinist, even if not the earliest engraver. Three prints by him are shown, among them notably the curious and famous "Virgin and Child" (Lehrs, 70), printed in white ink on black paper.

The next important engraver was Martin Schongauer of Colmar in Alsace († 1491), who has the double interest of being not only the most prominent German engraver of his century but also the most skilful. While for obvious reasons he is classed among the "primitives," there is in fact little that is primitive about his work, which is really to be regarded as the culminating point of a distinct and highly developed phase of civilization. It has a charm and a delicacy which have caused a number of competent connoisseurs to consider him, as the French say, *le plus artiste* of all German engravers; and certainly there are few lovelier prints, more gracious or more sensitive, than such things as his "Saint Michael and the Dragon," or "Christ and the Virgin Enthroned." Many

problems of representation which were to be solved by his juniors remained beyond his knowledge; but within the limits of his convention no one could more fully have expressed himself, or have done so with a more brilliant reticence and economy of means.

After Schongauer came Israhel van Meckenem († 1503), who lived and worked on the borders of the Low Lands, and who, like Schongauer, came under the influence of their school. Utterly lacking in seriousness of purpose and apparently devoid of any distinctly artistic feeling, his religious prints, however interesting as early engravings, are hardly to be taken seriously as works of art. But his failure on this side is compensated by his strength in *genre*, where his rather humorous personality frequently found quaint and often amusing expression. He really was a raconteur, such a subject for example as "The Lovers," in which the door-latch is held shut by a knife stuck in the wainscotting, having much of the spirit that is found in some of the fifteenth-century *nouvelles*.

The next artist of importance in northern engraving was Dürer († 1528), who is one of the three or four great outstanding figures in the history of the graphic arts, and who had the fate, unusual for an artist, of becoming one of the great heroes of his nation. So much has been written of him, and his work is so familiar, that it must suffice here to say that the exhibition contains seventeen prints from his hand, among them such epoch-making technical triumphs as the "Adam and Eve" and the "Coat of Arms with the Skull," and such great works of imaginative art as the "Nativity," the "Melancholia," and the "Saint Jerome in his Study."

Of Dürer's northern contemporaries, doubtless the

most important engraver was Lucas of Leyden († 1533), whose "Milkmaid" and "David Playing before Saul," are to be considered among the most noteworthy Netherlandish engravings of the early sixteenth century. Possibly the "Milkmaid" is of all his plates the raciest, the most native, just as it is certainly one of the finest of the early manifestations of the Dutch feeling for *genre*.

Of the work of the other northern men of this period who are represented in the exhibition, charming and interesting as it is, there is little that can be said at this time, except possibly that the portrait of the Emperor Ferdinand by Barthel Beham († 1540) must be admitted to be one of the finest engraved portraits of its century, even if not necessarily, as has been claimed for it, the greatest portrait of its time and school.

The one outstanding trait of the German and Dutch engravers of the fifteenth century and the first half of the sixteenth, was their constant preoccupation with technical problems and, even among the greatest of them, their tendency at least unduly to emphasize their engraving skill; for many of their subjects seem to have been chosen and arranged rather as lending themselves to technical virtuosity than as the material for more serious creation.

The amount of engraving in Italy in the fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries seems not to have been comparable in amount with that produced in the north, but at the same time there can be little question that its artistic content was more noteworthy. It is not necessary to look far for a reason, since there can be no invidiousness in the statement that in Germany neither art nor life nor thought had been developed to a point comparable with what the Italians had achieved, and, after all,

we must not forget that engraving is only a reflex of the generally prevailing conditions from which it springs.

The earliest Italian engravings in the exhibition come from the three series known to fame as the "Sibyls," the "Tarocchi Cards," and the "Life of the Virgin and of Christ," in all of which is to be seen an engraving practice which, while based upon the technique of the goldsmith's shops, is rapidly approximating the linear structure of the style of pen drawing then in vogue, and is as yet guiltless of any specific burinism. With them belong the illustrations by "Baccio Baldini after Botticelli," in the Dante of 1481, famous the world over as the second or third book to contain engravings.

These are followed by a group, which was possibly contemporaneous or even earlier, of the most impressive and magnificent prints ever produced in any medium, the "Battle of the Nude Men" by Antonio Pollaiuolo († 1498) and a number of the prints by and after Mantegna († 1506). Neither of these masters was either a trained or a professional engraver, Pollaiuolo having made only one print, and Mantegna with his own hand having engraved but seven. As compared with this, the early northern engravers had an output — for here it is well to use the phrase of the manufacturer — that is as varied in matter and accomplished in engraving technique as it is enormous in volume. With little exception, there is no "charm" in the prints by these two men, which are hardly so much engravings as free drawings made on copper for the purpose of being printed; for it must be admitted that they are forbidding in their method of statement and in their aloofness from life. And yet, in spite of all this, they are the only prints of the fifteenth century which have that rare quality of in-

tensity which makes them major works of art. As compared with their baldness and directness of statement, their insistent emphasis upon the great essentials, and the grandeur of their lines, there are few prints of any kind or time (let alone the fifteenth-century northern work with its irresistible hunger for petty gossip), which, in comparison, do not fall into the category of *Kleinkunst*. Nothing so uncompromisingly trenchant, nothing so clearly logical, nothing so unswervingly immediate, have the graphic arts elsewhere produced. As one analyzes one's emotions before Mantegna's "Risen Christ between Saint Andrew and Saint Longinus," one is aware, as Pascal was, that "le silence éternel de ces espaces infinis m'effraie"; and therein lies the inhibition, if it be permissible to call it such, of these things. One cannot become familiar with them and one cannot frequent them, for their tonic is too strong and dangerous, and their way lies madness.

Following in the train of these two men and their circles came a miscellaneous group, among whom stand out such an historically important artist as Jacopo de Barbari († before 1516) and such a delightful one as Julio Campagnola († after 1514), both of whom came under the influence of Dürer, and both of whom, possibly in consequence of that fact, were technical innovators. Campagnola was probably the first engraver to attempt engraving in tones rather than lines, his "Saint John" after Mantegna being as important as an example of technique as it is remarkable as a work of art.

Zoan Andrea, Mocetto, Giovanni Antonio du Brescia, and Julio Campagnola all engraved designs by Mantegna, but somehow they have never fallen under the curious distaste which modern collectors have formed

for reproductive engraving, a fact that is possibly explained by the great beauty of their designs and their destruction or disappearance from sight. Many of the drawings and paintings after which Marc Antonio († about 1530) worked have, on the contrary, been preserved, and as a result he suffers from the taboo of the original. Now, of course, there is no denying that Marc Antonio did engrave after the designs of Raphael and Michael Angelo and Julio Romano, or that he copied many of Dürer's coppers and even a considerable number of his woodcuts; but, if one stops to think of it, it was rather fine company that he kept, after all, and he kept it, moreover, at a time when the technique of reproductive engraving had been so little developed and its imitative capacities so little explored that he was unable to subordinate himself. His early plates are quite in the primitive vein; he then, through copying, absorbed Dürer's technique; and finally, on going to Rome, where his fortunes were attached to Raphael, he worked out a synthesis of German and Italian methods which in its supple simplicity was to serve as the ideal of engraving technique for generations to come. One may say what one will about Marc Antonio, may emphasize to one's heart's content the derivative nature of much of his work, but the fact remains, and it is no mean one, that for three hundred years he reigned as the greatest of engravers. Whether or not they are based on sketches by other men, or contain elements borrowed from incongruous sources, such prints as the "Vintage," the "Climbers," "Adam and Eve," and the "Judgment of Paris," have a dignity and a spaciousness that is unforgettable. Other engravers have done many things, but in the plates of no other man can one find so copiously

such magnificent and stately compositions, such flowing contours, or such a nobly simple statement of such lovely gesture. One may almost say that he stands or falls with no less a person than Raphael himself.

After his time, for obvious economic reasons, there was little engraving, saving for portraits, that was original, and it was not until after the lapse of three hundred years, when Blake († 1827) produced his plates for Job, that engraving again and for the last time was used as the medium for noble and imaginative work. In the meantime the portrait had been developed in a most amazing manner. Just as Israhel († 1503) had done his "Man in a Turban," Dürer († 1528) the Archduke Frederick and the Cardinal of Mainz, and Beham († 1540) the Emperor Ferdinand, so did Marc Antonio do Aretino, and Agostino Carracci († 1602) the aged Titian. But memorable and fine as some of these portraits are, it was not until Goltzius († 1616) in the Netherlands produced such plates as his Henry IV, that the engraving of portraits was set on the way that it was to follow to its greatest triumphs. It culminated, logically enough, in the dry atmosphere of the court of Louis XIV, where Nanteuil († 1678) made that series of faces, such as those of Loret, Michel le Tellier, and the Cardinal de Retz, which have ever since been regarded as the last word of brilliantly sober portraiture. With these last, for contrast and the sake of sentiment, has been placed the only mezzotint in the exhibition, the portrait of Amelia Elizabeth of Hesse by Ludwig van Siegen († after 1676), the first mezzotint portrait ever made and the forerunner of that great group of reproductive engraved portraits which is one of the chief glories of eighteenth-century England.

ILLUSTRATED BOOKS AND RELIEF PRINTS

FOR convenience's sake the illustrated books and single-sheet relief prints in the Fiftieth Anniversary Exhibition will be treated together. Of the books there are 88, and of the framed prints 145, which have been selected as if they were to serve as the illustrations for a handbook of the subject.

The exhibition begins with a group of fifteenth-century German painted religious prints of the primitive type, the earliest of which is thought to have been made sometime about 1430. The latest item in the galleries is Howard Pyle's *Wonder Clock*, illustrated with relief etchings, which was published in New York in 1888, and is still one of the favorites of the nursery as well as one of the most beautiful books ever produced in America. Between these two extremes there are to be found fine and typical examples of most, if not all, of the more important phases through which the relief print and the book illustration have passed in their long history.

There are two pages from one of those German fifteenth-century block-books which traditionally are regarded as having marked the transitional stage between the woodcut and the book printed from movable types; and in the case with them are a number of the more important illustrated German and Dutch incunabula, such, for example, as the Ulm Boccaccio of 1473, Neumeister's 1479 edition of Turrecremata, with its curious metal-cuts, and the Mainz Breydenbach of 1486, which was not only the first book to be illustrated by a known artist, but that one which William Morris declared to be

the most beautiful Gothic book. In a neighboring case is a group of the most noteworthy German books of the first half of the sixteenth century, among them three of the volumes illustrated by Dürer, notably the *Life of the Virgin* of 1511, the pictures in which are regarded by some critics as his finest woodcuts, first editions of Holbein's Old Testament and his *Dance of Death*, selected proofs from the second of which are in the frames upon the walls, and the first edition of Hans Sebald Beham's *Typi in Apocalypsi Joannis*.

Three cases are filled with Italian books of the Renaissance, notable among them the famous Brescia Dante of 1487 and that printed at Florence in 1481, which is celebrated not only for its illustrations by "Baccio Baldini after Botticelli," but as having been the second or third book to be illustrated with copper plates. The other Florentine books, with the exception of Calandri's *Arithmetica* of 1491, the first arithmetic in a vulgar tongue, are the little religious tracts that appeared during the Savonarolan revival, the woodcuts in which are among the loveliest ever made. The fifteenth century in Venice is represented by the *Meditations* of Bonaventura, and editions of the *Lives of the Fathers*, Æsop, Petrarch, and Livy, and the celebrated Aldine *Hypnerotomachia Poliphili* of 1499, long renowned as the most beautiful book ever made. There are also Ratdolt's 1485 edition of *Sacrobosco*, which contains what are possibly the earliest examples of color block-printing, and Ketham's *Fasciculus Medicine*, with illustrations stenciled in color. Examples of later Venetian book-making are the *Vallisumbrosan Missal* and Verdizotti's *Cento Favole*, while other Italian schools are represented by such items as the Neapolitan Æsop of 1485, the *De*

Claris Mulieribus of Bergomensis, made at Ferrara in 1497, Vigerius's *Decachordon Christianum* of 1507, and the Como Vitruvius of 1521.

Two cases contain French books of the Gothic and Renaissance periods, notably two of the three great Abbéville books, St. Augustine's *City of God* and *Le Triumphe des Neuf Preux*. The *Missale Parisiense* of 1489, Verard's *Paris et Vienne* of 1498, and a page with the cut of the "Coronation of the Virgin" from his *Horæ* of February 6, 1485, the earliest illustrated Book of Hours, are typical of the earlier Parisian work. The later development of the Book of Hours is typified by the Vostre-Pigouchet *Horæ* of August, 1498, and one printed by the junior Kerver which contains illustrations by Geoffroy Tory. Sixteenth-century work is represented by Bernard Salomon's Ovid, Salel's Homer of 1545, *L'Entrée du Roi*, illustrated by Jehan Goujon, and Jean Cousins' *Livre de Perspective*, of 1560.

The single prints in the frames contain a group of masterpieces by Dürer, a number by Burgkmair, several by Hans Baldung, two of Wechtlin's chiaroscuros, and a fine group of Cranachs. On a neighboring wall are shown many proofs from Holbein's *Dance of Death*, and his portrait of "Erasmus with the Term," which disputes with Dürer's Varnbuler the position of greatest of woodcut portraits. There is also a group of Altdorfers, principally from his "Passion" Series, and his "Rest by the Fountain." The Netherlands are represented by a group of Lucas of Leydens, notably the "Abraham and Isaac," and four of his large prints of pagan and Hebrew kings and heroes.

The Italian black-and-white woodcut of the Renaissance is represented by an early Venetian Pietà, Do-

menico Campagnola's "Saint Jerome in the Desert," the "Master I. B. and the Bird's" "Ganymede," Boldrini's "Venus and Love," and a large metal-cut portrait of Charles V. The group of chiaroscuros includes the "Massacre of the Innocents," by N.D.B., Ugo da Carpi's great Diogenes, and that "Reading Sibyl" for which he received a patent from the Venetian Signoria, Boldrini's "Young Peasant on Horseback," and Caravaggio's "Ajax and Agamemnon."

Among the later Netherlandish work are several of the impressive black-and-whites cut by Jeghers after Rubens's designs, and a group by Goltzius, among them Mars and the "Landscape with the Waterfall."

During the latter half of the sixteenth century and until the early years of the nineteenth there was little fine woodcut book illustration, the fashion having turned to the use of engravings and etchings for the purpose. Typical of the earlier phase of the copper-plate book is such an item as the *Grandes Voyages* of de Bry; but interesting as this and the similar books are, this method of book illustration did not reach its apogee until the eighteenth century in France, when such remarkable things were produced as the *Costume Physique et Morale* and the *Œuvres* of Rousseau illustrated by Moreau le jeune, and the *Contes* of La Fontaine illustrated by Fragonar[1].

Among other items of this period may be mentioned the La Fontaine of the Fermiers Généraux with Choffard's tail-pieces, the *Baisers* of Dorat illustrated by Eisen, and the edition of the *Temple de Gnide* in which not only the illustrations but the letter press are engraved. English book illustration of the eighteenth century is represented by Blake's *America*, which, in

addition to its beauty, has the peculiar technical interest of having been illustrated with relief etchings.

Copper-plate illustration lasted in England almost to the middle of the last century, and was assiduously cultivated by both publishers and artists, typical specimens of whose taste and skill may be seen in the plates by Rowlandson for *Dr. Syntax*, and by Rowlandson and Pugin for the *Microcosm of London*, by Finden after Turner for Rogers's *Poems*, and by Cruikshank for Grimms' *Fairy Tales*. But the vogue of the copper plate was unable to withstand the revival in popularity of wood engraving which was brought about by the publication of Bewick's *British Birds* in 1798 and 1804. Bewick's work was followed by Rogers's *Pleasures of Memory* with the charming vignettes that Stothard and Clennel produced, Thornton's Virgil with Blake's remarkable illustrations to the Eclogues, the lovely little cuts by Calvert, and the astounding technical virtuosity that was lavished upon the illustrations for Savage's *Practical Hints on Decorative Printing*.

In the thirties the French publishers again began to issue woodcut books, and for a space of a little over twenty years produced a series of such masterpieces as the *Paul et Virginie* of 1838 with illustrations by Johannot, Isabey, and Meissonnier, the *Nêmêsis Médicale*, *La Grande Ville*, and *Les Français Peints p'r Eux-Mêmes*, full of masterpieces by Daumier, Gavarni, and others. This period of the French woodcut may conveniently be considered to have terminated with Meissonnier's *Contes Rémois* of 1858, and the isolated woodcuts of Jean François Millet.

In 1857 the pendulum swung back to England again with the appearance of that illustrated Tennyson which

first gave Rossetti, Hunt, and Millais their wide fame. It was followed by a series of remarkable books such as Millais's *Parables of Our Lord*, and the Dalziels' *Arabian Nights*, which contained Boyd Houghton's masterpieces. In the eighties England, through the efforts of Edmund Evans, the printer and publisher, produced a series of children's books, the most prominent designer for which was possibly Kate Greenaway, in which printing from wood-blocks in colors reached its highest practical development.

Germany during the last century saw much work done on the wood-block, notably such things as the magnificent single sheet print of "Death as Friend" by Rethel, the books illustrated by Menzel, among which stands out *La Cruche Cassée*, and by Richter, whose Bechstein's *Maerchenbuch* has long since become one of the nursery classics of the world.

In America, great as the output was, there is little that will stand comparison with European work, most of the very great effort having gone into frankly reproductive work of a kind that would have been impossible without the intervention of the camera. Marvelous as was the technique that the engravers developed, it is unable to withstand the fact that, deprived of great draughtsmen, it was a technique of translation without positive merits of its own. Not until the general introduction of process in the eighteen-eighties was any book illustration of native importance produced, Howard Pyle's *Wonder Clock* being perhaps the finest contribution made by any American artist to the history of the illustrated book.

Considering the graphic arts as a whole, it is perhaps permissible to think that of them all the relief print af-

fords the most varied interest. There can be no question that it has played a larger and more important part in the history of civilization than any of the others, if only for the fact that it has been the typical form of book illustration during the two periods of the greatest expansion of human thought, and has yielded itself as easily and cheaply to the most menial of tasks as it has magnificently arisen to the most splendid of opportunities. Of all the graphic media it is the commonest, the supplest, and the simplest, and commands a range of qualities and effects that none of the others has attained. And just because of all this it has rarely been seriously regarded by the collector and the student of art. Being man's valet, it has never been his hero; but would we find out about men we must go to it, just as we go to that other and familiar art which he uses and enjoys without conscious thought — the art of words. It surely is no accident that the two should come together, bound up in books.

Tail-piece from the Three Jovial Huntsmen
by R. Caldecott